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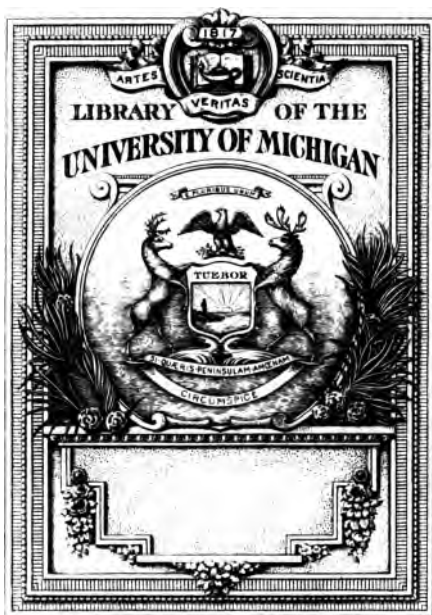
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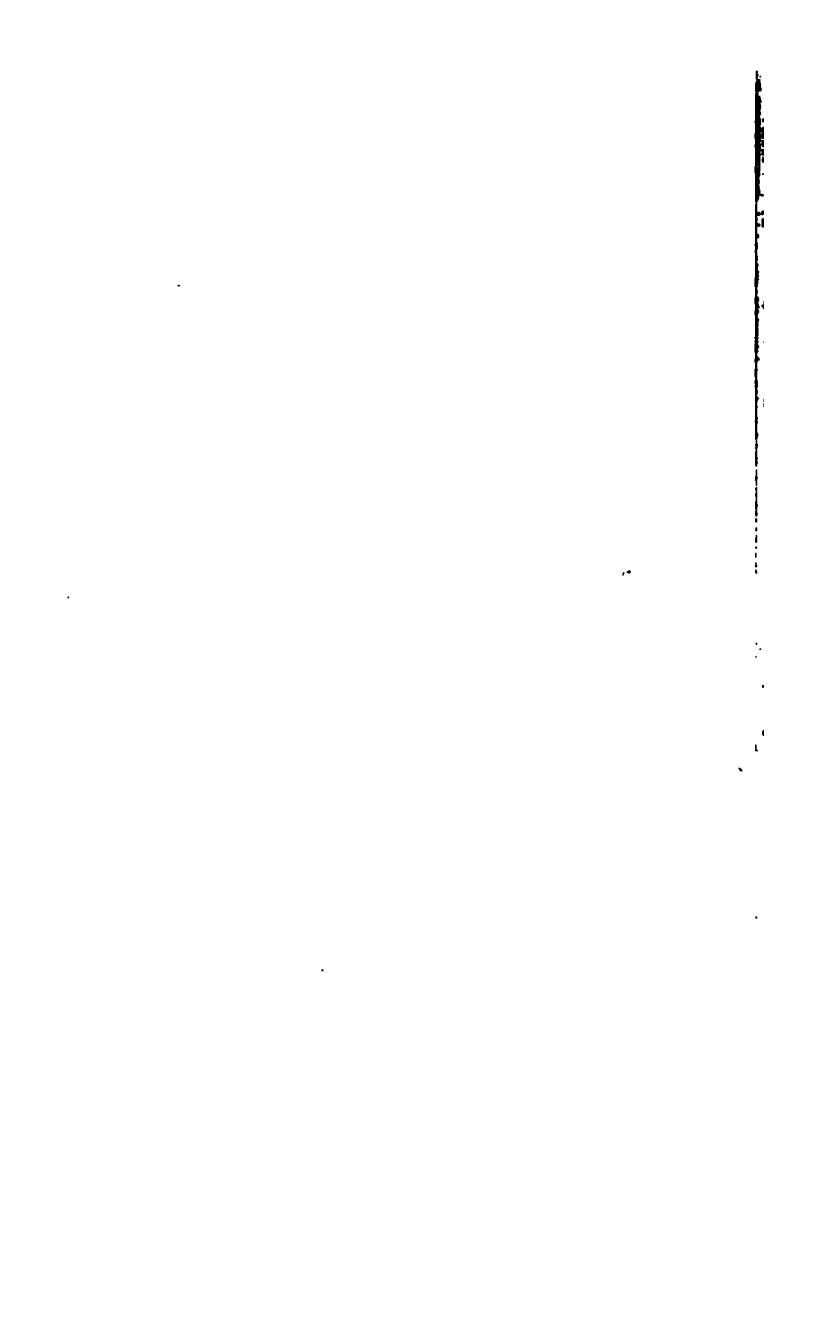
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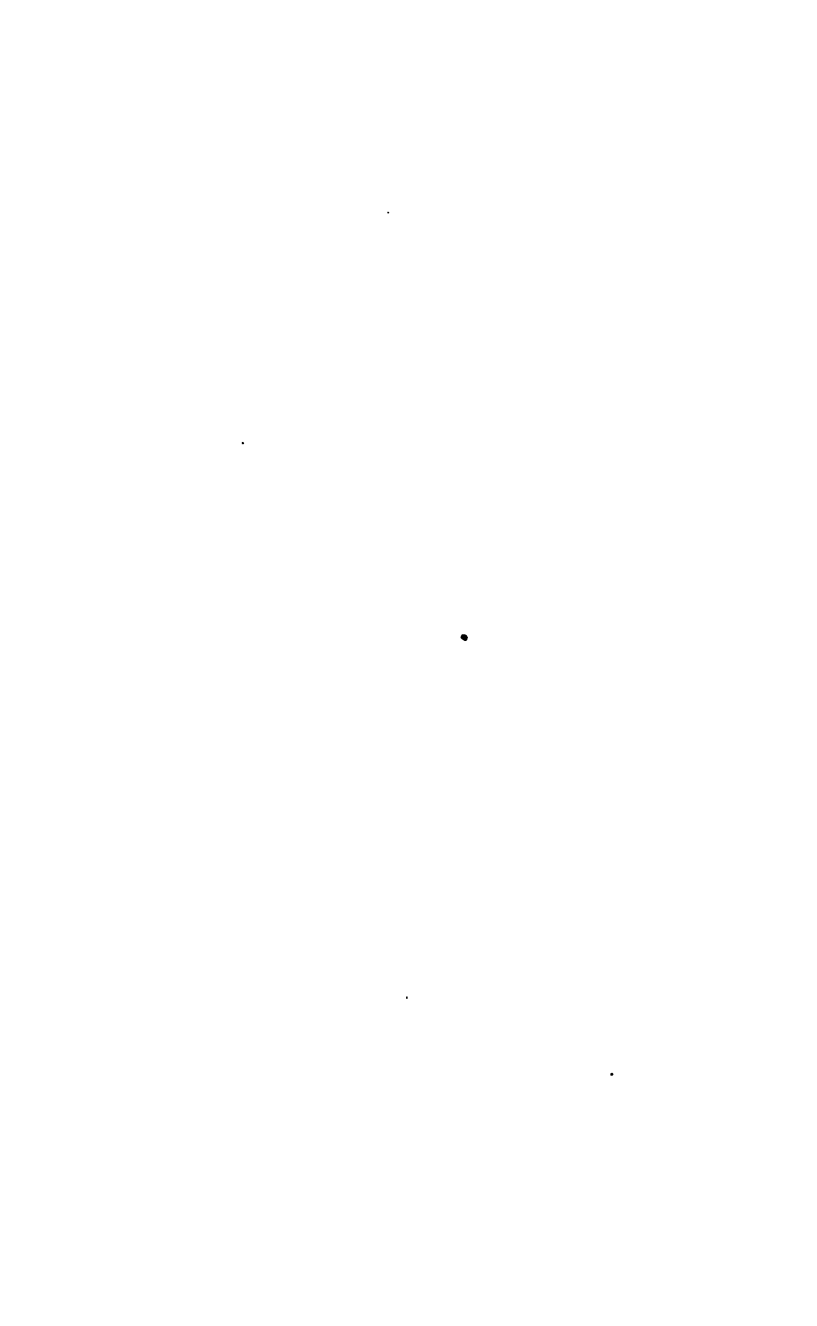


THE GIFT OF
Prof. Aubrey Tealdi

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D. Perrin pinx.

J. Taylor sculp.

150

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF THE CELEBRATED
MRS. CENTLIVRE,
WITH
A New Account of her Life.

COMPLETE IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
JOHN PEARSON, 15, YORK ST., COVENT GARDEN.
1872.

44

T H E
W O R K S

OF THE CELEBRATED

Mrs. CENTLIVRE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

CONTAINING,

PERJUR'D HUSBAND.	WONDER, A WOMAN
BEAUX'S DUEL.	KEEPS A SECRET.
GAMESTER.	MAN'S BEWITCH'D.
BASSET TABLE.	GOTHAM ELECTION.
LOVE AT A VENTURE.	WIFE WELL MANAGED.
LOVE'S CONTRIVANCE.	A BICKERSTAFF'S BURY-
BUSY BODY.	ING.
MARPLOT IN LISBON.	BOLD STROKE FOR A
PLATONIC LADY.	WIFE.
PERPLEX'D LOVERS.	ARTIFICE.
CRUEL GIFT.	STOLEN HEIRESS.

With a New Account of her LIFE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. KNAPTON, C. HITCH, and L. HAWES,
J. and R. TONSON, S. CROWDER and CO. W. BATHOE,
T. LOWNDS, T. CASLON, and G. KEARSLEY.

M.DCC.LXI.

1761

T H E
W O R K S
OF THE CELEBRATED
Mrs. CENTLIVRE.
IN THREE VOLUMES.
VOLUME THE FIRST.

CONTAINING,
The LIFE of the AUTHOR.
PERJUR'D HUSBAND.
BEAUX'S DUEL.
GAMESTER.
BASSET TABLE.
LOVE AT A VENTURE.
STOLEN HEIRESS.

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M.DCC.LXI.





P R E F A C E.



SHOULD not trouble my Reader with a Preface, if Mr. Collier had taught Manners to Masks, Sense to Beaus, and Good-nature to Criticks, as well as Morality to the Stage; the first are sure to envy what they can't equal, and condemn what they don't understand; the Beaus usually take a greater Liberty with our Sex than they wou'd with their own, because there's no Fear of drawing a Duel upon their Hands; the latter are a Sort of rude spleenatick Men, that seldom commend any thing but what they have had a Hand in. These snarling Sparks were pleased to carp at one or two Expressions, which are spoken in 'em Aside by one of the inferior Characters in the Drama; and without considering the Reputation of the Persons in whose Mouths the Language is put, condemn it strait for loose and obscure: Now (with Submission to better Judges) I cannot believe that a Prayer Book should be put into the Hands of a Woman, whose innate Virtue won't secure her Reputation; nor is it reasonable to expect a Person, whose inclinations are always forming Projects to the Dishonour of her Husband, should deliver her Commands to her Confident in the Words of a Psalm. I heartily wish that those that find Fault with the Liberty of my Stile, wou'd be pleased to set a Pattern to the Town, by retrenching some of their Debaucheries, for Modesty thrives best by Example. Modest Language from the truly Virtuous is expected; I mean such as will neither act ill, nor suffer ill to be acted: It is not enough that Lucy says she's honest, in having denied the Brutal Part; whoever thinks Virtue centers in that, has a wrong Notion of it; no, Virtue is a tender Plant, which cannot live in tainted

P R E F A C E.

Ground ; Virtue is what the Air of Flattery cannot blast, nor the vile sordid Drofs of Gain poison ; and she that can withstand these two Shocks, may be stil'd truly Virtuous. I ask my Reader's Pardon for my Bluntness, but I hope none of my Sex so qualified will condemn me for exposing the Vices of the seeming Religious.

I fear there are but too many hit by the Character of Signora Pizalta ; I wish, for the sake of the reverse Party, there were fewer, or they better known, since the malicious World are so apt to judge of Peoples Inclinations by the Company they keep ; which is sometimes authentic, but not always an infallible Rule. I shall say little in Justification of the Play, only desire the Reader to judge impartially, and not condemn it by the Shortness of its Life, since the Season of the Year never promised much better Success. It went off with general Applause ; and it is the Opinion of some of our best Judges, that it only wanted the Addition of good Actors, and a full Town, to have brought me a Sixth Night, there having been worse Plays, within this Twelve-month, approv'd of.





TO THE W O R L D.

BE it known that the Person with Pen in Hand is no other than a Woman, not a little piqued to find that neither the Nobility nor Commonalty of the Year 1722, had Spirit enough to erect in *Westminster-Abbey*, a Monument justly due to the Manes of the never to be forgotten Mrs. *Centlivre*, whose works are full of lively Incidents, genteel Language, and humourous Descriptions of real Life, and deserved to have been recorded by a Pen equal to that which celebrated the * Life of *Pythagoras*. Some Authors have had a *Shandeian* Knack of ushering in their own Praises, sounding their own Trumpet, calling Absurdity Wit, and boasting when they ought to blush; but our Poetess had Modesty, the general Attendant of Merit. She was even asham'd to proclaim her own great Genius, probably because the Custom of the Times discountenanced poetical Excellence in a Female. The Gentlemen of the Quill published it not, perhaps envying her superior Talents; and her Bookfeller, complying with national Prejudices, put a fictitious Name to her *Love's Contrivance*, thro' Fear that the Work shou'd be condemned, if known to be Feminine. With modest

* Madam Dacier.

improve their Minds, furnish them with a more general Knowledge, and of course better fit them for Conversation, and the Management of Business. Have not Women Hearts largely filled with Humanity, and other social Virtues, Parts equally bright, a Discernment of Right and Wrong equally acute with those of Men? and of our Oratory, I call to Witnesses both *Europe* and *America* which have heard Mrs. DRUMMOND, with her *New Light*, leading Mankind from Darkness. We are allowed to have more native Modesty, that everlasting Charm, than the Sex that lords it over us, and I have oft observed, that the most ignorant amongst the Men are the most impudent, and from thence conclude that if our Sex had a better Education, it would decorate and add Charms to that Modesty. We have been depressed and taught to entertain an humble Idea of our Genius, which not being exerted, we lose the Influence we might have over our present Masters. Oft have I seen, in private Life, an illiterate churlish Fool of a Husband tyrannize over the Will, and with barbarous Insult, compel the Reason and good Sense of his Wife, to give Place to his Folly, and this on no better Foundation than Custom, established by Laws, the Handyworks only of Men.

Our Employment is chiefly in Retirement, and private Life, where our Actions, not being conspicuous, are little regarded; but the *present Days* have seen a Genius employed in translating, and illustrating *Epictetus*, and the Empress of *Germany* convinces the World that she is a Politician fearless even of the Horrors of War.

A pleasing Prospect I've lately had, *viz.* the Work of the ingenious Lord *Corke*, and the not less ingenious Mr. *Samuel Johnson*, who have took Pains to translate a large Part of Father *Brumoy's Greek Theatre*, and were not ashamed that their Labours should be joined to those of Mrs. *Lenox*. This convinces me that not only that barbarous Custom of denying Women to have Souls, begins to be rejected as foolish and absurd, but also that bold Assertion, that Female Minds are not capable of producing literary Works, equal even to those of *Pope*, now loses Ground, and probably the next Age may
be

be taught by our Pens that our Geniuses have been hitherto cramped and smothered, but not extinguished, and that the Sovereignty which the male Part of the Creation have, until now, usurped over us, is unreasonably arbitrary : And further, that our natural Abilities entitle us to a larger Share, not only in Literary Decisions, but that, with the present Directors, we are equally intitled to Power both in Church and State. To reform the first, was our Author's latest Employ, and she shewed herself Mistress of the Subject in her Treatise which discloses and confutes the Errors of the *Church of Rome*.

In her early Days she was inclined to be very gay, being left an Orphan before she was twelve Years of Age, her Father, Mr. *Freeman*, of *Holbeach*, in *Lincolnshire*, having at that Time been dead, nine Years ; thus was the Princess of Dramatic Poets left without a Guide, but her native Wit soon brought her into Fame. The Spirit of Poetry was born with her, for before she was seven Years old she wrote a very pretty Song, and adapted it to a sprightly Tune, which became a distinguished Country-Dance.

Her Education was such as the Place of her Nativity afforded ; where tho' she had but small Instruction, yet by Application to Books, she soon became Mistress of the *Latin, Italian, Spanish*, and *French* Tongues. Before she attained the Age of fifteen she was married to the Nephew of Sir *Stephen Fox*, who left her a young Widow of sixteen, which State she was soon persuaded to change, in Favour of Captain *Carrol*, who was killed in a Duel about a Year and a half after his Nuptials. Soon after, *viz.* in the twentieth Year of her Age, she wrote her Play of the *Perjured Husband*, and in a short Time gained some Eminence in the literary World. Her Wit procured her the Intimacy of the facetious Mr. *Farquhar*, and her theatrical Knowledge was the Cause of her great Intimacy with Mr. *Wilkes*, and Mrs. *Oldfield* ; the latter distinguished our Poets by speaking the Prologue to her first Play, and generally those great Actors filled the principal Characters in her Comic Performances.

At this Time an Intimacy was kept up betwixt her and the most esteemed Writers of the Time. Sir *Richard Steele*, speaking to the Public in his Tatler, thus mentions her *Busy Body*; "The Plot and Incidents of the Play are laid with that Subtlety and Spirit which is peculiar to Females of Wit, and is very seldom well performed by those of the other Sex, in whom Craft in Love is an Act of Invention, and not as with Women, the Effect of Nature and Instinct." Mr. *Rowe* favour'd her with his Friendship, assisted her in composing the Tragedy called the *Cruel Gift*, and wrote the Prologue to her *Gamester*.

After a Widowhood of about ten Years, Mrs. *Carrol* again ventured on the Marriage State with Mr. *Centlivre*, a *French* Gentleman, with whom she lived comfortably for many Years, rich in Fame and possessed of Plenty, which annually arose from her Poetical Skill; and at her Death, which happened in 1722, when she was near forty-five Years old, she left many and valuable Ornaments of Gold and Jewels, presented to her by the Royal Family, Prince *Eugene*, and Persons of distinction, but these Treasures her Husband did not long enjoy, for about a Year after he died, and was put into the same Grave, in the Parish Church of *St. Martin's in the Fields*. Thus drop'd she, RARA AVIS IN TERRIS, after having by her own Works erected a Monument more lasting than that of Marble.



THE
Perjur'd Husband:
OR, THE
Adventures of VENICE.
A
T R A G E D Y.

VOL. I.

B



THE
PROLOGUE.

By a GENTLEMAN.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

SUCH dreadful Laws of late 'gainst Wit are made,
It dares not in the City show its Head.
No Place is safe ; each Cuckold turns Informer,
If we make merry—it must be in a Corner.
And here's To-night, what doubly makes it sweet,
A private Table, and a Lady's Treat :
At her Reflections none can be uneasy,
When the kind Creature does her best to please ye.
Humbly she sues, and 'tis not for your Glory
T'insult a Lady—when she falls before ye.
But since no human Wit can stand the Test,
With Gorman ! and the Champion of the West !
She'll fill the Lists, and then you cannot slight her,
(With Honour safe) for she's a fair Inviter.
Expects no Favour, but at Honour's Call,
Defies the boldest Briton of you all ;
Whate'er's her Fate, she's sure to gain the Field,
For Women always conquer, when they yield.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Count Baffino, a Savoyard, married to</i>	}	<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Placentia, and in Love with Aurelia,</i>		
<i>Armando, Baffino's Friend,</i>	}	<i>Mr. Simpson.</i>
<i>Alonzo, a Venetian Gentleman, be-</i> <i>trothed to Aurelia,</i>		<i>Mr. Thomas.</i>
<i>Pizalto, a Noble Venetian,</i>		<i>Mr. Norris.</i>
<i>Ludovico, a Frenchman,</i>		<i>Mr. Fairbank.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Placentia, Baffino's Wife,</i>	}	<i>Mrs. Kent.</i>
<i>Aurelia, a young Venetian Lady, be-</i> <i>trothed to Alonzo, but in Love with</i> <i>Baffino,</i>		<i>Mrs. Oldfield.</i>
<i>Forella, her Woman,</i>		<i>Mrs. Baker.</i>
<i>Lady Pizalta, Pizalto's Wife,</i>		<i>Mrs. Moore.</i>
<i>Lucy, her Woman,</i>		<i>Mrs. Lucas.</i>

Masks, Dancers, Singers, and Attendants.

S C E N E, VENICE, in Carnival-Time.

T H E



THE PERJUR'D HUSBAND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtains fly up, and discover a Mask in Pizalto's House. Pizalto, Lady Pizalta, Lucy ; Ludovico talking to Lady Pizalta ; Bassino and Aurelia talking together ; Florella and other Maskers.

A Spanish Entry.

While the Dance is performing, enter Armando, and gives Bassino two Letters, which he opens and reads.

Lady Pizalta and Lucy advance to the Front of the Stage.

Lady Pizalta.



H ! *Lucy*, I'm undone——

That Stranger there has charm'd my Heart : I feel

The Pow'r of conquering Love ; quick, quickly tell me,

What shall I do to ease this racking Passion ?

Lucy. Nay, Madam, I fancy your Passion has little Occasion for Lenitives ; it blazes so violently at first, 'tis like to be soon extinguish'd.

L. Piz. Dear *Lucy*, don't trifle with me ; but contrive, imagine, do any thing, to bless thy Love-sick Mistress

with the Sight of that dear Man : And as an Earnest of further Rewards, here, take this ———

[*Gives her a Ring.*]

Lucy. Madam, I receive your Commands with much Joy, but your Present with more ——— [*Aside.*] I'll try what this projecting Brain can do, and if you step into the next Room, I'll soon give you an Account of my Proceedings.

[*Exit L. Pizalta.*]

Bass. Ye Gods !

What have I done, that you pursue me thus ?

Why did you e'er decree that I should wed

A Wife I now must hate ? Why did I see

The bright *Aurelia* ? Why am I thus torn

'Twixt Love and Duty ? Oh ! what Pangs, what Torments

My Soul endures ! Oh ! my *Aurelia* !

[*Exeunt omnes, but Lucy & Ludov.*]

Lucy pulling Ludovico by the Sleeve.

Lucy. Sir, Sir, one Word with you.

Lud. Your Business ———

Lucy. May one ask you a civil Question, and be resolv'd ?

Lud. Hum—A civil Question, sayst thou ? What's it, prithee, a Night's Lodging ? If so, pull off thy Mask, and I'll resolve thee instantly — But I never strike Bargains in the Dark.

Lucy. I don't know, Sir, but it may tend to that, by way of Proxy, at the long-run : But at present my Commission reaches no further than to know your Lodgings ; if any Thing comes on't, I fancy 'twill not displease you.

Lud. (Aside.) Hum—This is but a Pettifogger in Intrigues, I find — Egad, I'm like to be pretty well employ'd during the Carnival—Well, considering I am a Stranger here, this Hit may be a lucky one, and the Lady handsome—Egad, I'll fancy her so at least, werr't but for the Pleasure of Expectation.

Lucy. What are you studying, Sir ? Are you so long resolving whether you shall accept a Lady's Favour, or no ?

Lud. No, faith, Child : I am not over-scrupulous in those Matters—Let her be but Woman, and we than't disagree — And so thou mayst tell her — There's a Direction for thee. [*Tears the Superscription of a Letter and gives it her.*]

[*Exit Ludovico.*]

Lucy.

Lucy. Frank and easy, *a la mode de Paris* — Well, these indifferent Sparks charm more than all your cringing Fops—Now for my Business—Let me see—I'll to my Lady, she'll write; I'll carry the Letter, and the Devil will turn Saint, if I don't bring 'em together, and merit a further Recompence

*By Coupling many have their Fortunes made;
I only want Preferment, not my Trade.*

[Exit Lucy.]

S C E N E II.

The Scene changes to Bassino's Lodgings, and discovers the Count in his Night-gown, a Table with Lights, and Letters lying on the Table.

Bass. All Things lie hush'd in peaceful Silence here :
All but Bassino's Mind—Oh ! happy he
Who lives secure and free from Love's Alarms.
But happier far, who, Master of himself,
Ranges abroad without that Clog, a Wife.
Oh ! rigorous Laws impos'd on Free-born Man !
On Man, by bounteous Nature first design'd
The Sovereign Lord of all the Universe !
Why must his generous Passion thus be starv'd,
And be confin'd to one alone ?
The Woman, whom Heaven sent as a Relief,
To ease the Burden of a tedious Life,
And be enjoy'd when summon'd by Desire,
Is now become the Tyrant of our Fates. [*Takes up a Letter.*
But hold, Bassino ! whither does thy Passion
Hurry thy wandering Reason : Let this Letter
Re-call the Fugitive, and fix thy Senses
On duteous Love——A Wife, so young, so fair,
So excellent, whose Charms not three Months since
Did fire thy Soul ; a Wife, who dotes on thee ;
A Wife to whom thou swore'st eternal Love ——
By Heaven, I swear again I will be true.
This Thought again restores my Peace of Mind——
No, charming Wife ; no dear *Placentia*, no,
Thou shalt not beg in vain : I will return [*Kisses the Letter.*
But who comes here—My Friend *Armando* ?

*The Perjur'd Husband.**Enter Armando.*

Arm. Dear Friend, I heard
The Conflict of your Passion, and my Joys
Are now compleat, since Virtue gains the Day.

Bass. Yes, dear *Armando*, the Conflict is o'er,
And I'm resolv'd to fly to my *Placentia*.

Arm. Cherish that Thought : By Heaven your Resolution
Transports my Soul with Joy !

A kind, a virtuous Wife waits your Embraces ;
A Wife, who like a Turtle mourns the Absence
Of her dear Mate. Haste then, my Friend, to drive
That Cloud of Sorrow which o'ercasts her Mind,
And, like the Sun, dispel her gloomy Thoughts.

Bass. Thanks for your Counsel ———
You like a God support my feeble Virtue.
This very Morning I'll prepare for *Turin*,
Where Time and Absence will deface the Image
Of that bewitching Beauty, which now haunts
My tortur'd Mind—Yet, first I'll take my Leave
Of this fair Charmer——And Heaven grant
That I may see her unconcern'd——

Arm. My Lord, what d'you mean ?
Have you well weigh'd the Danger of this Visit ?

Bass. What danger can there be ?

Arm. Danger ! my Lord—Consider well how feeble
Our Reason is against the Pow'r of Beauty——

Bass. My Resolution's firm ; no Charm can shake it.

Arm. If not her Beauty, fear her Syren Tongue ;
Fear her endearing Prayers, her fond Reproaches,
Her tender Sighs, her Vows, her trickling Tears.
Nay—if all these prove vain, fear her Despair,
A Woman, an abandon'd Woman's Rage.

Bass. Were there more Dangers, yet I'll stand 'em all ;
My Honour bids me pay this parting Visit :
My Heart shall have no Share in what I'll speak.
Trust me this once, and be yourself a Witness,
Bassino can controul unlawful Love.——

Arm. My Lord, 'tis with Regret I see you go,
May Heaven assist you in this dangerous Strife.

S C E N E

The Perjur'd Husband.

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SCENE III.

Aurelia's Chamber ; she in an Undress with Florella.

Aur. No more of that—Cease thy ungrateful Suit,
Alonzo is a Man I cannot love ;
I own he's witty, generous, and brave ;
Has all the Charms that Nature can bestow
To fire a Woman's Heart——Yet I'm insensible,
His very Sight chills all my trembling Spirits ;
Therefore, name him no more—I charge thee do not.

Flo. Madam, I've done—Yet shall I be permitted
To ask a Question? Are you then resolved
Ne'er to admit a Passion in your Breast?

Aur. Oh ! Dear *Florella*, prefs not a Confession,
Which but too well my Eyes themselves disclose.
Alas ! I love—I love to such Excess,
That tho' I know I'm lov'd again, my Mind
Is still perplex'd with Doubts and jealous Fears.

Flo. You love and are belov'd ! Then sure you reach
The Height of human Bliss, and bounteous Heaven
Can scarce give more——But who's the happy Man ;
Is it not Count *Bassino* ?

Aur. Oh ! charming Name ; there's Musick in that
Sound !

Yes, Count *Bassino* is the Man I love.
Canst thou now blame my Coldness to *Alonzo* ?

Flo. Forgive me, Madam, if I dare presume
To speak my Sentiments : I must confess
Bassino is a Man of excellent Virtue ;
His Education at the Court of *Savoy*
Has still refin'd what he receiv'd from Nature ;
His Person too is charming——
And, what most Women court, he has a Title——
But then consider, you are unacquainted
With his Estate, and tho' his Equipage
Denotes an ample Fortune, yet we see
Many a Stranger here during the Carnival,
Who makes a Figure here by industrious Gaming.
As for *Alonzo*, he was born at *Venice*,

To call you Friend. Your Wife, my Lord, remember
Your Wife——

Baff. Curse on that Name——
Urge me no more to follow your Chimeras,
Left you oblige me to break off that Friendship
You blush to own——Oh! my *Aurelia*!

Arm. aside. How sweet is treacherous Vice! how ea-
Fond Man pursues his Ruin! [gerly
All Arguments were vain——yet still one Way remains,
Which cannot fail, to stop the Progress of this impious
His Wife, by my Direction, comes to *Venice*: [Love.
Her Sight will soon awake his slumbering Virtue,
At least it will retrieve *Aurelia's* Senses. [*Exit* Armando.

Aur. recovering. Where am I? Where's my Lord, my
false *Bassino*?

Baff. Here, here, my Soul, my charming Dear.

Aur. thrusts him off. Hold off—Approach me not—
urge not my Rage,
Or with this Dagger I'll revenge my Wrongs
On thy perfidious Heart——But, oh! his
Heart's too hard,
Even for temper'd Steel—Therefore I'll sheath it here.

[*Offers at her Breast: Bassino snatches the Dagger,
and throws himself at her Feet in a distracted Manner.*

Baff. Oh! hold——forbid it Gods!
I am the Curfed Cause, and I must die.
Oh! who could bear my Load of mortal Woe!
Ye heavenly Powers bestow the Stroke of Grace,
And rack *Bassino*: Let your vengeful Thunder
Now crush my guilty Head——Or thou, Oh! Parent
Earth,

Open thy Bosom, and conceal my Crime. [*Tears the Ground.*

Aur. Is he then mine again! [*Falls down.*

Look up, my Lord, my Love, my Life!

My dear *Bassino*! 'Tis *Aurelia* calls.

Let me for ever fold thee in my Arms,
And beg thou't never speak of parting more.

[*Embraces him.*

Both rise and embrace in an Extasy.

Baff. Oh! never, never——

The

The Perjur'd Husband.

15

The Poles shall meet, the Sun and Moon invert
Their wonted Motion e're I part from thee.
I fondly try'd how much I was belov'd,
And since you're true, my Blifs is now compleat.

Aur. Was't but a Trial? then my Griefs are vanish'd,
And I am lost in Joy——*Baffino's* mine ;

[*They embrace again.*]

Baff. Thine, thine for ever : And this happy Day,
Shall end *Aurelia's* Fears——Ha——

This Day, said I, but where's *Placentia* then ?
My Wife *Placentia* ! Little does she think
What Bafenefs I intend—Oh ! racking Thought !
But 'tis resolv'd, I'll change nor think no more :
I'll try to plunge, and reach the blifsful Shore ;
And if I sink, yet still this Hope's my Friend,
I'll snatch my Treasure e're my Course I end. [Aside.

Aur. My Lord, what makes you pause ?

Baff. The ravishing Thoughts of mighty Joys to come
Kept me in Extasy and made me dumb ;
When on thy snowy Breast dissolv'd I lie,
What Monarch can there be more blest than I ?

[*Baffino leads her off with a languishing Air.*]

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Sure, if my Eyes deceive me not, I saw
Aurelia with the Count just parting hence :
Dissolv'd in Love, and languishing they seem'd.
Damnation——
I cannot bear the Thought—I'll after 'em.

Alonzo going. Enter Florella.

Flor. aside. Ha——*Alonzo* here ! I must prevent a
Discovery.

Alon. *Florella* here ! she comes opportunely——she
may inform me of what I yet but fear——Good-
morrow, *Florella* : How fares my Love, my dear *Aurelia* ?

Flor. Signior, Good-morrow ; you are an early Vifitant.

Alon. Not for a Man in Love ; but answer me, How
does *Aurelia* ?

Flor.

Flor. Well in Health—Only she's now and then in a little Fit of Melancholy, such as usually proceeds from timorous Doubts about that dreadful State of Matrimony. You know the Time draws nigh that gives her to your Arms.

Alon. By Heaven ! 'Tis an Age, there's fix Days yet to come.

Flor. An Age, indeed, if he knew all. [*Aside.*]

Alon. But haste, *Florella* ; lead me to my Dear, She only can contract that tedious Age Of lingring Pain, and footh it with her Smiles. Say, is she alone ?

Flor. Yes—No—

Oh ! Heaven ! What shall I say ? [*Aside.*]
She, she's a—

Alon. Ha—What means this faultering Answer ? All's not right, and my Suspicion's true.

Flor. Signior, my Lady is not drest, and I shall displease her, in admitting even you, without her Leave.

Alon. Ha—not drest—Take heed you mock me not ;

Nor think to blind me with your feign'd Excuse :
For in your guilty Face I read the Truth.
Come, tell me who's with her ? is't not *Bassino* ?

Flor. aside. Oh ! Heaven ! What shall I say ?

Alon. Nay, nay, no Study : Lying will not do :
I saw 'em part from hence, just now I saw 'em.

Harkee, sweet Mistress, how long have you practis'd
This subtle Trade ? I find you're much improv'd.

Hell and Damnation—quickly, tell me

What did *Bassino* give for his Admittance ?

I'll double the Reward—but she's not drest for me—

Oh ! damn'd, damn'd Sex !

Flor. Signior, what do you mean ?

Alon. To see *Aurelia*—see her instantly—

Nay by Heaven ! I will : All Opposition's vain :

For by th' avenging Power of Love I swear,

Tho' in *Bassino's* Arms, I'll drag her thence,

Only to cast her from my Sight for ever :

Nor shall he live to triumph in my Shame.

What tho' the Marriage Rites be not perform'd,

. Yet

Yet I may call her Wife. Her Father gave her to me :
And her own Vows have fix'd my Heart in her's.
Must then *Alonzo* be deny'd Admittance,
Under that poor Pretence that she's not drest ?
Whilst base *Bassino* lies dissolv'd in Pleasures
On her perfidious Breast—Oh ! killing Thought !
She makes my Name of Husband infamous,
Even before the Priest has join'd our Hands.
I'll in, and if th' Affront I tamely bear,
May Heaven deny me at my latest Prayer.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Ludovico's Lodgings.*

Ludovico solus.

Lud. Who waits ?

Enter Mountaine.

Mount. Did you call, Sir ?

Lud. *Mountaine*, run to Signiora *Ronquilla*, and tell her
I have done with her for ever, if she does not send this
Evening the hundred Ducats she promised to lend
me——And harkee, as you come back, acquaint
Signiora *Cornara* I shall be busy To-morrow, and de-
fire she will put off her Visit till another Day.

[*Knocking at the Door.*

Mount. Sir, there's somebody at the Door.

Lud. See who 'tis.

Mount. Sir, a Gentlewoman desires to speak with you.

Lud. A Gentlewoman ! admit her——Well,
'Tis a great Fatigue to oblige the whole Sex.

Enter Lucy.

Oh ! what News from your Lady ?

Lucy. This will inform you, Sir. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Lud. reads. Hum, hum, a Letter———*Tho' it may
seem improper for one of my Sex to make the first Step in
an Amour, yet you ought to consider, that the rigorous Con-
finement*

finement we are under all the Year round, may, in some Measure, excuse the Liberties we take during the Carnival. If you have the Courage to meet me, I shall be at four in the Afternoon in the Piazza d'Espagna, invisible to all but yourself.——Well, I believe all Women in *Venice* are wild for Gallants.

Lucy. Sir, what answer shall I return to my Lady?

Lud. aside. Egad —— I am in Doubt whether I shall throw my Time away on this Intrigue or no—— Harkee Child, step into the next Chamber, and I'll answer your Message instantly—— [*Exit Lucy.* Let me see—— [*Reads in his Table-Book*] *Monday*, at Two in the Afternoon, I am to meet Signiora *Belleza* at her Nurse's——She's a pretty Rogue, and so I'll go—— At Three of the Clock, Signiora *Dorinda*, the Senator's Wife, at the *Indian House*——Pshaw, she's an old Acquaintance,——I shan't go——At half an Hour past Three, the Countess *Wrinkle*, who presented me with a Gold-hilted Sword——Silly Fool! does she think I'll bestow one of my Visits on an old shrivelled Piece of Antiquity, for a trifling Present, not worth above three-score Pistoles——At a Quarter past Four, my Semstresses *Dorothy Steenkirk*, who supplies me with Linen,— Oh! this Visit may be put off for a new Intrigue——And so I'll acquaint the Messenger. [*Exit Ludovico.*

The End of the First Act.



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Chamber in Signior Pizalto's House.

Enter Lady Pizalta, Lucy.

Lady Piz. DID you deliver my Letter to *Ludovico*,
Lucy?

Lucy. Madam, I did; I found him in his Study, reading the Lover's Watch, which he swears does not at all agree

agree with his Constitution. He hates Injunctions of Love, like those of Penance: For the one, says he, is no more pleasurable to the Body, than the other beneficial to the Soul.

L. Piz. What a fine Gallant I'm like to have with these Principles! Well—what did he say to a Summons from a Woman of my Quality? Did it not make him with the Time of Affignation were sooner than the Appointment in the Letter?

Lucy. He first hum'd over your Billet; and pausing a while, he desired me to stay for an Answer in a next Room; then coming to me, he ask'd me what Countrywoman you were? For, said he, if she should prove an old Acquaintance, I would use her damnably—But when I had assured him you never saw the Outside of these Walls, he began to have that Desire which all Men have to a new Face.

L. Piz. Very well; and what then?

Lucy. He strait enquir'd whether you were black, brown, fair, old, young, Maid, Wife, or Widow? I told him you was a wretched Wife to an old, impotent, rich, covetous, noble *Venetian*; beautiful, young, generous, and of a fair Complexion. He hugg'd me at these Words, seem'd transported with the News, and swore that in Intrigues a Wife was most suitable to his Temper; for, said he, there's neither Children to father, nor Honour to repair: And where his Pocket and Liberty are safe, he is contented to venture his Body and Soul.

L. Piz. Excellent Maxims!

Lucy. In short, Madam, he says he has had several Bills of this Nature drawn upon him of late, and how much his Stock may be exhausted, he knows not; but however he'll meet you, and if he cannot answer your Expectation, he'll give you Earnest.

L. Piz. You talk merrily, Girl; I hope you did not tell my Name. I should be loath to trust a Man of his Character with my Reputation at first Dash.

Luc. No, Madam, I only told your Quality.

L. Piz. That's well: Oh! Reputation, what several Sorts of Slavery do we undergo to preserve thee! for to
be

be thought virtuous, we are forced to be constantly railing against Vice, tho' our Tongues and Maxims seldom agree.

Lucy. Alas ! Madam, that Pretence is grown too common : For the Men now take it for granted, that a Lady is very near surrendering, when once she holds out that Flag of Defiance.

L. Piz. Well—Men use us very barbarously : They will neither suffer us to be honest, nor allow us to be thought so——Here, take this Key, and secure every thing that concerns my Reputation : And if my Husband wakes ere I come back, you may easily find some Excuse to prevent his Enquiries : for the Carnival allows us more Liberty, than at other times we dare pretend to——I know thy Honesty, and will rely upon't.

Lucy. Yes, indeed, Madam, I am honest at the Bottom.

L. Piz. Well, I'll be gone : 'Tis about the Hour.

[*Ex. L. Piz.*]

Enter Pizalto.

Lucy. Good Luck attend you, Madam——Oh ! Heavens ! here's my Lord——Madam, Madam, Madam——Oh ! Lord, what shall I say, now she's gone ?

Piz. Hift, hift, *Lucy* : Don't, don't, don't call your Lady, for I have a Word or two to say to thee in private, and have waited for this lucky Opportunity a great while——

Lucy, aside. Now *Venus* be prais'd. I hope he has found some Business of his own, that may give my Lady an Opportunity to mind her's.

Piz. Well, *Lucy*, well,—canst thou guess my Business now ?

Lucy. No, indeed, Sir — But I'm certain, an old Man's Business can't be great.

[*Aside.*]

Piz. [*Gives her a Looking-glass.*] Here, Child, this will tell thee—Look in't, look in't, I say——Ah ! ah ! thou hast a pretty pouting Lip, a delicate roguish Eye, such an Ogle, such a Cast——Ah ! Rogue——Faith, thou'rt very pretty : And, in short, if any one
rival

The Perjur'd Husband.

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rival thy Lady, it will be thee, *Lucy*——Egad, I have Fire in me, yet.

Lucy, aside. O' my Conscience, and little too. I believe : Yet I wish he has enough to serve my Ends. I'll make my Fortune——Lord, Sir, what do you mean ? I rival my Lady ! Heaven forbid ; I would not injure so good a Woman for the World——

Piz. Pshaw, pshaw—Where's the Injury done to her, Child ? Adod, I'll give thee a hundred Crowns.

Lucy. No Injury, say you, my Lord ? Why, I wonder you should be so jealous of my Lady, and preach such religious Maxims to her, when your own Principles are quite opposite.

Piz. Look ye, Child, a Man may do that, which would look abominable in a Wife——A Woman's Reputation is a nice Thing——

Lucy. 'Tis so——and therefore 'tis but Reason I should take Care of mine.

Piz. Prithce, no more of that : Thy Reputation shall be safe ; I'll marry thee to my Gentleman.

Lucy. Gentleman—Valet ! Faugh—And what Good will a hundred Crowns do me, when my Virginity is gone ? Indeed, if you lov'd me as much as you say, and would make my Fortune, (for I should love extremely to be a Lady) I cannot tell how far you might persuade me——I know my Reputation would be safe in your Hands.

Piz. Make thy Fortune ! Why, I've known some of our Nobles marry a Wife with less than a hundred Crowns——But adod, thou'rt a charming Girl, and therefore I'll make it a hundred Pistoles—What say'st thou now, *Lucy* ? Ah ! adod, I must buss thee ; [*Kiss her.*] Ah ! Rogue, methinks I'm a young, lusty, vigorous Fellow again——Thou shalt find I am, Girl.

Lucy, aside. I believe I shall fail you, old Gentleman. Well, my Lord, make it up a thousand Pistoles, and I am your's else I'll die a Maid, I'm resolv'd.

Piz. A thousand Pistoles, why thou art the most unconscionable Wench in *Italy* : Why, 'tis a Price for a Duchess in some Countries. Come, come, prithee be reasonable, *Lucy* ?

Lucy. Reasonable! why you don't ask a reasonable Thing——Look you, you know my Mind, I'll not bate a Penny——I'll warrant my Lady will give me two hundred at least for my Discovery. [*Going.*]

Piz. aside. Uddlife! she won't tell my Wife, sure, I'm ruin'd if she does; I'd rather give her two thousand——Hold, hold, *Lucy*, sweet *Lucy*, prithee come back——Faith, thou'rt so charming, I can deny thee nothing——Come, it shall be what thou wilt——Come now, Rogue, let's retire to thy Chamber——

Lucy. Nay, nay, no ent'ring the Premises, till you have paid the Purchase——

Piz. Adod, thou'rt a Wag——Come in then, and I'll discharge the Debt: Thou'rt a cunning Gipsy. [*Exit Pizal.*]

Lucy. You shall have Reason to say so, e're I have done with you, old Gentleman——For I am resolv'd to shew you a Trick, and preserve my Virtue. [*Aside.*]

*For did base Men within my Power fall,
T' avenge my injur'd Sex, I'd jilt 'em all.
And would but Women follow my Advice,
They should be glad at last to pay our Price.*

[*Exit Lucy.*]

S C E N E II.

The Piazza d'Espagna in Venice.

Enter Lady Pizalta sola.

L. Piz. Not come yet! ungrateful Man! must a Woman of my Quality wait?
How have we lost our Pow'r since the Creation?
When the whole World had but one single Lord,
Whom every Creature readily obey'd?
Yet he, that mighty he, caught with a Smile,
Flew to th'Embraces of the tempting Fair.
But now each puny Sinner dares to cross
A Woman's Inclinations——

Enter

The Perjur'd Husband.

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Enter Ludovico.

Oh! are you come, Signior? I suppose you have
Some other Affignation, that made you miss
My Hour——Pursue it pray——I'll not interrupt you—
Your Servant——
I hope he'll not take me at my Word.

[*Going.*

[*Aside.*

Lud. Nay, nay, Signiora, why this Passion?

[*Stops her.*

You sent me a Challenge, and I, like a Man of Courage,
am come to answer it——Pray don't let a Quarter of
an Hour break Squares——I own it was a fault to make
a Lady wait; but Friends, Madam, Friends and good
Wine are the Devil——Come I'll make you amends.

L. Piz. Friends and good Wine! I suppose those
Friends were Female ones——

Lud. No, Faith: You shall judge of that——But
suppose they were——Why should you be angry that I
did not fly with the desired Haste, as long as I am come
time enough to give you Satisfaction——Besides, I han't
seen your Face yet, and for aught I know, it mayn't re-
ward my Complement in coming now——Prithee, Child,
unmask, and then I'll tell thee more of my Mind.

L. Piz. The Devil take this Fellow——and yet me-
thinks I love him for his Indifferency——[*Aside.*] You
talk as if you were unskill'd in the Art of Love: Don't
you know that Expectation feeds more than twenty tasted
Pleasures?

Lud. Hum——some Sort of Fops it may: But I'm
none of those——I never give my Opinion of a Dish till
I've tasted; neither do I care to dine often on one Sort of
Meat without changing the Sauce——But when that
Cloud's withdrawn, how long I shall keep my Reso-
lution I know not.

L. Piz. Say you so! Why then the only Way to pre-
serve your Appetite is to feed you slenderly; or only let
you see the food, but not to taste.

Lud. Faith, Madam, I'm no Camelion, but Flesh and
Blood——Therefore these Prescriptions are of no
Use

Enter Bassino, Alonzo.

Bass. Well, Sir, your Business——

Alon. It is to tell you——
You are a Villain.

Bass. Ha——

Alon. And that as such
I ought to have treated you before the Face
Of false *Aurelia*——But I scorn to follow
The barbarous Custom of my native Country.
I seek with Honour to revenge my Wrongs ;
Therefore, ~~S~~, draw——

Bass. This Action speaks you noble—be likewise just,
And let me know the Cause that moves your Anger.
By Heaven I'd rather call you still my Friend,
Than be your Enemy——Yet, if I wrong'd you,
I'll give you Satisfaction——

Alon. Trifler, away——Too well thou know'st the
Cause ;

And now would'st sooth my Wrongs with Flattery,
But my Resolve is fix'd as Heaven's Decrees :
And one of us must fall——Let the Survivor
Dispose of that base, false, perjur'd *Aurelia*,
As both his Love and Honour shall direct.
If my propitious Stars defend my Life,
You shall not die alone——Th' adulterous Fair
Shall bear you Company——Now draw.

Bass. Oh ! hold.
One Moment hold, I must unfold this Riddle :
Adulterous Fair, say you ?

Alon. Yes : She's my Wife.

Bass. Ha——your Wife !
Sure there's a Curse entail'd upon that Name. [*Aside.*
What ! your real Wife ?

Alon. If the Command of an expiring Father,
And her own Vows can make her mine, she's so :
Indeed the Marriage Rites are yet to come,
Which slyly she delay'd these two Months past,
On slight Pretence of finishing the Time
Of mourning for her Father——But 'tis plain,
I was a Property to your base Love,

And

And only design'd to fill up your Place,
When forfeited you should return to *Turin*.
Hell——Furies ! Draw, or in my just Revenge,
I'll pin you to the Earth——

Baff. Oh ! Woman ! Woman ! [*Aside.*

Yes, I will draw——But ere the fatal Stroke
Is past Recal, I swear *Aurelia's* Virtue
Is clear and spotless, like *Diana's* self :
Nor was I prompted on this early Visit,
But with Design to take my last Farewel,
Having last Night receiv'd my Prince's Orders
To haste to *Turin*——Therefore if I fall,
I hope she'll meet with Mercy——Now come on.

Alon. Hold, my Lord ; Oh ! could I credit this,
I would ask Pardon, and entreat your Friendship.

Baff. 'Tis true, upon my Honour——
But if you doubt my Words, I'm ready——

Tho' I have Reason to decline this Combat,
At least at present——Oh ! *Placentia* ! [*Aside.*
Oh ! my *Placentia* ! why should I abuse thee ?

Alon. My Lord, you seem disturb'd ——

Baff. Oh ! *Alonzo* ! *Alonzo* !
Should I acquaint you with my wretched Fate,
You'd find that Life itself is grown a Burden,
I cannot bear, since I can ne'er be happy.
But 'tis a Story that must ne'er be told,
Let it suffice, to settle your Repose,
That *Turin* holds the Cause of my Misfortunes.

Alon. Then I am happy : [*Aside.*
My Lord, I wish 'twere in my Power to serve you,
I'd do it as a Friend——

Baff. Generous Sir, I thank you ;
As far as I am capable, I am *Alonzo's*. [*Exit Alonzo.*
Oh ! Force of treacherous Love ! to gain my End,
I wrong a Wife, a Mistress, and a Friend.

[*Exit Baffino.*

The End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Aurelia's Lodgings.**Enter Aurelia, Florella.*

Aur. OH ! how I tremble for my dear *Bassino* !
 Haste, fly, *Florella*, bring me News he lives,
 Or else expect to see thy Mistress die.

Flor. Madam, be patient——
 Consult your Reputation, and consider
 That the least Noise you make on this Occasion,
 Reflects upon your Virtue——

Aur. Away, away——Talk not of Reputation,
 When Love's in t'other Scale—But what can shock my
 Reputation ;

Heaven's my Witness, I ne'er lodg'd a Thought,
 For Count *Bassino* that could wrong my Virtue.
 Perhaps the Gods pursue me with their Hatred,
 Because I break my Promise to *Alonzo*.
 But then, why did they not secure me his ?
 Why must weak Mortals be expos'd to Passions,
 Which are not in our Power to subdue,
 And yet account for what they prompt us to ?
 But I will think no more——Almighty Love,
 Now hear my last Resolve——if angry Heaven
 Refused to guard my dear *Bassino's* Life,
Aurelia too shall fall, and leave his Murderer
 Accurst for ever——

Enter Alonzo.

Flor. Oh ! Heaven ! where will this end ?

Aur. Ha——

[Aside.

The Gods have sent him to decide my Fate,
 How now ! how dare you meet my angry View ?
 Or think I'll e'er forgive the base Affront
 This very Day you offer'd to my Fame ?

Alon. Just Heaven refuses not a Penitent,

Therefore

Therefore I cannot think that fair *Aurelia*,
Whose Charms are all divine, should fail in Goodness.
Oh ! let my Love atone for my rash Deed :
The Count and I are Friends, why should *Aurelia* be
more severe ?

Aur. He lives, blest News !
Do then rash Actions speak your Love to me ?
Must I in publick bear with your Insults
Before I'm yours ? what must I then expect
When the strict Ties of Marriage shall confirm
Your jealous Passions ?
No, you have taught me to avoid the Shelf
I was just running on———know, base *Alonzo*,
That from this Moment I resume my Freedom,
I disengage you from your former Vows,
And will henceforth be Mistress of myself.

Alon. Ha——— [*Aside.*]
This sudden Coldness has another Spring
Than my rash Carriage———Oh ! my jealous Fears ;
But I'm resolv'd to trace her winding Thoughts,
And fetch the Secret forth———
Madam, I hope you do but try my Love :
I cannot think *Aurelia* would be false.
Besides, you can't recal what's register'd in Heaven.

Aur. Then stay till we come there———There you'll
have Witnesses.

Alon. Witnesses !
Oh ! faithless, perjur'd Woman, can'st thou think
Upon thyself, and bid me call my Witnesses ?
Yes, you are mine———By all the Gods you are.
And shall there be a Power on this Side Heaven,
To stop my Bliss ? No———by my Love I swear.
I now can guess at your perfidious Meaning,
And tho' that cowardly Villain slyly thought
To blind me with a Tale his Guilt had fram'd,
'Tis plain he is your Minion———yet wants Courage
To own his Treachery.

Aur. Detracting, slanderous Villain !
How dare you treat me thus ?
Oh ! for the Look of a fierce Basilisk,
To punish this audacious Insolence !

Alon. Marry thee ! No——by Heavens, I'd rather
Be rack'd to Death——And for thy vile Injustice,
None shall enjoy thee, while this Sword is mine.

[*Lays hold on his Sword.*

Nor shall your Lover 'scape, to serve your Lust,
Till he has forc'd a Passage thro' this Breast.

[*Points to his Breast.*

Aur. Oh ! my *Bassino*.

[*Aside.*

Oh ! cruel Man ! Are not you then contented

To wreak your Spite on poor *Aurelia* ?

Why must your Rage involve the Innocent ?

Oh ! let me fall your Passion's Sacrifice ;

Let my Blood wash the Stain you fix on me,

But do not blast your Name with base Revenge.——

Alon. By Heaven ! she doats on him ! Oh ! cunning
Woman !

But this Pretence won't serve to save his Life ;

I'll not be caught again——No, *Syren*, no.

Bassino dies——Nor will I leave to Fortune

The vengeful Stroke, but take a safer Way.

Aur. Oh ! Heaven !

[*Kneels.*

What Words shall I invent to soothe his Rage,

[*Aside.*

And save my dear *Bassino* ? Oh ! *Alonzo*.

My once-lov'd Dear, will you not hear me speak ?

Oh ! I conjure you by our plighted Loves,

Whose Purity outshone the Stars above,

Hear me this Time, then use me as you please.

Alon. Oh ! Woman, Woman !

Aur. If e'er *Aurelia*

So much as in her Thoughts did wrong *Alonzo*,

May sudden Death pursue her perjurd Steps :

Heaven forgive

[*Aside.*

The Perjury, since I've no other way

To save *Bassino's* Life.——

Alon. *Aurelia*, rise——

[*Raising her.*

Oh ! could I credit this, how happy were *Alonzo* !

But something tells me that thou art forsworn ;

And yet thou seem'st as fair as Truth itself ;

How is it possible that Guilt can look

With so divine a Face ?

Aur.

The Perjur'd Husband.

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Aur. Oh ! kill me instantly : kill me, I beg you, kill me ;

Let me not linger out an Age in Pain,
For such is every Moment of your Anger ;
I cannot bear to live in your Displeasure.

Alon. By Heaven she's true——
Hence frivolous Fears be gone——she's only mine.
Come to my Breast, my bright *Aurelia*, come.

[*Embraces her.*]

To that soft Shrine that holds that Sacred Image,
Which triumphs o'er my Soul, and grasps it all,
I knew my boundless Treasure, and the Thought
Of losing thee had rais'd my Love to Madness.
But now I'm calm—No more shall that fierce Passion,
Rude Jealousy, disturb my peaceful Mind.
Do but forgive the Faults my Rage committed,
And you will find our Loves will grow the purer ;
Just as the Sky looks brighter when the Storm
Is chas'd away, and *Phæbus* smiles again.

Aur. Since both have been to blame, let it suffice,
We both repent, and will offend no more.

Alon. Oh ! never, never,
I'll ne'er suspect you more—Only resolve me this—

Aur. What is it ?

Alon. Why was *Bassino*
Admitted to your View, and I denied ?

Aur. He came to take his Leave, and 't had been rude
Not to admit a Man of his high Birth
On this Occasion ; nor was you denied,
But thro' Woman's Fears of your Suspicions.
She thought you would misconstrue the Count's Visit,
As you have really done—I blam'd her for it,
Indeed, this is the Truth—I hope *Alonzo*
Believes me now——

Alon. Believe Thee ! Yes——As willingly as Martyrs
A State of endless Joy.

I will so love, my Dear, that all Mankind
Shall look with Envy on our mutual Blifs.
I'm like a Merchant tost at Sea by Storms,
Who his last Course with Pray'rs and Toil performs ;
And the rich Cargo safely brought on Shore,

He hugs it thus, and vows to part no more.

[*Embraces her.*

Aur. So in a flow'ry Mead a Serpent lurks,
And the unwary Traveller surprizes,
Where he suspects least Danger! Curfed Cheat. [*Aside.*
Oh! that I could difclose the fatal Story!
But it muft never out—I beg, *Alonzo*,
You'd leave me for a while, and reft fecure,
You have my Love——

Alon. Then the bright Sun in all his circling Turn,
Cannot behold a Man more truly happy,
What you command, I readily obey.
Farewel, my Dear.

[*Exit Alonzo.*

Aur. Where art thou now, *Aurelia*?
How wilt thou 'scape that dreadful Precipice,
On which thou art hurried on by thy fatal Paffion:
With confcious Horror I deceiv'd *Alonzo*;
I hate this bafe Treachery, but 'twas unavoidable:
The Truth had been more fatal——
More fatal!——No——For I muft never wed
My dear *Baffino*, whilft *Alonzo* lives.
Oh! the diftracting Thought! what fhall I do?
Why! die *Aurelia*: That's the only Way,
To keep thy Vows to both—Ha——die, fad I?
But whether then? who knows what Punifhment,
Juft Heav'n prepares for guilty Souls like mine.
But I muft think no more, left I grow mad with Thought,
If there's a Power that guards us here below,
Oh! look with pitying Eyes on poor *Aurelia*:
Appeafe the Tumults of my anxious Fear,
And load me with no more than I can bear.

[*Exeunt Aurelia, Florella.*

SCENE II. *Lady Pizalta's Lodgings.*

Enter Lady Pizalta, Lucy.

L. Piz. Well, thou'rt an admirable Girl! What would half the Ladies in *Venice* give for fuch a Servant?

Lucy. (*Aside.*) Truly you have Reason to fay fo, for 'tis not the firft Intrigue I have manag'd for you——
Oh! dear Madam, your Ladyfhip does me too much Honour—

Honour——But how do you like your new Servant, Madam?

L. Piz. Oh! above all Men living, *Lucy*: He has the most bewitching Conversation I ever met with——Say, is there no way to contrive a second Meeting? For I'm impatient till I see the dear Man again——The End of the Carnival draws near, which is indeed the End of Life to me: For then must I be coop'd up with Age: Condemned to an eternal Coughing, Spitting, Snoring and Ill-nature——Then let me make the best of Life——since Hell cannot have a worse Plague in Store than I have felt already.

Luc. Indeed, Madam, I pity you: And wish 'twere in my Power to free you from this old wither'd Log, but tho' that's impossible, yet I may do you some little Services to make Life's tedious Journey pleasant——Let me see, I have it——What would you say now, Madam, if I should contrive a Way to have your Lover in your own own Chamber?

L. Piz. That were worth a King's Revenue——Speak, quickly, how, how, good *Lucy*?

Luc. Why, thus: He shall put on my Cloaths, and in my Place attend you.

L. Piz. Rare Contrivance! but my Husband, *Lucy*?

Luc. Oh! let me alone, Madam, to manage him: He is defective in Sight, you know; and not mistrusting any thing, will not be over curious: But if he should, I have a way to bring you off——My Life on't——This Plot may be of Use to my design, I'll manage it with care.

[*Aside.*

L. Piz. Oh! the Pleasure of hearing my Husband lie coughing and calling me to Bed: And my answering him, I'm coming, Dear; and while he imagines me in the next Room undressing, I'm happy in the Arms of my *Ludovico*. Certainly there's as much Satisfaction in deceiving a dull jealous Husband, as in getting a new Gallant; were it not grown so common——each Tradesman's Wife must have her Gallant too——and sometimes makes a Journeyman of the Apprentice e'er his Indentures be half out——'Tis an insufferable Fault, that Quality can have no Pleasure above the Vulgar, except

it be in not paying their Debts. Well, dear *Lucy*, I admire thy Contrivance——About it instantly——

Lucy (Aside.) About it instantly! is that all? I must have my t'other Fee first.——I will, Madam; and you may expect your Lover instantly. But, Madam, what's to be done with your brocade Night-Gown you tore last Night? it can ne'er be mended handsomely.

L. Piz. Nothing to be done without a Bribe I find, in Love as well as Law——Well, *Lucy*, if you manage this Intrigue with Care and Secrefy, the Gown is yours.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, my Lord desires to speak with you.

Lucy. Madam, I'll go about your Bufinefs: Your Ladyship's very humble Servant. [*Exit Lucy.*]

L. Piz. Tell him I'm coming——[*Exit Page.*] Now by way of Mortification, must I go entertain my old jealous Husband. [*Exit Lady Pizalta.*]

SCENE III. *The Piazza.*

Enter Ludovico singing.

*Give me but Wine, that Liquor of Life,
And a Girl that is wholesome and clean,
Two or three Friends, but the Devil a Wife,
And I'd not change State with a King.*

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. What finging, Signior! Well you're a pleasant Gentleman——

Lud. Ah! my little female *Mercury*, what Message bring'st thou? Ha——will thy Lady blefs me with another Sight——Ha——How——When? where? I am all in a Flame.

Lucy. Come along with me, Sir, I'll help you to an Extinguisher presently.

Lud. If thou meanest thy Lady, with all my Heart——
But

But I can tell thee, she'll rather prove Oil, than what you speak of——But, say, where am I to see my lovely Charmer?

Lucy. In her Chamber——

Lud. Good! But how the Devil can that be done?

Lucy. Nay, without the Help of a Conjuror, I assure you; if you dare take me for your Pilot, I'll warrant you Success in your Voyage——I'll set you safe in the Island of Love; 'tis your Buſineſs to improve the Soil.

Lud. I warrant thee, Girl; do you but bring me there once, and if I play not my Part, may I never more know the Pleaſure of an Intrigue.

Lucy. Which, if I miſtake not, is the ſtreateſt Curſe can fall on you——Well, you muſt ſuffer a ſmall Metamorphoſis: What think you of perſonating me a little? That is, dreſſing in my Cloaths, and waiting on your Miſtreſs in her Bed-chamber——Ha——

Lud. Egad, I'm afraid I ſhall make but an aukward Chamber-maid, I'm undiſciplin'd in dreſſing a Lady's Head——

Lucy. Oh! Sir, your Commiſſion won't reach ſo high as the Head: I believe my Lady will excuſe little Matters: You can undreſs, I ſuppoſe.

Lud. Oh! the beſt and the quickeſt of any Man in *Venice*. But a Pox on't—Can't find no other way?——I, I, I,——I like Petticoats in their proper Places, but I don't care to have my Legs in 'em.

Lucy. And ſo you reſolve againſt it? Ha——

Lud. No, not abſolutely reſolve, Child: But—a——

Lucy. But what, Sir!

Lud. Nothing—I will follow thy Directions, whatever comes on't. Now lead the way, for nothing ſuits better with my Humour than a Friend, a Bottle, a new Miſtreſs and a convenient Place. [Exit Lucy, Ludovico.]

SCENE IV. Pizalto's Lodgings.

Enter Pizalto with a Bond in his Hand.

Piz. Well—My Wife's a fine Woman! a very fine Woman! But a Pox ſhe's a Wife ſtill, and this young

Jade runs in my Head plaguily : Well———here 'tis under my Hand ; a Thoufand Piſtoles——A great Sum for a Maidenhead, as Maidenheads go now-a-days——Ah, had I been young now.

*A Fiddle and a Treat had bore the Prize away,
But when we old Fools doat, they make us pay.*

Enter Lucy.

Oh ! are you come ! Here, here, *Lucy* : Here's a Fortune for thee, worth twenty Maidenheads, *adod !* I have not ſo much Money by me at preſent, but there's Security. *[Gives her the Bond.]*

Lucy. Your Lordſhip's Bond's ſufficient——Well, but that I am fatiſfied my Reputation is ſafe with your Lordſhip, or twice the Sum ſhould not have prevail'd—Go to my Chamber, my Lord, I'll but ſtep and ſee if my Lady wants any thing, and I'll be with you inſtantly.

Piz. You won't ſtay, *Lucy* ? Ah, Girl, buſs thy Lady's Chucky ; now, do now——

Lucy. Oh ! Lord ! not here, we ſhall be diſcovered.

Piz. Well, thou art a cunning Sinner : make haſte, *Lucy*, doſt hear ? *[Exit Pizalto.]*

Lucy. You're in mighty Haſte, old Gentleman ! but I ſhall deceive you,

*My End is gain'd ; I have my Fortune made,
Man has not me, but I have Man betray'd.*

The End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Armando's Lodgings.

Enter Armando, Placentia.

Pla. OH! *Armando!*
Thou more than Friend to the distress'd
Placentia!

Say, how shall I regain my lost *Bassino*,
My false, perfidious Husband? [*Weeps.*]

Arm. Dear Madam, moderate your Sorrow:
Reserve those Tears to move *Bassino's* Heart,
Mine is all Pity: You may rest secure
Of all the Arguments a Friend can use
To bring him back to your endearing Arms.
Virtue's not quite extinguish'd in his Breast,
Therefore I hope the sight of bright *Placentia*
Will rouse his slumb'ring Reason——

Pla. Oh! *Bassino! Bassino!*
Oh! wretched Woman! Oh! that I had dy'd
E'er I had known him false: Then I were happy:
And tho' contented with his second Choice,
He with a pitying Sigh, perhaps, had grac'd
My Memory——
Oh! all ye Powers that virtuous Love inspire,
Assist me now: Inform my vocal Organs
With angel Eloquence, such as can melt
His Heart of Flint, and move his former Kindness.
(*Aside.*) But if that fail, I will remove the Cause
Of both our Woes——Yes, that happy Charmer,
That Rival of my Love shall surely die.

Arm. Doubt not of the Success; What Heart of Steel
Could e'er resist such Beauty dress'd in Tears?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Count *Bassino* enquires if you are within.

Pla. Oh! Heavens! how I tremble!

Arm. Lucky Opportunity——shew him up.
 Madam, be pleas'd to step into that Closet.
 Till I can found the utmost of his Thoughts,
 And shew him naked to your secret View,
 Then when he's in the height of impious Passion,
 You like a Bolt from Heav'n shall rush on him,
 And strike his Folly dumb.

Pla. Almighty Powers, whose providential Care
 Is ever kind to virtuous Innocence,
 Oh! help me now in this Extremity. [*Exit Placentia.*]

Enter Bassino.

Bass. How does my Friend *Armando*?

Arm. My Lord, *Armando's* well,
 And wishes you were so.

Bass. Dost thou discover aught that gives thee Cause
 To doubt I am not well? Indeed I think
 I am in perfect Health——

Arm. My Lord, I should be glad
 To find that Fever of your Mind abated
 In which I left you last——

Bass. (*Aside.*) I must dissemble now,
 Else I'll ne'er gain my Ends—my dear *Armando*,
 That Fever thou speak'st of, is now succeeded
 By a cold Ague-Fit: The bare Remembrance
 Of my unlawful Passion shakes my Soul.

Arm. Such sudden Cures have often prov'd pernicious;
 And we have Reason to suspect a Wound
 Too quickly heal'd——

Bass. Not when thou know'st what Balm I applied.

Arm. There's scarce a Balm for the deep Wounds of
 Love,
 Besides Possession, and I cannot think
 You have enjoy'd *Aurelia*.

Bass. I swear I have not——
 But I enjoy my Reason, my free Reason:
 And who possesses that, can never cherish
 A Thought against himself: For such I call
 Whatsoever keeps me from my lawful Wife,
 My dear *Placentia*, to whose Arms I'll fly

Wit

With all the eager Haste of a fond Bridegroom.
There I shall revel in the virtuous Pleasures
Of a chaste Bed—Oh ! my Friend *Armando* !
My dear *Placentia*'s Friend ! can'st thou forgive ?
Indeed I'm penitent, and will offend no more.

Arm. My Lord, these are the Words you spoke before :
What greater Reason have I now to think
You'll keep your Promise ?

Bass. Pride, Honour, Justice are come to my Aid,
And Love too feeble to withstand 'em all,
Has left the Field to my victorious Reason.
Pride, with the Prospect of my future Greatness,
Allures me to return with Speed to *Turin*,
To obey my Prince's Orders.
Honour and Justice tell me I'm *Placentia*'s,
And that *Aurelia* is *Alonzo*'s Bride.
To him she gave her Virgin Vows : Nay, more,
To him her dying Father did bequeath her ;
He loves her too, and shall not be depriv'd :
My Passion is subdu'd, and I'm resolv'd
Myself to give *Aurelia* to *Alonzo*.

Arm. If this be true, then you are my Friend again :
But how came you to learn *Aurelia*'s
Engagement to *Alonzo* ?

Bass. I have it from himself, who an Hour since,
With eager Fury sought to 'venge on me
His injur'd Love, and challeng'd me to fight :
I chose with Justice to defend my Life,
And quit *Aurelia*, rather than to vanquish
In such a Cause—*Alonzo* strait embrac'd me,
Call'd me his Friend, and vow'd I should not go,
Till I had seen him join'd in solemn Marriage
With bright *Aurelia*——This I readily granted.
Canst thou believe me true ?

Arm. My Lord, I do believe you——
And am o'erjoy'd to hear your Resolution :
By Heaven ! there's more Glory in subduing
Our wild Desires, than an embattl'd Foe.
Now do I wish his Wife had never come. [Aside.

Bass. *Armando*, thou'rt my Friend, and on that Score
I must desire you to repair to *Turin*,

With

You can't appear in *Venice* with a Train
That may bespeak the Rank you hold in *Savoy*.

Pla. to *Arm.* Oh! *Armando*!

He is so kind, I wish I ne'er had come!

What if I offer to return with you?

Arm. Madam, you will do well;

For I myself cannot suspect him now.

Pla. My Lord, let not my Presence here disturb you,
I doubt your Love no more, and to convince you,
I will go back before 'tis known I'm here.
Besides, 'tis fit I should prepare all things
To welcome you at home.

Bass. (*aside.*) Blest Opportunity!

Fortune I thank thee: Would my Dear then leave me
So very soon? Alas! 'twill be an Age
E'er I return to *Turin*: Three long Days!
No, my Dear, no; I will not part from thee,
At least this Night, my Love——

Pla. Will then *Armando* stay?

Bass. No, my best Hopes, he instantly departs
With Letters to my Prince.

Pla. Then suffer me to go this very Moment.
Three Days will soon be o'er, and your Return,
Shall make me fully blest——If I should stay
'Twould look like base Distrust, and I can't think
Bassino would be false——

Bass. (*aside.*) Oh! Heaven! that I were not!

Arm. Indeed, my Lord, I think you're truly happy.
Scarce does any Age produce so good a Wife.

Bass. Oh! that I could reward this wondrous Good-
ness!

Pla. My Lord, what makes you sigh?

Bass. To part from thee: But since 'tis your Desire,
It shall be so. *Armando*, to thy Charge
I here commit the Treasure of my Soul,
Take Care of her, and think that on her Safety
My Life depends.

Arm. My Lord, I hope you do not doubt my Care.

Bass. Dear Friend, I do not——

May Heaven's Blessings still attend my Love,
My dear *Placentia*. [*Embraces, and goes to lead her off.*
Pla.

Pla. As many more guard my *Bassino*.

Bass. (*aside.*) A sudden Horror seizes all my Limbs :
I tremble at the Thought of this base Deed——

[*Pulls out his Handkerchief, and drops a Letter, which
Armando takes up.*

Ha——Tears uncall'd for bathe my guilty Eyes——

Gods ! either give me Virtue to withstand

This impious Love, or Courage to pursue it

Without Remorse ; for I'm but half a Villain.

[*Exeunt Bassino, Placent.*

Arm. opens the Letter. A Letter ! and to *Aurelia* ! now
Curiosity prompts me to know the Subject——What's
here ?

Reads. *I have dispatch'd Armando to the Court of Sa-
voy, and found Pretence to stay behind——*

False treacherous Man !

*This Night I give a Mask at my Lodgings, which,
I hope, will divert Alonzo, till the Priest has
joined our Hands ; and while all the Company are
engaged in Mirth, I'll steal to the dear Arms of my
divine Aurelia.*

Oh ! Villain, Villain ! Monstrous Villain !

Oh ! poor *Placentia* ! But I will prevent

His Policy, and break his wicked Measures.

[*Exit Armando.*

SCENE II. *Pizalto's Lodgings.*

Enter Pizalto solus.

Piz. Why, what makes this young Jade stay so long ?
Adod, this is to pay before hand——Ha——methinks
I hear a Laughing and Giggling in my Wife's Apart-
ment ; I must know whence their Mirth proceeds.
Ho ! here's *Lucy* coming——Harkee you, pray, why
did you make me wait so long ? Nay, I'm resolved you
shan't escape me now——*Goes to the Door, and pulls
in Ludovico in Lucy's Cloaths, whose Commode falls off in
the Struggle, and discovers his bald Head.*] Oh ! Bene-
dicite ! What have we here ? A Man disguis'd in my
Wife's

Wife's Chamber! and I unarm'd! Oh! Curst Minute!—Speak, thou wicked Prophet, thou Son of Iniquity, what camest thou here for? Ha—Thou Priest of *Baal*, to offer Sacrifices on the Altar of my Wife? Oh! my Head! my Horns weigh it down to the Ground already—Within there, bring me my Sword and Pistols.

Lud. A Pox on all Petticoats—What a Devil shall I fay now? Oh! for a Sword! that would be of more Use to me now than my Tongue.

Enter Lady Pizalto.

Piz. Oh! thou wicked fallacious Woman!

L. Piz. What ails my dear Chucky? Why dost thou call for Arms, Deary?

Piz. To cut down that vile Creeper which over-runs thy Garden of Virtue—

L. Piz. [*aside.*] Now Impudence assist me.

Ah! Heavens! What's here? A Man in Disguise? A Thief it must be—Raise the Servants—Oh! Heaven! we might have had all our Throats cut in our Beds—Now for *Lucy*, for I am at a Loss to come off.

[*Aside.*

Piz. No, no, I warrant, you know he is more gentle in Bed.

Lud. [*aside.*] Oh! the Devil, what does she mean? Death, Hell and Furies! if I come off now, catch me at this Sport again, and hang me—

Enter Lucy.

L. Piz. Oh! are you there. Mistress? How came this Man here in your Cloaths? Ha! Gentlewoman—

Lucy [*aside.*] How confidently she asks the Question, poor Lady? as if she knew nothing of it! Now must I bring her off—For Reasons you must not know, Madam.

Piz. Ah! Thou wicked Pair of Bellows to blow the Fire of Iniquity! Why, thou art the very Casement thro' which thy Mistress sucks the Air of Abomination—

Tell

Tell me, I say, how he came here, and for what—
and be sure it be a substantial Lie, or 'twill not pass.

Lucy. [*aside*] All my Hopes are in her Impudence.

Lucy to Pizal. Harkee, Sir, one Word with you—
Do you remember our Agreement To-night?

Piz. Why, what of that? ha—

Lucy. Then imagine what I design'd that Gentleman
for; I'm honest, Sir, that's all—

Piz. I'm honest, Sir, that's all—[*Mimicking her Tone.*]
Honest! with a Pox—What! and so you honestly
provided a Companion for my Wife in my Absence—
ha—

Lucy. No, Sir, I design'd him for your Companion in
my Absence—This is the Business he was dress'd for:
Therefore no more Words, but believe my Lady honest,
or all shall out.

Piz. Oh! the Devil! this shan't pass, Hussy—Do
you think I'll be cuckolded, jilted, bubbled, and let it pass
for a *Christmas* Gambol. Adod, give me my Bond
again, or—or—[*Holds up his Cane.*]

Lucy. No—hold there, Sir: Women and Lawyers
ne'er refund a Fee: But 'tis your best Way to be patient
now, I'll not take Blows.

L. Piz. Why all this Whispering? Why mayn't I
know the Business?

Piz. I am mistaken if you have not known too much
Business already: But I am right enough serv'd—
I had more Ground before than I could manage; I had
no Need of my Neighbour's.

Lucy. Right, my Lord; Ground that lies fallow will
breed Weeds in Time; but yours is clear yet.

Piz. Damn your Jest; I shall expect a better Account,
do you hear? I'll find a Servant to see you out of
Doors. [*To Ludovico.* *Exeunt Pizalto and Lady.*]

Lud. Well, this was an admirable Lift at a Pinch—
She has brought me off now—And if e'er they catch
me at this Music again, I'll give 'em Leave to make
an *Italian* Singer of me—No more Intrigues in
Disguise—if it had not been for the Waiting-
Woman now, I might have been hang'd for a
Thief.

Lucy. What all ammort, Signior, no Courage left?

Lud.

Lud. Faith, not much———I think I have lost my Manhood with my Breeches———This Transformation may suit with Gods, but not with Mortals of my Humour———Come, prithee, good Mistress *Lucy*, help me to my proper Shape again; for tho' I have a natural Inclination to Petticoats, I hate 'em upon my own back. [*A Flourish of Music Within.*]

Lucy. Hark! I hear Count *Bassino's* Music: He gives a Mask To-night; you are already drest for Masquerade, won't you stay and take a Dance?

Lud. Egad, I'd rather dance a Jig with thee elsewhere: Faith thou'rt a pretty Girl—and hast a good deal of Wit too———But then, Pox on't, thou'rt honest, thou sayest, thou cannot swallow a Pill, except 'tis gilded over with Matrimony.

Lucy. And that turns your Stomach, I warrant.

Lud. Why, Ay: Faith my Stomach is damn'd squeemish in these matters: Yet, egad, if I could find one with half as much Money as thou hast Wit and Beauty, I'd marry, and live honest.

Lucy. That is, you'd marry her Money——

Lud. One with the other, Child: There's no living upon Love thou knowest———Tho' Faith I could live well enough too.

Lucy. Well, suppose I help you to a Lady with a round Sum; you'd keep your Word, and marry her?

Lud. I am a Gentleman, I scorn to break my Word.

Lucy. Well, Sir, come to the Mask, and I'll engage you a Mistress, if you are not over-curious.

Lud. With all my Heart:

I'm now resolv'd to leave this Wenching-Trade;
For no man's safe upon a Hackney Jade;
Th' Allay of Danger makes the Pleasure Pain,
A Virtuous Wife will always be fame.

The End of the Fourth Act.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Mask in Baffino's Lodgings.

Baffino, Alonzo, Armando, *in a Disguise*; Placentia *in Man's Cloaths*, Signior Pizalto, Lady Pizalta, Lucy, &c.

An Entry of three Men and three Women of several Nations.

Baff. I Can't imagine where I dropt my Letter :
Pray Heaven it be where none can ever find it.
Gods ! Let me once enjoy her, then call on me
Your Store of Plagues, and I will meet 'em all.

Enter Ludovico, singing.

Lud. Ah ! Mistrefs *Lucy* ! I'm come thou see'st—I
expect thou shalt be as good as thy Word, Child—is
the Lady here ?

Lud. The Lady is forth-coming, if you are still in
the same Mind ?

L. Piz. My Lover here ! Harkee, *Lucy*.

Lucy. By and by, Madam, I am catering for myself
now——Well, Sir, will two thousand Pistoles do ?

Lud. I must humour her——[*Aside.*] Ay Child.

Lucy. Why then I take you at your Word, Sir, and
can produce the aforesaid Sum——[*To Piz.*] With a lit-
tle of your Assistance, My Lord.

Lud. (aside.) Hum——A pretty Wife I am like to
have——Catch me there if you can——

Piz. Ha——How's that ?

Lud. How ! Mistrefs *Lucy*, worth two thousand Pistoles ?

Lucy. Ay : And I have a very good Pay-master for one
Half of it too—Do you know this Hand, my Lord ?
[*To Pizalto.*] (*Shews the Bond.*)

Piz. (aside.) Confound your jilting Sneer.

Lud. Ha, ha, ha——What, a thousand Pistoles a
Dish, my Lord ? I hope you don't change often, ha——
ha——

Piz.

Piz. Huffy, I'll be reveng'd——'Tis all false, 'tis counterfeit.

Lucy. Ha—ha—But it had been current Coin, if I had suffer'd you to put your Stamp upon't——in my Bed-chamber, my Lord——

L. Piz. How, Mistress, have you trick'd my Husband out of a thousand Pistoles, and never told me of it?

Lucy. Nay, Madam, don't frown——Remember you have trick'd him out of something too, which I never told him of—Don't urge me to more Discoveries.

Lud. (aside.) So——Here's Trick upon Trick : But, Faith, you shall never trick me out of my Liberty. I'm not so fond of a Wife to marry a Chamber-maid, tho' with ten Times as much Money: And so, sweet Mistress *Abigail*, your humble Servant. [*Exit Ludovico.*]

L. Piz. (aside) The Jade has me upon the Hip—I must be silent.

*She who has her Husband's Bed abus'd,
Can ne'er expect she should be better us'd.* [Exit.

Lucy. Ha——What! my Lover gone! With all my Heart: Better now than after; for whilst I have my Fortune in my own Hands, I shall have no Need to sue for a separate Maintenance, and get nothing for it neither.

Arm. to Pla. Now, Madam, go: May Heaven be propitious

To your Designs: I'll stay and watch *Bassino*:
And when he goes, will follow with *Alonzo*.

Pla. Oh! my sick Fancy frames a thousand Forms,
Which tell me that our Meeting will prove fatal.
And warn me not to go, what shall I do?
Must I bear calmly my *Bassino's* Loss?
Why do I tremble thus?

Sure it can't be the Fear of Death——No, for if
I go not I must lose him, and that's more
Than Death to me——and if I go, I can but fall,
And Life without him is the greater Woe,
Therefore I'll on, I'll use the softest Words
That Tongue can frame to sooth her into Pity,

And

The Perjur'd Husband.

49

And dissuade her from this impious Marriage.
If I succeed I am compleatly happy,
If not, I'd rather die than live with Hate,
But first, curst Rival, thou shalt share my Fate.

[*Exit Placentia.*]

A Flourish of Musick.

Bass. 'Tis now the Time—but whither do I go?
Shall I a Maid, a Wife, a Friend betray?
No matter——

All Arguments are vain, where Love bears Sway.

[*Exit Bassino.*]

A S O N G.

*When the Winds rage, and the Seas grow high,
They bid Mankind beware,
But when they smooth and calm the Sky,
'Tis then they would ensnare.*

*So the bright Thais Kindness shows,
By frowning on her Lovers,
For Ruin only from her flows,
When she her Charms discovers.*

Piz. Come now, Gentlemen and Ladies, be pleas'd
to walk into the next Room, and take a small Collation
—But where's my Lord *Bassino*? Come, Gentlemen,
he's gone before us.

Arm. Where we will quickly follow. (*Aside.*) *Alonzo*,
a Word with you—

[*Exit Omnes.*]

S C E N E II.

A Chamber in Aurelia's House.

Two Arm-Chairs. Aurelia sola.

Aur. I wonder much at my *Bassino's* Stay :
Oh ! Love ! how swiftly fly thy Hours away

D

When

When we are blest ! How tedious are thy Minutes
When cruel Absence parts two longing Lovers !

Enter Florella.

Is my *Bassino* come ? speak——

Flor. No, Madam, a young Stranger desires to speak with you : He says, you are not acquainted with his Name, but will soon with his Business, which is something of great Import, that can be told to none but yourself.

Aur. A Stranger Business with me ! I know of none I have with Strangers—Heaven ! what's this ?

I feel a sudden Throbbing in my Heart,

As if 'twas conscious of some fatal News— *[Aside.*

Womanish Fears —— Admit him—*(Exit Florella)*
it must be

One of *Bassino's* Friends, whom he intrusts
To be a Witness of our Marriage Vows.

Enter Placentia, in Man's Cloaths.

Pla. Madam, I was inform'd that Count *Bassino*
Was to be here—and having Things t'impart
That much concern him, I made bold to come——

Aur. Sir, I expect him straight—if you're his Friend
I will account you mine—Be pleas'd to sit. *[Both sit.*

Pla. My Brother, Madam, is extremely happy
In being favour'd by so fair a Lady——

Aur. Your Brother, Sir ! is then my Lord your brother ?

Pla. Madam, he is.

Aur. Then I may call you Brother too ;
For all the solemn Vows of Love have pass'd
'Twixt him and me—And blissful *Hymen* waits
With lighted Torch to tie the sacred Knot,
Which shall be done this Hour——

Pla. This Hour ! say you ? Oh ! Madam, have a
Care :

You tread enchanted Ground, and e'er you know
What Path you take, you're hurried to Destruction.

Aur.

Aur. Where lies the Danger ?

Pla. Oh ! 'Tis a fatal Tale, yet you must hear it ;
Therefore summon your Courage to your Aid,
For you will need it all, whilst I relate
The fatal Story——

Aur. Ah ! how I tremble !

Say, is he dead ? has any murderous Villain
Kill'd my *Bassino* ?

Pla. No—he is well in Health : but his distemper'd
Mind
Is of a wild and feverish Disposition,
Longing to taste, what tasted will undo him.

Aur. Your Speech is all a Riddle : Pray speak plainer :
But yet, e'er you proceed, if Count *Bassino* lives,
I care not what must follow, since he's mine.

Pla. No, he's not yours—Nor ever must.

Aur. 'Tis false——There's not a Pow'r on Earth
can part us :

Perhaps,
You think my Blood too base to mix with yours——
But, Sir, your Brother loves me, and in Love
All Ranks are equal——

Pla. No——I wish that were all :
But there's a greater Obstacle——He—is—married—
Oh ! Gods ! unfortunately married !

Aur. Married !

Pla. Yes,——Married——to my Sister,
To my unfortunate, abandon'd Sister.
Oh ! do not you conspire t'undo her quite ;
It is enough, she's false *Bassino's* Wife.

Aur. Gods ! Married !
And is it possible ! Oh ! faithless Men !
Oh ! Truth ! Oh ! Justice ! Whither are you fled ?
Now all my Fears and Horrors are explain'd.

Pla. I'm glad I reach'd this Place in Time, to hinder
Those Ills that must have waited on your Marriage,
Now it is in your Power, both to be happy,
And, in some Measure, make my Sister so. [*Both rise.*]

Aur. A Paradox in Nature——Bid *Aurelia*
Be happy, when you rob her of her Heaven !
Her dear *Bassino* !

Indeed your Sister may be counted happy,
 If she's his Wife—Ha—Wife—by Heaven ! 'tis false—
 No, no—He has no other Wife but me——
 He is not married, you bely him basely——
 He cannot be so treacherous——

Pla. Madam, I fwear, whate'er I said is Truth—
 Do but defer this Marriage for a Day,
 And if I don't produce convincing Proofs,
 May all the Plagues a Woman can invent
 Fall on my perjurd Head——

Aur. Defer our Marriage—No, by Heaven I will not.
 I can't suspect him—Neither do I think
 You durst maintain this Story to his Face.

Pla. Madam, I dare ; nay, which is more, I'll die,
 Or vindicate my injurd Sister's Honour——

Aur. Bold Arrogance !
 Oh ! That he were but here to answer the Affront !
 Perhaps he may have wrong'd your Family :
 Debauch'd your Sister ; for which you would force him
 To marry her ?——But, I must tell thee, Boy,
 He's mine already : nor would he forsake me
 To hold Command o'er all the Universe.

Pla. Oh ! Heaven ! must I bear this !

Aur. Nay, expect more, if he should find you here,
 'Tis not your being Brother to his Mistress,
 That will secure you from his just Revenge.

Pla. Revenge ! Nay, then away with all Disguise,
 Pity be gone——And in its Room fell Rage
 Take place, that I may dash that haughty Insolence
 That dares to treat me thus—Know, Madam,
 I am his Wife—his lawful wedded Wife.
 With borrow'd Shape I came to try your Virtue,
 Which I have found so light that the least Puff
 Of wanton Love will blast it——Else my Visit
 Had met a better Welcome—Here with Sword in Hand
 I'll wait his coming, [Draws.
 And as he enters, pierce thy haughty Breast.
 I know he loves thee, and therefore 'tis brave
 Revenge to let him see thy dying Pangs :
 Thy parting Sighs will rack him worse than Hell.

Aur. His Wife ! Oh ! Insolence !

In vain you waste your Breath, it moves not me :
So much I love him, so much I'm belov'd,
That should an Angel from yon Heaven descend,
To tell me he's marry'd, I'd not credit him,
Kill me if you dare—He will revenge my Death :
That pleasing Thought gives Courage to my Soul :
To live without him would be Death indeed !
No—he'll ne'er leave me for a common Thing,
For such I'm sure thou art——

Pla. Common ! Proud Wretch——by Heaven that
Word gives Wings
To my Revenge—Vile Creature, die—— [*Stabs her.*
Aur. Help,—Murder, murder——

Enter Baffino.

Baff. Ha—That to thy Heart—— [*Kills Plac.*] Wer't
thou a Demi-god

And durst attempt this Shrine, thus should'st thou fall—

Pla. (Falling.) Oh ! *Baffino* ! Oh !

Aur. Oh ! hold, my Lord, what has your Rashness
done ?

I only should have dy'd———I'll not upbraid
Your Treachery—No, 'tis the Hand of Heaven
That guides the Stroke that takes my guilty Life,
For being faithless to *Alonzo*.

Baff. Talk not of Death, my fair, my dear *Aurelia* ;
That very Sound does harrow up my Soul.
But who art thou, whose sacrilegious Hand
Durst to profane the Temple of my Love ?

Pla. I am your Wife—Your loving Wife *Placentia*.
Oh ! pardon this rash Deed ; blame jealous Love—
And grace me with a Sigh, that I may die contented.

Baff. My Wife ! and kill'd by me !
Under what Load of Miseries I stand !
Oh ! Horror ! Horror ! Infinity of Guilt !
Hurl now your vengeful Bolts, Almighty Powers,
On my devoted Head !
Oh ! I have wrong'd you both : Deceiv'd you basely :
Thus prostrate on the Ground, let me beg Pardon :
[*Throws himself on the Ground.*

I do not ask it with Design to live.

Aur. Oh! dear *Bassino* live:

And try to save her, for she's innocent:

We only are in Fault——

I urg'd my wretched Fate with impious Language,

For which I beg Forgiveness: Generous Lady,

Let not my Soul depart with Guilt oppress'd.

Pla. As I forgive you, so may Heaven me.

Bass. Oh! *Placentia*! Oh! my Wife!

Aur. One thing more, and I'm happy——

Were but *Alonzo* here, that I might ask

Forgiveness for my Falshood! But, alas!

My Spirits faint within my frozen Veins,

And every Thing seems double to my Sight:

Oh! How I dread the uncertain future State!

✓ *Bass.* Unhappy Maid! Oh! my once dear *Aurelia*!

Curst, Curst *Bassino*! Oh! my Wife! How dare

I stand the View of both these injur'd Women!

Oh! Heaven! Why name I Heaven! Heaven will not
hear

A Wretch like me——No, even Hell wants Torment

Proportion'd to my Guilt—Oh! my *Placentia*! Oh!

Pla. Oh! my dear Lord, I cannot see you thus:

Live, live, my Lord; be happy when I'm dead.

Nay, for your Sake, I wish *Aurelia* too

May live to make you happy——

Bass. Oh! Hold!

Heap not more Curfes on me by your Kindness;

I wish that she might live, but not for me.

Only to clear me from her guilty Blood——

Oh! *Placentia*!

Pla. Rise, my Lord, rise: Do not indulge your Woe,
Your Sighs atone for all, and make e'en Death a plea-
sure——

I see him coming, he will soon be here——

Bass. No, I will never rise: ne'er see the Day.

The Sun would blush to shine on such an impious Wretch.

Here let me lie, and tear with these curst Hands

[*Tears the Ground in a distracted Manner.*

A Passage thro' the Earth, and hide my Face for ever.

Alon.

The Perjur'd Husband.

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Alon. (*Within.*) Where where's this Villain? Where's *Bassino*?

Aur. 'Tis *Alonzo's* Voice.

Oh ! fly, my Lord, fly from his juft Revenge.

Enter Alonzo hastily.

Bass. Fly———

Where shall I fly from Juftice? No, Heaven is kind
In fending him to help my Journey forward.

Alon. Where's *Bassino*?

Bass. (*Rifing.*) Here Sir, I ftand.

Alon. Then there ftands a Villain——Ha——what
Do I fee !——*Aurelia* murder'd !

Oh ! treacherous Maid, thy Love has coft thee dear,
Think on thy broken Vows, and call to Heaven for
Mercy.

Thy Death I will revenge, becaufe I lov'd thee once.

Aur. Oh ! *Alonzo*, pardon me.

Alon. to *Bass.* Now Villain, now what Story, what
Pretence

Canft thou invent to avoid my juft Revenge?

Oh ! that I ne'er had lift'ned to thy Tongue?

Thy bafe perfidious Tongue ! Then all thefe Murders

Had been prevented, and thou curft in Hell——

Thou monftrous Fiend——

Bass. You talk too much——Let's fee what you can do :
Thus I return your Villain——

Alon. Take thy Reward. [*They fight, Bassino falls.*]

Enter Armando.

Arm. Hold ! hold : Oh Gods ! I'm come too late,
What has my fatal Friendship done !

Ha——*Placentia* too——curft Letter !

Bass. My Friend *Armando* ! Oh ! I blufh to fee thee :
But let me have your Pardon——now I need it.

Arm. Oh ! firft pardon me——

For I have been the Caufe of all this Mifchief.

Whilst my officious Friendship ftives to fave you,

I bring you all to this unhappy End.

Say, can you pardon me?

Baff. I do——

And Oh! my Friend! had Virtue been my Guide,
As it was thine, I still were truly happy.

Aur. Where am I?

Why do I hover thus 'twixt Rest and Misery?
Oh! good *Alonzo*, say you pardon me,
And let me die in Peace, else full of Horror
My guilty Soul must wander in the Shades
Of gloomy Night, and never, never rest.

Alon. Thou hast my Pardon, and with it this Promise
Never to love again——

Aur. Oh! you're——too——kind——and I want—
Breath to thank——you——Farewel, [Dies.

Baff. Oh! *Placentia*! [Embraces her.
Thus in thy Arms my Thread of Life shall break.

Pla. My Lord, my Husband, Oh! come nearer yet,
That I may take a parting Kifs, to smoothe
My Passage to the Realms of endless Night. [Kissing him.
So—Now—I die———much happier than I lived.
Farewel—— [Dies.

Baff. Farewel, fair Excellence? Thou best of Wives!
But I shall quickly follow—Yet before I go,
I beg, *Alonzo*, let my Death atone
For all the Injuries my Life has done you.
Oh! spare my Memory, when I'm no more.

Alon. By Heaven!
I see such Virtue struggling in thy Breast,
As makes me wish I could prevent the Flight
Of thy departing Soul——

Baff. No, No——I would not live:
Hadst thou not come, my Hand had set me free,
But now I fell more nobly, and less guilty.
My Friend, my dear *Armando*,
Haste to inform my Prince, *Baffino* rests;
But hide, if possible, my Shame: And let
One Grave hold both this wretched Corps and mine,
Oh! my *Placentia*—— [Dies.

Alon. Unhappy Pair! But far more wretched me!
For I must live, and live without *Aurelia*!
Tho' I'm convinc'd she lov'd me not, I can't

Banish

The Perjur'd Husband.

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Banish her Image from my Love-sick Mind,
Oh ! that I ne'er had seen the charming Fair !

Arm. The Gods are just in all their Punishments :
And by this single Act, we plainly see
That Vengeance always treads on Perjury ;
And tho' sometimes no Bolts be at us hurl'd,
Whilst we enjoy the Pleasures of this World ;
Yet a Day awaits, a Day of general Doom,
When guilty Souls must to an Audit come ;
Then that we may not tremble, blush, or fear,
Let our Desires be just ; our Lives unfulled here.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



THE
EPILOGUE.

By Mr. B——.

Spoken by Mr. JO. HAINES.

TOO long the Poets brought before the Bar,
Have with their bold Accuser wag'd the War;
They now plead Guilty: And confess the Stage
Has been immoral, and debauch'd the Age.
Nay they will mend—But wish that in their Station,
All Men were pleas'd to forward Reformation.
First, let no Politicians, with vain Fears,
About succeeding Kings create new Fars:
Let Lawyers now no more perplex the Laws,
Nor with malicious Quibbles split a Cause;
Let Magistrates consider 'tis but fitting,
That as they take down Bills, they'd put down cheating;
Let our young Heroes, who would be Commanders,
Brag less o'er Coffee, and fight more in Flanders;
Let Cheap-side Doctors in a Frantic Fit,
No more make impious War with sacred Wit;
Let City Wives (but that's too hard a Task)
Mimick no more Town-Ladies in a Mask,
Nor from their Prentices the Favour ask;
Let no old cast-off Miss assume the Saint,
Let Cowards cease to huff, and Beaus to paint;
Let at yon Corner House the Wits and Bards,
Gain by Religion what they lose at Cards;
Let snarling peevish Criticks cease to bite,
Or in a false Sublime dull Plays to write;
Let Galleries no more for Judges sit,
But leave to the bright Boxes, and the Pit,
Their lawful Empire o'er immortal Wit.
When all this heavy task is well perform'd
We dare engage the Stage shall be reform'd.

THE
BEAU'S DUEL:
OR, A
Soldier for the Ladies,
A
COMEDY.

THE P R O L O G U E.

By a GENTLEMAN.

WHAT Hazards Poets run, in Times like these,
Sure to offend, uncertain whom to please :
*If in a well-work'd Story they aspire,
To imitate old Rome's or Athen's Fire,
It will not do ; for strait the Cry shall be,
'Tis a forc'd heavy piece of Bombastry.
If Comedy's their Theme, 'tis ten to one
It dwindles into Farce, and then 'tis gone.
If Farce their Subject be, this Witty Age
Holds that below the Grandeur of the Stage.
Our Female Author, tho' she sees what Fate
Does the Event of such Attempts still wait ;
With a true British Courage ventures on,
Thinks nothing Honour, without Danger won.
She fain wou'd shew our great Fore-Fathers Days,
When Virtue, Honour, Courage, wore the Bays ;
Fain wou'd she kindle up those fading Fires,
That warm'd their Noble Blood to fierce Desires.
When the Bold Hero, after tedious Wars,
With Bleeding Wounds adorn'd, and Glorious Scars,
From Conquest back return'd with Laurels Crown'd,
Where from the Fair, their just Rewards they found.
She thinks't a Crime in any one to dare,
Or hope to gain a Conquest o'er the Fair,
Who ne'er cou'd boast a Victory in War.
Let but your Arms abroad successful prove,
The Fair at home shall crown your Toils with Love.*



THE E P I L O G U E.

By the A U T H O R.

YOU see Gallants 't has been our Poet's Care,
To shew what Beaus in their Perfection are,

EPILOGUE.

*By Nature Cowards, foolish, useleſs Tools,
 Made Men by Taylors, and by Women, Fools :
 A Fickle, Falſe, a Singing, Dancing Crew,
 Nay now we hear they've Smiling Maſters too ;
 Juſt now a Frenchman in the Dreſſing-room,
 From teaching of a Beau to Smile, was come,
 He ſhew'd five Guineas—Wasn't he rarely paid,
 Thus all the World by Smiles are once betray'd ;
 The States-man Smiles on them he wou'd undo,
 The Courtier's Smiles are very ſeldom true,
 The Lover's Smiles too many do believe,
 And Women Smile on them they wou'd deceive ;
 When Tradeſmen Smile, they ſafely Cheat with Eaſe ;
 And ſmiling Lawyers never fail of Fees.—
 The Doctor's Look the Patient's pain beguiles,
 The Sick Man lives, if the Phyſician ſmiles :
 Thus Smiles with Intereſt Hand in Hand do go,
 He ſureſt ſtrikes, that Smiling gives the Blow ;
 Poets, with us this Proverb do deſy,
 We live by Smiles, for if you frown we die.
 To pleaſe you then ſhall be our chief Endeavour,
 And all we aſk, is but your Smiles for ever. [Going.
 Hold—I forgot, the Author bid me ſay,
 She humbly begs Protection for her Play :
 'Tis Yours—She Dedicates it to you all,
 And ſure you're too generous to let it fall ;
 She hopes the Ladies will her Cauſe maintain,
 Since Virtue here has been her only Aim.
 The Beaus, ſhe thinks, won't fail to do her Right,
 Since here they're taught with Safety how to fight.
 She's ſure of Favour from the Men of War,
 A Soldier is her darling Character ;
 To fear the Murmurs then wou'd be abſurd,
 They only Mutiny when not prefer'd.
 But yet, I ſee ſhe does your Fury dread,
 And like a Priſoner, ſtands with Fear half dead,
 While you are Judges, do her Sentence give,
 If you're not pleas'd, ſhe ſays ſhe cannot live.
 Let my Petition then for once prevail ;
 And let your gen'rous Claps her Pardon ſeal.*

Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Col. Manly, in Love with Clarinda.</i>	<i>Mr. Cory.</i>
<i>Capt. Bellmein, his Friend.</i>	<i>Mr. Booth.</i>
<i>Toper, an Enemy to Matrimony, and a Friend to the Bottle.</i>	<i>Mr. Powell.</i>
<i>Sir William Mode, a Fop, in Love with Clarinda, and countenanced by her Father.</i>	
<i>Ogle, a Fortune-hunter, a conceited Fellow that fancies every Body is in Love with him.</i>	<i>Mr. Pack.</i>
<i>Carefull, Father to Clarinda.</i>	<i>Mr. Fieldhouse.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Clarinda, in Love with Manly.</i>	<i>Mrs. Prince.</i>
<i>Emilia, her Cousin, an Heiress, newly come out of the Country.</i>	<i>Mrs. Porter.</i>
<i>Mrs. Plotwell, formerly a Mistress to Bellmein.</i>	
	<i>Mrs. Lee.</i>

Maid to Clarinda.

A Serjeant, Drummers, and Servants.

The SCENE LONDON.

THE



THE
BEAU'S DUEL:
OR, A
Soldier for the Ladies.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Colonel Manly.

Colonel.

HOW do Men labour to fool themselves? What Pains did I spare, or Excuse did I not invent, to persuade my Friends I was going another Way, to get rid of their troublesome Ceremony, that wou'd have waited on me Home; and all this for an Opportunity only of taking a Turn or two before this Window.

Oh Love! How powerful are thy Charms, thus to unman, and send me like a Boy, gaping after imaginary Joys.

Not all the Hazards of a Soldier's Life could so much affect me, as the dreadful Apprehension of displeasing this Girl.

What-

Whatever I do, whether I eat or drink, whether I sleep or wake, whether I'm at Home alone, or abroad in Company, my Thoughts are still of her : She's always present, I can see nothing but her ; I can hear nothing but her, I can think of nothing but her ; and in short, I care for nothing but her.

'Tis Happiness enough for any Man to love and be beloved by such a Woman ; she's so Beautiful, so Agreeable, and so Loving ; yet so Virtuous, so Chaste, and so Constant, that if her Father's rigid Opposition were remov'd, nothing could add to the Blessing which lies in Store for me.

Enter Captain Bellmein, goes within two or three Yards of the Door, then stops short, looks up.

Capt. Ho, this must be the House—But what the Devil am I the better for't, the Doors are lock'd, Windows barr'd, my Mistress asleep, and I may return like an Ass as I came, without so much as being dream'd of—Can Love, that never fails its Votaries at a pinch, inspire no Stratagem now ? Egad I was never more able to offer him a plentiful Sacrifice ; and did my Mistress know with what warm desires I come, she'd meet me half Way, or she deserves to die a Maid.

Col. The more I think, I still perplex myself the more ; like a poor Fly in a Spider's Web, by labouring to get loose, I work myself faster in the Toil.

And why should I struggle any longer with what I can't master ? or desire to be without what I'm persuaded is the greatest Blessing in the World——

I am resolv'd I will love on——[*Turns short upon the Captain.*] Ha ! a Man, and if I mistake not, mad *Bellmein*, whom I left at the *Rose* ; he's upon some amorous Design, but is too open to hide any thing from his Friend. I'll accost him.

Good-morrow, Captain, I commend your early Industry, you are chusing some fortify'd Piece of Virtue to lay a manly Siege to.

Capt. Ha ! Colonel, Good morrow to you with all my Heart : No Faith, I never stay the Formality of a Siege ;

Siege ; 'tis your honourable Lovers are forced to undergo that Drudgery ; whene'er I meet any, as I rarely do, that resist the Shock of my first Assault, I fairly draw off to the next, who are sure to surrender upon more easy Terms.

Col. So you take all by Storm, plunder the Garrison, fire their Quarters, and march off in Triumph.

Capt. What I do can't be comprehended by constant puling Lovers.

They can't bear those strong Joys we suck from our lusty Draughts of Love ; like weak-sighted Birds, they fly about in Twilight of Pleasure, not able to bear the Meridional Heat and Pleasure of it.

One kind Glance crowns your Hopes, and raises you to the highest Happiness ; but then a Frown, or frow Look, Colonel, throws you down again to Despair. So that——

Col. Have a care Captain, how far you launch out in this Strain, lest you be too like our modern Widows, who exclaim most against a second Husband, when they are just upon the point of having one.

Capt. So that from my laughing at honourable Lovers as you call them, you would learnedly infer I am one myself.

Col. Nay Railery apart, it has been seriously observ'd that you are——

Capt. What ?

Col. Very much alter'd of late.

Capt. How ! Faith, I think myself the same Man, I have the same Appetites, the same Desires, that ever I had.

Col. Ay, but you faunter about in solitary Places, avoid your Acquaintance, and when you can't escape them, are more uneasy than a rich Miser with a borrowing Friend : And here now I find you out of your Way, addressing yourself to senseless Wood and Stone.

Capt. Ay, my Friend, but this senseless Wood includes a more beautiful *Daphne* than e'er the *Delian* God pursued ; a Girl so bright, so sparkling, and what recommends her much more to me, so coming, [*Embraces him.*] that had she lived in the Days of *Venus*, she would have rival'd that Goddess and out-done her too in her own Attributes.

[*Col.*

Col. Have a Care you don't misplace your Worship, for to my particular Knowledge no such Person lodges in this House.

Capt. To my more particular Knowledge such a Person does lodge in this House, and in the Room that looks out at that Window too.

Col. Ha! *Clarinda* lodges there, 'tis true; but that she's such as he describes is false—Yet she's a Woman, and where Dissembling grows so much in Use, Perfection must be a Stranger. I'll for a while lay by the implicit Lover for the more inquisitive jealous Man, and try him farther. [*Aside.*] Well, I may be deceived, but how do you know you are so too?

Capt. Why Faith, since I know you to be an honest Fellow, and a Man of Honour, I don't care if I trust you with the Secret, upon Condition your Assistance shan't be wanting upon Occasion.

Col. 'Slife I shall be drawn in to help him away with my Mistress [*Aside.*] If she be such as you describe, I believe you will have no great Occasion for help. But to the Purpose.

Capt. Why you must know that in this House lives a damn'd positive ill-natured old Fellow.

Col. I know it too well, or by this Time his Daughter had been out of your Reach. [*Aside.*

Capt. And that there's a young Lady, his Daughter, Niece, or something.—

Col. Ay, very probable, what then?

Capt. Why, that likes my Person, that's all.

Col. How do you know this?

Capt. Know it? I have infallible Signs of it; she makes Assignations with me, and keeps them; receives my Addresses, Letters and Songs, nay sings them too; and if these ben't Signs she likes me, the Devil's in't.

Col. Well, but her Name—I'll yet believe *Clarinda* innocent, and 'tis some one else he mistakes for her.

[*Aside.*

Capt. Nay, now faith, Colonel, you are unreasonable, you know 'tis not fair to tell Names.

Col. Not tell me her Name! then I shall think you trifled with me all this while, and scorn the Friendship I offer.

Capt.

Capt. I'll rather tell you all I know, but as for her Name, Faith and Troth I know no more hers than she does mine ; her desire to be unknown herself, made her the less pressing, I suppose, so that we freely pass among ourselves for *Celadon* and *Cloe*, as you may see by this Song, if you'll be at the Pains of reading it? 'tis the last I sent her, and tho' inconsiderable in itself, receives from her Voice inestimable Value.

Col. O' my Soul, the very Song I heard *Clarinda* sing, 'tis she past all doubt.

Capt. What, at a stand, *Colonel*! Ha! What means all this Concern?

Col. 'Tis for you, my Friend ; that Woman you admire I know to be the most cunning, treacherous, and false Dissembler, nay worse, if worse can be, in the World; I would advise you to proceed with Caution; for Husbands, *Captain*, too late repent, when they can't quit the Ill.

Capt. Ho, if it be only my Dangers that disturb you, I'll soon ease you of that Trouble; Marriage is not the Course I steer, we never admit so four a Thought to turn our more pleasant Conversation.

Col. How, not marry! what then does all this tend to?

Capt. Phoo, that's unreasonable again; why nothing, nothing but a little harmless Mirth or so.

Col. On my Soul he designs to debauch her. [*Aside.*

Capt. Ha! the Colonel in his Dumps again, there's something in't I don't understand. [*Aside.*

Col. Harkee, Captain, I know you have Courage, and always took you for a Man of Honour, therefore think it worth my while to tell you this Woman you have been so free with is one I have a long Time loved, therefore expect you'll give me unquestionable Proofs of what you have said, or meet me with your Sword, and so leave you to prepare yourself for which you think most proper.

[*Going.*

Capt. Hey day! Have I been all this while making a Confident of my Rival, and telling my Secrets to the only Man I ought to hide them from? Now I perceive what 'twas made him so testy, but he shan't part thus.

Looke,

Lookee, Colonel, to shew how much I value your Friendship, I'll consent to what you propose; and tho' Fighting may be of less Trouble, yet for your Ease I'll undertake to make out what I've said.

Col. Upon that condition I'll call you Friend again; but if you should fail, you had best look to it.

Capt. Here's some Company coming this Way, let's retire till they pass, then I'll tell you our whole Intrigue, and leave you to judge whether I have Reason to think as I do.
[*They withdraw.*]

Enter Sir William Mode.

Sir Will. Le Reviere.—[*Laric*] Sir [*Sir Will.*] Blister me if you don't speak plain *English*! I shall have the World think I'm such a Sloven as to keep an *English* Valet: do you hear, if you don't mimick 'em better I shall turn you away.

Le Rev. Me vil take al de Care imaginable, Sir.

Sir Will. Very well. Is the Musick all come?

Le Rev. Yes Sire, here be de Fidle, de Hautbois, de Courtel, and Basse Vial, dey be all despose for to receive your Command.

Sir Will. 'Tis very well d'hear, do you marshal them in Order before this Window, and see they be ready to strike up as soon as I give the Word. [The Colonel and Captain appear.]

Capt. What the Devil's here, another Lover? What think you now, Colonel; your Mistress must be more than Woman if she can hold out against such a formal Siege.

Col. This Fop I know too well to be jealous of, and know her so far from encouraging him, that her Father's Authority which countenances him, can scarce procure him common Civility from her.

Capt. Hift, the Thing opens.

Sir Will. Well 'tis an unspeakable Happiness we Men of Parts enjoy above the rest of Mankind: By our good Management we make our Access to every Thing we admire, easy and certain: How many thick-skull'd Fellows are content to dream of their Mistresses, while I take a more secure Method, and wake her in the Morning with harmonious Music.

d- I wonder how the Ladies can suffer these idle Fellows
1g that take no more Pains to please them ; for my own
2c Part, I believe I have something extraordinary in me
; that makes me so acceptable to all the Women I come
S in Company with.—Well Music !
c

I hope you will all shew yourselves Masters in your
Performance ; come strike up : Ah ! merciful *Apollo*,
what a hideous Noise you make ; there's a Sound fitter
to storm a Breach with, than approach a Lady's Slum-
bers. Play some soft Air, a Concert of Flutes would
have done well.

[*While the Music plays he uses a great many odd Postures ; seeing the Door open the Music ceases, and he runs to meet Clarinda's Maid.*]

Col. How, the Door open ?

Sir *Will.* Ha ! my dear Angel, How does my Goddess receive my Morning Sacrifice ?

Flo. As she does every thing that comes from the incomparable Sir *William Mode*, with particular Marks of Favour in private, tho' she's oblig'd to lay great Restraint on her Carriage in public, to appear cold to him.

Sir *Will.* But, methinks, she need not be reserv'd, since I have her Father's Consent.

Flo. Ay, 'tis that makes her so ; for his cross Humour, shou'd she show the Affection she really has for you, wou'd make him run counter to what he so eagerly pursues now out of mere Opposition : For he never oppos'd Colonel *Manly*, till she express'd some liking for him ; and now she fears, shou'd she own her Love for you, 'twou'd prove as fatal to her Hopes ; therefore begs you, by me, to take all Indifference in public for particular Marks of Favour.

Sir *Will.* Well, I'll take your Advice ; and sweet Mrs. *Flora*, let me intreat you to accept of this small Acknowledgment for Favours I have receiv'd by your means.

Flo. Oh ! Lord, Sir, I vow I'm ashamed ; but I shall be always ready to do you good Offices with my Lady. Sir, your Servant. [*Exit.*]

Sir *Will.* Adieu, Angel,—here Music, strike up a merry Ramble, and lead to my Lodgings. [*Exit.*]

Col. O Woman ! Woman ! Now Friend, I believe
all

all you said, and a great deal more ; yet who cou'd expect with so much Beauty, such ugly Falshood. For thee, or any Man, she might have some Plea ; but this sign of a man ! to fall so low argues a very deprav'd Appetite : S'death, I can't bear the Thoughts on't.

Capt. Have a little Patience, and every small Discovery will help you forward to your lost Liberty : Before To-morrow Night I'll lay such convincing Proofs before your Eyes, as shall infallibly complete your Cure.

Col. What's here, another Serenade ? More Lovers yet ?

Enter Toper, Singing.

*The Devil a bit care I for a Wife,
So I have but Wine and a Fire ;
A Wench when I please my passion to ease,
The Devil a Wife I desire.*

Capt. Ha, ha, drunken *Toper*, reeling home after a Night's Debauch ; sure he's no Lover, 'twou'd be impossible for the blind God to find his Heart for the Fumes of Wine ; besides, 'tis so indifferent to every Thing else, there's no taking it but with a Bottle.

Col. Ha, *Toper*, thou holdest thy own yet, I see.

Top. *Colonel*, good Morrow, I wish you hold your own, Boy, for I met a thing in the next Street may chance undermine your Foundation, one who says he can do more in one Night than you in all the Days of the Week.

Col. What do you mean ?

Top. Why I met Sir *William Mode* big with Success returning from *Clarinda*, who, he says, encourages his Addressees in private, and only favours you in public, to egg her Father on to Consummation with him ; and this he purchas'd with a Serenade.

Col. S'death, does he boast of his Success, and must my Misfortune be the Subject of the Coxcomb's Rallery ? Am I publish'd to the World as a Blind for his Designs ? Hell and Furies, 'tis not to be borne : I'll after him immediately, and were every Vanity about him a *Hercules*, I'd force my Way thro' them all, to stop that foul Breath of his.

*[Going.
Capt.]*

Capt. Hold, hold, you will but widen the Sore you design to heal ; 'twill be no hard Matter from the Coxcomb's fruitful Impertinence to take another Occasion for Quarrelling, and then pay old Scores ; or if it be my Luck first to meet the Opportunity, you may be sure I'll throw in a hearty Thrust for you.

Top. Nay, Sir, you may save yourself the Labour of Quarrelling, for he won't answer Expectation, I assure you.

Capt. A Coward : Nay, then he shall dance a Minuet the length of the Street, while I beat Time on his Back-side.

Col. Hang him, he's not worth our Repentment : Pr'ythee *Toper*, what is he, for I have but barely seen him ?

Toper. In the first Place, he's a mere Compound of Powder, Paint, and Affectation, so perfum'd, you may smell him a Mile ; he thinks every Woman in Love with him, and will allow no Man to claim a share in ought above a Chamber-maid ; or stand Competition with his Parts or Person.

Capt. And yet not fight, say you ?

Toper. Fight ! no, no, he hates the Sight of a drawn Sword, as much as I do that of an empty Bottle. He will sometimes pretend to Courage, as some Women will to Honour and Honesty, tho' their Inclinations tend to neither, no more than mine to Matrimony. He has 4000*l.* a Year, which he spends in Intrigues, fine Cloaths, and Musick. And he has always as many Fiddlers at his Heels, as a General, Officers at his *Levee*.

Col. Whose Attendance is better rewarded, I fancy, no doubt they taste the Fruits of their Labours sweetly.

Toper. I'my Conscience, I believe they deserve it, for who becomes his Favourite, must use as much Flattery as wou'd purchase a Maidenhead, tho' the Woman's design was Marriage. Oh ! that Fortune shou'd be so liberal to such a Fool, when so many honest Fellows sit in a Coffee-house all the Evening for want of Money to go to the Tavern.

Col. Riches are the common Chance of Knaves and Fools, Fortune is rarely favourable to a Man of Sense ;
'tis

Clar. And that ours has one in him, the judicious part of Mankind bears Witness.

Em. Lovers, *Clarinda*, like People in Motion, fancy every thing they see, moves as they do; and may be from the Knowledge of your own Principles and Resolutions, you form your Notion of his——Now cou'd I almost find in my Heart to discover my own Intrigue, if 'twere only to let her see, there are Men that equal, if not exceed hers, but that I'm aſham'd of its Forwardneſs in ſo ſhort a Time. [*Aſide.*] But how comes it, Couſin, that we never ſee this Man?

Clar. Before you come to Town, my Father forbid him the houſe, with any further Pretenſions to me, upon Sir *William's* account, to whom his Honour was engag'd before he ſaw him, or elſe I believe his Follies wou'd have out-weigh'd his Eſtate; for he, you know——

Em. I know too much of him, for I have ſeen him.

Clar. So you have t'other too, he was one of the two that bow'd to us t'other Night from the Side-box, and of whom you have ſince been ſo inquisitive, tho' I never let you into the Secret till now.

Em. Of one of thoſe? I know a Secret which I believe you are a Stranger to, and which I wou'd not for the World diſcover, till I know more on't. [*Aſide.*] If that be he, I like him as well as you can; but I think a Gentleman of Sir *William's* Eſtate ſhou'd not ſeem ſo contemptible.

Clar. O dear Couſin, don't name him, for beſides the particular Averſion I have for him, 'twould beget in the World a very ſlender Opinion of my Senſe, ſhou'd I encourage ſuch a Fop.

Em. O quite contrary: Beſides, Couſin, if you hate him, you can never get it in your Power to torment him, more than by marrying him.

Clar. That would be making myſelf uneaſy, purely to trouble another: No, no, I muſt have ſome Contrivance to expoſe him, and our Neighbour, Mrs. *Plotwell* ſhall help me in it.

Em. Does that Lady ſtill continue her Perſecution of Fops?

Clar. With as much Addreſs and Succeſs as ever; and her

her pleasant Accounts of her feign'd Intrigues, makes her very entertaining Company; she hates Sir *William Mode*, and I am sure will assist in any thing. I never had a stronger Temptation to Disobedience than now; Love and Merit plead on *Manly's* Side, Reason too approves my Choice; the other's an empty Nothing, a mere Talker; we'll shew his right Side, expose him, shall we not, my Dear?

Em. With all my Heart; I love Mischief so well, I can refuse nothing that furthers that.

The End of the FIRST ACT.



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Sir William's Lodgings.*

Enter Sir William in a Night-Gown, looking in his Glass.

Sir Will. THIS rising early is the most confounded thing on Earth, nothing so destructive to the Complexion. Blister me, how I shall look in the Side-Box to Night, wretchedly upon my Soul. [*Looking in the Glass all the while.*] Yet it adds something of a languishing Air, not altogether unbecoming, and by Candle-light may do Mischief; but I must stay at home to recover some Colour; and that may be as well laid on too; so 'tis resolv'd I will go. Oh! 'tis unspeakable Pleasure to be in the Side-box, or bow'd to from the Stage, and be distinguish'd by the Beaus of Quality; to have a Lord fly into one's Arms, and kiss one as amorously as a Mistress: Then tell me aloud, that he din'd with his Grace, and that he and the Ladies were so fond of me, they talk'd of nothing else. Then, says I, my Lord, his Grace does me too much Honour——Then, my Lord,——Pox on this Play, 'tis not worth seeing; we han't been seen at t'other House to Night; and the La-

dies will be disappointed, not to receive a Bow from Sir *William*. He, he, he, says I, my Lord, I'll wait upon your Lordship, Then says my Lord, lead the Way Sir *William*. Oh, pray my Lord, I beg your Lordship's Pardon——Nay, Sir *William*——Pray my Lord——
[*Enter La Reviere.*] Pray Sir *William*——Pray my Lord.

[*As he says this several Times, La Reviere enters behind him, but as he designs to pass by him, is still prevented by his turning from one side to t'other, as he acts himself for the Lord.*

La Rev. Hey! What the Devil is he conjuring and talking with invifible Lords? He's in his Airs, some pleasing Imagination hurries him out of his Senses——But I muſt to my Cue. Hem, hem, Sir, dere be one two Gentlemen below, come to wait upon you dis Morn'ing; fal I ſhow dem up?

Sir Will. No, my Lord, by no Means, I know better things.

La Rev. What then am I a Lord? Egad I never knew my Quality before. [*Aside.*

Sir Will. Pſhaw this Blockhead has rous'd me from the prettiest Entertainment in the World. [*Aside.*] Well, what would you, Sir?

La Rev. I vov'd tell you, Sir, dere be one two Gentlemen wait upon you.

Sir Will. And let 'em wait till I have done—I had a thouſand fine things to ſay upon that Occaſion, but this rude Fellow has frighten'd 'em all out of my Head. [*Aside.*] Well, ſince my better Diverſion is over ſhew 'em up.

La Rev. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit La Reviere.*

Enter Captain Bellmein, and Toper.

Sir Will. Gentlemen, I'm your moſt humble Servant, Mr. *Toper*, I am extremely yours, for the Honour you have done me in bringing your Friend; I lay under ſevere Apprehenſions that nothing could engage you but a drinking Bout.

Top. Faith you were in the Right, for if your Cham-paign had not more Charms than your Muſic, your Fiddlers might have play'd by themſelves for me.

Sir

Sir Will. Oh how unpolish'd ! how barbarous that is !

Capt. Bell. Why do you expect any other from him ! He admires no Music like Wine rattling in the Throat of a Flask, with a Chorus of Drawers at coming, Sir.

Sir Will. And that to me is the most nauseous thing under the Moon, impair my Vigour.

Top. Impair my Vigour ! ha, ha, very pretty, Faith ; Pr'ythee where did'st get that Affirmative ?

Sir Will. 'Tis my own, at the Purchase of some Days Study ; for to use another Man's Oath, is, in my Opinion, as indecent as wearing his Cloaths : And to be in the Road of the Vulgar, is beneath a Gentleman, who, in my Judgment, ought to be as much distinguish'd by his Expressions, as by his Coach and Livery.

Capt. Bell. Right, Sir ; for since every Body that has Money enough, sets up an Equipage, a Gentleman ought to find out some other Way of distinguishing himself.

Sir Will. O my Conscience, they will ape us in that too ; for they are so proud of following their Betters, that they even tread upon their Heels ; not a formal Cit, or awkward Lawyer's Clerk, that won't court the Cook-wench a Quarter of a Year for Oil and Flower enough to garnish out his Wig for a Day, that he may impudently mimick a Beau ; if 'twere not beneath me, I could kick such Animals to a Jelly,

Top. How ! kick 'em to a Jelly—Why I have seen of that kind you talk of, brawny Fellows that cou'd kick and cuff too stoutly.

Sir Will. Ay, that may be, but 'tis not a Gentleman's Business, that always wears a Sword, and has some half Dozen of Footmen at his Heels, to kick and cuff ; nor stand and consider whether the Mechanick be arm'd or not ; 'tis enough that he is, or but thinks he is affronted, to atone for the Life of a Scoundrel.

Capt. Bell. Now wou'd this Afs, rank Coward as he is, if not curb'd by the Law, kill a hundred Men, honefter and stouter than himself, only because they don't wear Swords, or are not so finical. [*Aside.*]

Top. I should think, Sir *William*, these honest People that wear no Swords, very harmless, because they carry no Instruments of Mischief about 'em.

Sir *Will.* Instruments ! their very Hands, their dirty Cloaths, are Instruments of Mischief. Lookee, Sir, I'll make it very plain to you, I may lawfully kill a Man in my own Defence that comes arm'd *in Terrorem*, to rob me of fifty Pounds.

Capt. *Bell.* Right Sir.

Sir *Will.* You allow that ?

Top. We do.

Sir *Will.* Then I'll prove the rest in an Instant ; I have a new Suit on that cost me fifty Pounds, here comes thundering by a dirty Dray-man with his Cart, that puts me in bodily Fear, and rushing rudely by, daubs all my Cloaths, so that I can't wear them any more ; now here's fifty Pounds lost by this Rascal's dirty Cloaths, if I don't prevent it by running him thro' the Body.

Capt. *Bell.* How ! kill a Man for wearing dirty Cloaths, ha, ha, ha, the Law makes better Provision for Men's Lives.

Sir *Will.* The Law should make better Provisions for Men's Cloaths too ; for the Insolence of the Vulgar is insufferable, and if one or two of them were made Examples, the rest wou'd be more civil.

One Night after Play, I waited on a Lady from the Box to her Coach, comes a clumsy Cit with a poultry Mask out of the Gallery, rush'd against me, threw down the Lady's Page, brush'd all the Powder out of my Wig, then cry'd ha, ha, ha, we have ruin'd the Beau ; had I been a Lord, I wou'd have run him thro' the Guts ; but to be try'd by a *Middlesex* Jury is the Devil.

Top. Ay——these Vulgar, as you call them, have a greater Respect for one another than to suffer that Man to escape that kills one of them. But I suppose your principal Concern rises from your Loss of the Lady's Favour.

Sir *Will.* It had no such Effect on her, I assure you, Sir ; wherever I get footing in a Lady's Esteem, I stand too firm to be jostled out by a Cit : As for Instance, I'll give you another Adventure of mine. Being engaged by Appointment to meet a Lady at *White's*, and detain'd by some extraordinary Business, the Lady chanc'd to be there in her Coach, as soon as I arrived in mine ; so that
lighting

lighting out of my Coach to go to hers, a nasty Fellow running just against me, almost beat me backward; and tho' he did it designedly, yet cried, Zounds, can't you see! Your Wig blinds you, does it! So taking one Side, gave it such a Toss over my Shoulder, that, had not the Lady been passionately in Love with my Person, the Disorder I appear'd in might have spoil'd my Amour.

Enter Servant, and whispers.

Capt. *Bell.* Incurrible Coxcomb! Pox on him, I'm weary of him, there's no Variety in him. Come, shall we go?

Top. No, prythee stay a little till we see what becomes of the Music.

Capt. *Bell.* Of the Champagne you mean, *Toper*, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Will.* Ah! Gentlemen, I'm the most unfortunate Man this Day alive.

Capt. *Bell.* Why, what's the Matter?

Sir *Will.* a curst Misfortune has robb'd me——

Top. Not of your Wine, I hope.

Capt. *Bell.* Nor your Mistress?

Sir *Will.* No, but of Mr. *Quaver*.

Top. Why, is he dead?

Sir *Will.* Not quite dead, but an unlucky Accident has put it out of his Power to oblige us with his incomparable Voice.

Capt. *Bell.* Is he run thro' the Body?

Top. Or drunk before Dinner?

Sir *Will.* No, no, Gentlemen, but he has scalded his Mouth by drinking his Chocolate too hot this Morning, and can't sing.

Top. Ha, ha, ha, a sad Misfortune indeed.

Enter Servant and whispers, then goes out and brings in a Letter.

Capt. *Bell.* Prythee, *Toper*, who is this Fellow he laments so much? Some Rascal, that finding his Weakness, imposes on him.

Top. No, 'tis an intimate Friend of his, one as whimsical as himself, and truly fit for no other Company; he

made shift in a Month's Time to purchase the Displeasure of most of the Quality in Town, in spite of some Excellence he has in Music; and now is become fit Entertainment for such Fops as this, who, after the strictest Engagement, will be put off with trifling Excuses [*Aside.*

Sir Will. You see, Gentlemen, how I spend my Life, I divide the greatest Part of it between Love and Music: And, to make amends for the Disappointment of one, Fate has sent me some new Discovery in t'other. A new Amour enfeeble me; for, upon my Soul, Gentlemen, I never saw the Hand before; and to convince you of its novelty, I'll open it fairly before you. [*He opens, and Toper looks over his Shoulder.*] *Reads.* *Sir William*, I beg the Favour you'd meet me—Ay, as I said, Gentlemen—Pr'ythee *Toper* read out.

[*While he reads, Sir William capers about.*

Top. A Billet-doux do you call it? 'Tis the most masculine one I ever saw, and invites to rougher Entertainment than you imagine; 'tis a very pretty Billet-doux truly: Shall I read it out, *Sir William*?

Sir Will. Ay, pr'ythee, dear *Toper*.

Top. *Sir William*, I beg the Favour you'd meet me behind *Montague* House, at Six To-morrow Morning, with your Sword in your Hand, in order to answer what shall be alleg'd against you, by yours, as you use me,

Roughly.

Capt. Bell. A Billet-doux, do you call it? Why 'tis a Challenge.

Sir Will. Ha! [*Taking the Letter, and looking upon it.*] 'Tis so, impair my Vigour; now blister me, if I did not think it as plain a Billet-doux as ever I read in all my Life. Where did the Porter say he brought this Letter from?

Serv. From *Will's* Coffee-house, Sir.

Sir Will. The Devil he did! Why what have these Men of the Sword encroach'd upon our Privilege there too? What Business can they have amongst us Beaux and Poets—What shall I do? For in short, I won't fight a Man I don't know—and, Gentlemen, I vow I don't remember I ever saw this Mr. *Roughly* in my Life.

Top. Oh! he's a damn'd Fighting Fellow, your only way is to send him word you'll meet him on *Calais* Sands:

A Soldier for the Ladies. 81

Sands : Duelling is unsafe in *England* for Men of Estates, he'll hardly be at the Trouble of going over ; so that if he will fight you, he must draw upon you whene'er he meets you ; if so, you'll have both the Mob and the Law on your Side ; and if you kill him, you need not care a Soufe.

Sir *Will.* Say you so, Sir, I'll take your Advice, and answer it immediately.

Capt. *Bell.* I think Mr. *Toper* has given you Counsel as nicely, as if you had given five Guineas for a Fee.

Sir *Will.* I'm infinitely oblig'd to him.

Capt. *Bell.* Sir *William*, I kiss your Hand.

Top. Good-by, Knight.

Sir *Will.* Gentlemen, your most obsequious Servant.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II. *Careful's House, Ogle looking up at it.*

Enter on the other Side Bellmein and Toper.

Bell. Who the Devil is that Fellow now? I think in my Conscience this Place is become the Parade of Lovers.

Top. What, don't you know him ! Why 'tis *Ogle* the Fortune-hunter.

Bell. A Fortune-hunter ! I shou'd fooner have taken him for a Sheep-stealer.

Top. He was an Attorney's Clerk, but his Father dying, left him a small Estate ; he bought out his Time, and set up for a Fortune : There's scarce a Match-maker in the whole Town, but has had a fleece at his Purse ; nor scarce a great Fortune in Town, but he'll tell you has receiv'd his Addresses. In short, he's a Medley of Fop, Fool, and Coward. Pr'ythee let's speak to him, he may divert us a little.

Bell. With all my Heart.

Top. Mr. *Ogle*, your Servant——

Ogle. Ha ! Mr. *Toper*, I kiss your Hand—— Sir, I'm yours. *[To Bellmein.]*

Top. What makes you fauntering here? In my Conscience

science I believe you are in love with the great Fortune of this House.

Ogle. Why, really Mr. *Toper*, to be ingenuous with you I am, and not without some very good Grounds neither, I assure you.

Bell. How ! this Coxcomb encourag'd too. [*Aside.*

Top. I was in hopes to have wish'd you Joy ere now ; I think the last time I saw you, you told me you was to be married to my Lady *Rich*.

Ogle. I did so ; but sure I am the most unlucky Fellow living, the poor Lady died ere she could have an Opportunity of declaring her Mind to me ; and truly I believe I may, without Vanity say, she died for Love.

Top. What, did you never speak to her ?

Ogle. Never.

Bell. How ! never speak to her, say you ? Why how the Devil did you make Love then ?

Ogle. By a third Person, Sir.

Bell. I beg Pardon, Sir—Great Persons, I remember, do court by Proxy.

Ogle. I had several Letters from her : Mrs. *Couple* was intimately acquainted with her : You know Mrs. *Couple*, Mr. *Toper* ?

Top. Oh very well, Match-making is her Business.

Ogle. I'll show you what she us'd to write to me, [*Pulling out a Letter.*] Here—no, hold, this is from a Baronet's Lady, with whom I had an Intrigue : This is it—no—this is from a Merchant's Wife, a City Animal, that pretends to a nicer Taste than those of her Level, and wou'd fain have a Child with the Air of a Gentleman : but I begg'd her Pardon, I left her to the Brutes of her own Corporation, for I will have nothing to do with the Body Politic.

Top. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Ridiculous Monster !

Ogle. For if you observe, Sir, a Tradesman is the most litigious Cuckold living, he ne'er considers the Honour a Gentleman does him, but values himself upon his Charter, and moves for Costs and Damages, when he ought rather to be thankful for the Favour.

Bell. You are very severe upon the City, Sir, but where are the Letters you was about to shew us ?

Ogle.

Loken
v.

Ogle. Ha ! Upon my Life, Gentlemen, I put 'em into my Scrutore this Morning. But, as I was saying, Mrs. *Couple* had a hundred Guineas of me, for the Management of that Business ; and if the Lady had not died, I'm certain she had been my Wife. Well, I shall ne'er forget what languishing Looks she'd cast at me at Church ; then put up her Fan to her Face and sigh, as much as to say, you are the only Man that can make me happy.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha, extraordinary Symptoms, faith ; 'twas very unlucky that you cou'd not come to the Speech of her.

Ogle. 'Twas my ill Fortune, but I'm so us'd to Disappointments, that I bear them the easier ; what I have met with, wou'd have broke the Heart of some Men ; the Lady *Wealthy* was perfectly forc'd from me by her Uncle ; else I'm convinc'd she had now call'd me Husband.

Top. Why, what hopes had you of her ?

Ogle. Hopes ? why the greatest in the World ; she prais'd me to every Body she thought knew me ; she said I had the handsomest Foot and Leg she ever saw, the best manner of Dressing, and the genteelest Carriage — She said, she could hardly believe me an *Englishman*, without doing Violence to her Reason.

Bell. I shou'd be glad that every *English-born* Blockhead wou'd disclaim his Country. [*Aside.*] Truly, Sir, I'm partly of the Lady's Opinion.

Ogle. Sir, your very humble Servant——

Bell. But, Sir, was you not saying, you had some Reason to walk before this House ?

Ogle. I was so, Sir.

Bell. Do you know Mr. *Careful's* Daughter, Sir ?

Ogle. Oh, very well, Sir ; tho' I believe, not so well as she desires, and I hope to do, in a little time.

Bell. Say you so, Sir ?

Top. Then you are very well acquainted, Sir.

Ogle. Yes, very well acquainted, Sir.

Bell. Pray, Sir, can you introduce me ?

Ogle. Faith, Sir, not very well ; for I never spoke to the Lady in my Life.

Bell. How ! never spoke to her : Why, I understood you, that you was well acquainted, Sir, Ha, ha.

Ogle. Why, so I am, Sir—Why is it not possible to be acquainted without speaking, Gentlemen? Why a Friend of mine lay all night with a Lady, and never saw her Face, nor knows not who she is to this Moment; now I think seeing is of greater Consequence than speaking. But you shall hear how far I'm acquainted with this Lady; I lodge at her Milliner's, you must know, and I have several Times passed through the Shop when she has been in't, and as soon as my Back has been turn'd, she has always taken an Occasion to commend me, and say something extraordinary in my Praise, which my Landlady never fail'd to tell me, but with such an Air, as if she was desired to tell me. Then if she sees me walking here—as I generally do every Morning, she strait repairs to the Window—Thus do you see—stand you there—Now suppose me the Lady—you look up at my Window, and walk thus, do you see?—Then I run to the Window thus—clap my Arms a-crofs thus—and hang my Head thus—turn my Eyes languishing thus—as who shou'd say, if it were the Custom for Women to make the first Addresses, I wou'd now beckon you up.

Bell. And is this all the Hopes you have?

Ogle. Why, is this nothing, Gentlemen?

Top. Nothing at all; and Six to Four the Lady never thinks on you.

Ogle. Not think on me—Egad if she don't marry me, she's the arrantest Jilt in Christendom.

Bell. How, Jilt!

Ogle. Jilt! Ay Jilt: Why what the Devil need she have made any Enquiry after me, prais'd, or look'd at me: if she wou'd not have me, why did she give me Encouragement.

Top. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Must a Woman be oblig'd to marry every Man she looks at?

Ogle. I am not every Man, Gentlemen—Egad I'm resolv'd I'll write to her; I'll know what she means by her insinuating Carriage, I'll to the *Rose* and write my Letter, if you'll go with me, Gentlemen, you shall see what Answer she'll send me.

Top.

Top. Egad I'm resolv'd to have good Diverfion with this Fellow; prythee, Captain, will you go with us?

Bell. I muft pay a Vifit to an old Miftrefs of mine that lodges hard by, but I'll come to you.

Ogle. To be jilted! Egad I can't bear the Thoughts on't; come, Gentlemen.

The SCENE changes to Mrs. Plotwell's Lodgings.

Mrs. Plotwell fola.

Mrs. Plot. I grow weary of perfecuting thefe Block-heads; the very Idea of a Gallant is naufeous to me: Oh! That all Women would but treat the Fools as they deferve, would they take my Advice, no Fop, whose Impertinence tended to the Prejudice of Virtue, fhould 'scape unexpos'd.

*Their different Turns of Vice I'd show,
That this cenforious Town might know
The greateft Monster in the World's a Beau.*

Enter Bellmein.

Bell. The Vanity of Fops you fay you'd shew,
That all Intriguing Belles might know,
There's Danger in a noify Beau.

Mrs. Plot. Ha! Who's this that Eccho's my Sound fo juftly, yet fo much inverts the Senfe?

Bell. One that omits no Pains to invert as many of your Sex as he can. A true try'd old Friend to Love.

[Embracing her.]

Mrs. Plot. Ha! Captain *Bellmein.*

Bell. My charming *Plotwell*, as blooming, young, and fair as ever, as beautiful as Martyrs Vifions, and full of Pleafure and Delight as Dreams of longing Boys.

Mrs. Plot. Oh Lord! Give me Breath — let me have a little Air, or I fhall die—fo—well, where have you been all this while? And how have you fpent your Time? Lord I think I have a thoufand Questions to ask in one Breath.

Bell. And I have as many to ask you, but can't spare Time now; some more pressing private Business wou'd take me wholly up, fitter for the next Room — Shall we retire? [Pulling her.

Mrs. Plotw. No, stand off; if we retire, it must be upon Conditions agreed to before-hand.

Bell. With all my Heart, Child; I was never better condition'd for a Lady's Service in all my Life, lookee here—here are Conditions, [Shews a Purse of Gold] Observe the Conditions, and let's be happy; tho' I never thought you mercenary till now.

Mrs. Plotw. I'm not so much displeas'd with your mistaking me, as I should be with any one else; for besides some Allowance for your Humour, your Absence from Town so long, may excuse you from the Knowledge of my present Principles and Designs; and as great a Libertine as you profess yourself, I know the awful Lustre of Virtue has always met with due Respect from you, and that Respect is the only Condition I require you to observe.

Bell. Ha, hy, Why what the Devil is here, my old Mistrefs setting up for Virtue? For Heaven's sake, what do you mean, Madam?

Mrs. Plotw. As I say, Sir, that I am no more what you once knew me; since your Abode in *Ireland*, my Uncle, who kept me from my Estate, is dead, thank Heaven, and I am now Mistrefs of a Fortune sufficient for my Use; and, had I possess'd it sooner, I never had been what I was: But now, I scorn Mankind on Terms like those; all innocent Diversions I freely take; I keep the best Company, pay and receive Visits from the highest Quality, People who are better bred than to examine into past Conduct.

Bell. Hey! I find then that Reputation is never lost but in an empty Pocket; well then thou'rt grown virtuous, and I must never hope for the Blessing again.

Mrs. Plotw. Never; but talk as free as you will, do but observe the Rules of Modesty; I like your Company and Conversation as well as ever, I'm not so rigidly virtuous to appear a Saint, I can launch out and laugh with you sometimes, nay, perhaps contribute to
your

your Mirth. I'll give you a short Account how I have pass'd my Time, in exposing to public View all the Follies of your Sex ; that Part of them, I mean, whose Vanity brought them under my Lash, such whose tiffany Natures are so easily impos'd upon, to have the commonest Drabs in Town topt upon them for Women of Quality.

Bell. This Town does abound with such as you speak of.

Mrs. Plot. Oh ! did you but see with what Variety 'tis furnish'd, and how universally all Men are infected with an Itch after Quality, you'd be convinced there's not one, from the Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber, down to the Groom in the Stable, but thinks himself sufficiently qualified to deserve the Favour of any Lady in *St. James's*. I pass'd upon one for a Countess, upon another for a Dutchess, another a Baronet's Lady, and so forth—ha, ha, the poor Fools were lost in a Cloud of Ignorance, rais'd by the Hurry of their own Expectations.

Bell. Why, truly it would surprize a Man that never convers'd with ought above a Pit-Mask, to be invited to a Lady's Bed, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Plot. Such aukward Address, and the Means every Man finds to recommend himself by, one for Secrecy, t'other Wit, a third his Person, so every Fool finds something to think valuable in himself.

Bell. There's your weakly finicking, dancing, fingering, witty Fop, who values himself upon writing Billet-doux.

Mrs. Plotw. And thinks his Company so very agreeable, that he persecutes People to Death, before they can get rid of his troublesome Impertinence.

Bell. His chiefest Talent consists in the Repartee of an Intrigue. But then there's your old harden'd Sinner.

Mrs. Plot. Ay, he cries up Secrecy and Security, his Years, Wrinkles, and distorted Body, are sufficient Defence against a slanderous Tongue ; he values himself more for what he has been, than for what he is, recommending himself upon his Knowledge and Experience.

Bell. And his great Judgment in the happy Management of an Intrigue. But the Man of Sense.

Mrs.

Mrs. Plot. Him all Women ought to shun, that fear coming under his Power ; he approaches securely.

Bell. Addresses cunningly.

Mrs. Plot. Insinuates himself slyly into a Lady's Favour.

Bell. Then seizes his Prey at once. [*Embracing her.*]

Mrs. Plot. Oh Lord, hold off.

Enter Plotwell's Maid, and whispers her.

Bell. Pox take her for coming so unluckily, this Denial of her's gives me as much Desire as a new Face that she shou'd grow so unreasonably Virtuous. [*Aside.*] Well, Madam, you have Business I see, I'll take my Leave, some other Time I'll hear it out—

Mrs. Plot. My Business, at present, is for the good of your Friend *Manly*, and I don't know but we may have Occasion for your Head to help us out.

Bell. My Head, together with the rest of my Body, is at your Service, Madam, whenever you please to command your humble Servant. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Plot. *Clarinda* desires to speak with me at her Father's House, say you ?

Maid. Yes, Madam, instantly.

Mrs. Plot. I'll wait on her.

SCENE *changes to a Tavern.*

Toper and Ogle sealing a Letter.

Ogle. Here, Porter, carry this Letter as 'tis directed, and bring me an Answer.

Porter. Yes, Sir, [*Sir William Mode within.*]

Sir Will. Here, Drawer, shew a Room, and send your Master to me.

Top. Ha, that's *Mode's* Voice, a good Hint, I'll have rare Sport with these two Puppies. [*Aside.*]

Ogle. I think I heard *Sir William Mode's* Voice, Pr'ythee *Toper* desire him to walk in.

Top. Not for the World !

Ogle. No, Why pray ?

Top.

Top. I know not, but some Body has told him that you are his Rival, and he swears he'll cut your Throat where-ever he sees you.

Ogle. How, I his Rival? Where, pray you?

Top. In *Clarinda*, I suppose.

Ogle. But is it possible Sir *William Mode* shou'd be my Rival, and never tell me on't? But he's such an egregious Coxcomb, that he gives me no Pain.

Top. He call'd you Fop, Blockhead, Baboon—and said he'd make Mince-meat of you.

Ogle. Oh, impossible, Sir, he cou'd not mean me.

Top. Do you think I lye, Sir?

Ogle. Oh, by no means, Sir.

Top. Had any Man said so much of me, I wou'd have made the Sun shone through him; and I think you ought to send him a Challenge.

Ogle. What, challenge my Friend! By no means, Sir; Why, Sir, he's my Friend.

Top. So much the worse; you ought to resent an Affront from him the more for that.

Ogle. Oh, Sir, you don't know us, we never mind what we say of one another: I dare swear he never meant it an Affront.

Top. You Lye, Sir, he did mean it an Affront.

Ogle. Sir, I heartily beg your Pardon; I believe he did, because you say it, Sir, else I should not believe it.

Top. Sir, I say you must fight him, and I'll carry the Challenge.

Ogle. That's a sure Way that I challenge him, but how to come off as sure, hang me if I know: Look you, Mr. *Topper*, I have not the ready use of both my Legs, for, Dancing at a private Ball t'other Night, I cut something higher than usually, and pitch'd upon a Cherry-stone, which turn'd my Foot so violently, that I vow I have been lame ever since, so that positively I can't fight.

Top. Zounds, I believe you dare not fight him.

Ogle. Pardon me, Sir, I dare fight any Man, that will but give me Time to prepare myself for a Duel; for I think there should be a Diet us'd for fighting, as well as Running.

Top.

Top. Ha, ha, ha, well, I find what you hint at; I'll engage to bring you off safe.

Ogle. As how pray?

Top. Why as thus; do you challenge him, and, when you meet, draw your Sword.

Ogle. But suppose he draws again.

Top. Then I'll step in and part you, so you are good Friends; for I don't design you shall fight in Earnest.

[*Aside.*

Ogle. A very good Project.

Top. Come, come, write three Words to him upon this Paper.

Ogle. But you'll be sure to part us.

Top. Ay, certainly. [*Ogle writes.*] Now I wish *Bellmein* was here to share the Diversion.

Ogle. There, Sir, there's enough.

Top. Let me see—Sir, you must resign all Pretensions to *Clarinda*, or fight me immediately, I wait in the next Room for your Answer.

Ogle.

So, very well; do you stay here, I'll be back in a Minute.

SCENE *changes to another Room in the same House.*

Sir William and the Tavern-Man.

Sir Will. This Hermetage is not brisk.

Lan. Upon my Word, *Sir William*, there's no better in *London*.

Sir Will. It is not so good as the last you sent me.

Lan. It is the very same, Sir.

Sir Will. Well send me in four Dozen.

Lan. And how much Champagne, *Sir William*?

Sir Will. Four Dozen of that too, and four of *Burgundy*.

Lan. You shall have it, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter Toper.

Top. *Sir Will.* I'm your humble Servant.

Sir Will.

Sir *Will.* Mr. *Topper*, your Servant : Pray how did you know I was here? I am not usually found in a Tavern.

Top. I heard your Voice, Sir *William* ; just as you enter'd, I was engag'd in a Quarrel of yours.

Sir *Will.* Of mine?

Top. Ay : Sir *William*, 'tis a damn'd foolish Business ; I wou'd have made it up, but I found it impossible ; so that being your Friend, I undertook to deliver you this.

[*Gives him the Letter.*]

Sir *Will.* How's this ! A Challenge from *Ogle* ? Certainly the Fellow's drunk, or he'd never do this.

Top. No, that he is not I'll promise you, he's sober enough, but in a damn'd Passion ; he says you're a Fop, Fool, nay Coward ; if I might advise you, you shou'd fight him instantly ; 'Zdeath, were I in your Place, Sir *William*, such a Dog shou'd not dare to look, nay, think of a Woman I design'd to marry.

Sir *Will.* I hate fighting, but dare not tell this blustering Fellow so, [*Aside.*] Nay, I know he's a Blockhead, and a Coward too, but what Courage Love may have infus'd into him I know not—Why what the Devil he said not a Word of his Passion to me Yesterday, he din'd with me.

Top. He did not know it then, but now he swears he'll spoil your handsome Face.

Sir *Will.* Oh Lord ! I had rather be run through the Body, enfeeble me ; O' my Soul I wonder what makes Men so stout !

Top. I'll tell you Sir *William*, Courage is nothing, nothing at all ; now if you look big, talk loud and be very angry, you'll frighten a Man that can't do so as well as you, so you are reckon'd a stout Man ; and he that can do it better, is a stouter Man than you, that's all.

Sir *Will.* Is that all? Why then I'm resolv'd to be stout, enfeeble me : But suppose he should draw?

Top. Why then I'll step in and part you.

Sir *Will.* A very good Piece of Contrivance, impair my Vigour.

Top. Be sure you get the first Word, for there's Advantage in having the first Word.

Enter

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Did you call, Gentlemen?

Top. Ay: Is Mr. *Ogle* below?

Drawer. Yes, Sir.

Top. Hold, I'll fetch him myself.

[*Ex.*

Sir Will. Now am I confoundedly afraid lest this Fellow should let us fight in earnest.

Re-enter Toper and Ogle, to whom he speaks at entering.

Top. Be sure you speak angrily, as if you would not hear what I say.

Ogle. Be sure you part us then—Sir, I say I will hear of no Reconciliation, except he resign *Clarinda*.

[*Toper runs to Sir William.*

Top. He's in a damn'd Passion, your Hand to your Sword quickly, Sir *William*, fear nothing, I'll stand by you.

[*As soon as they see one another, they run and embrace.*]

Sir Will. Mr. *Ogle*!

Ogle. Sir *William*!

Sir Will. Dear Mr. *Ogle*, I'm glad to see you.

Top. Zounds have I taken all this Pains for this—Harkee, Sir *William*, Damn you, draw upon him, or I'll draw upon you; do you hear, no Reply, but draw, do you hear.

Sir Will. Oh Heaven! I must draw in my own Defence; and I'm sure there's less Danger in *Ogle*, than in this Fellow [*Draws.*] I think, Mr. *Ogle*, you sent me a Challenge just now by Mr. *Toper*, and having paid the Ceremony due to Friends and Acquaintance, you must draw, Sir, and return my Compliment. I'll be sure to have somebody to part us tho'.

[*Aside.*

[*Runs and knocks at the Door with his Foot.*

Top. Harkee, *Ogle*, you have ruin'd yourself by letting him get the Advantage; draw, draw Sir.

Ogle. Draw, Sir; why, Sir, my Passion was over upon my Faith. Ho, here's Folks enow, I'm resolv'd to draw now.

[*Draws.*

Enter two Drawers, one runs to Sir William, & other to Ogle, and holds 'em.

Sir Will. Ah, stand off, I had rather be run thro' the Guts

A Soldier for the Ladies. 93

Guts than you should touch me with your dirty Apron,
'twill daub all my Cloaths ; off Scoundrel.

[*Toper holds Ogle.*]

Ogle. Let him come, let him come, one Thrust will
decide our Dispute.

Sir Will. Pray give us Way, 'twill soon be ended.

Enter Bellmein.

Bell. Hey-day, what's here, Swords drawn? Nay,
then I'll make one in the number. [*Draws.*] Why,
what the Devil do you hold the Gentlemen for? Let
'em go, and give one another satisfaction. Z'dearth,
I'll fight that Man that shall but offer to hold 'em.
[*Takes off the Drawers and Toper.*] Why don't you fight
now, Gentlemen?

Sir Will. A Pox take him for his brutish Civility,
[*When they are at Liberty they stand and look at one another.*]
Harkee, Mr. Ogle, do you come along with me, and
we'll contrive some way to make these Fellows believe
we dare fight. [*He goes to Ogle, and speaks in a low
Voice.*]

Ogle. Agreed.

Sir Will. Come, Mr. *Ogle*, you shall go along with
me, we'll find a more convenient Place to decide this
Business in, where Friends shall not interrupt ; you shall
hear of a Duel, Gentlemen, tho' it is not proper to see
it. Your humble Servant. [*Exit.*]

Ogle. With all my Heart, I dare fight you any
where—

Top. That's a Lye ; pr'ythee order thy Footman to
watch 'em, I fancy they'll have some comical Stratagem
to deceive us. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. With all my Heart ; d'ye hear, be sure you take
Notice where they go, and bring me Word. Pr'ythee,
how did'st work 'em up to this? [*Exit Servant.*]

Top. With a World of Pains and Difficulty, I assure
you ; but there is no fear of their doing one another any
Harm in a fighting Way. Is not that Colonel *Manly*
yonder?

Bell.

Bell. 'Tis, and I have some Buſineſs with him : Will you walk ?

Top. My Buſineſs, at preſent lies another way, elſe I'd be glad to drink a Bottle with him.

*For tho' we roar and rake and Broils commence,
Yet give me for a Friend a Man of Senſe.*

The End of the SECOND ACT.



ACT: III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Careful's* Houſe.

Careful ſolus, with Ogle's Letter.

Caref. VERY fine, I ſee my Daughter is reſolv'd to have Strings enow to her Bow ; Death, to give Encouragement to a Dog that has neither Wit nor Money to recommend him ; good Mr. *Ogle*, if I catch you ogling there, I'll hamstring you, I can tell you that for your Comfort ; I'm glad I got the Letter before her ; my Spark's very familiar, methinks ; [*Reads.*] *Madam, I'm inform'd you entertain Sir William Mode ; if ſo, I deſire to know the Reaſon why you encourage me. I am not to be fool'd—*(who the Devil is this Coxcomb) *if you clear not this Imputation, I ſhall believe you deſign to jilt me.*—Very Complaiſant, truly——*answer per Bearer, as you value your Admirer, Ogle.* Yes, I have answer'd *per Bearer* with a broken Pate, and I wiſh yours had been in his Place. Lord, Lord, who would be plagu'd with Children ? I'm reſolv'd ſhe ſhall marry Sir *William* To-morrow ; why, ſhe'll have as many Fellows at her Heels, as her Colonel has Soldiers waiting for their Pay, why, what a Medley of Suitors has ſhe ? Fighters, Fools, and Fops. Well, ſince you are ſo fickle, Miſtreſs, I'll fix you preſently, or marry myſelf. Mr. *Topper* was wiſhing me to a Couſin of his, who will be in Town To-day ;
adod,

adod, if this perverse Baggage make one Scruple of obeying my Will, I'll have her, and try if a Mother-in-Law won't hamper her; but I'll in, and send for Sir *William* immediately. [Exit.]

The S C E N E changes to another Room in the same House, Clarinda and Emilia dressing in Boy's Cloaths, Mrs. Plotwell with them.

Clar. Here, here, on with your Manhood quickly.

Emil. I fear *Clarinda*, this Masquerade will not be reputable for Women of nice Honour.

Plot. Oh, don't fear that, since you only wear it to do yourselves Justice: for Justice can never be dishonourable.

Clar. You are not insensible, Cousin, how resolutely my cruel Father persecutes me with this Fop; therefore, since poor *Clarinda* is in all this Danger, I, my own Knight-Errant, and thou my trusty 'Squire, will march *En cavalier*, and deliver the distress'd Damfel, by beating the Giant into a Pigmy; then be our own Heralds, and proclaim our Victory to my Father, and hollow the Coward so loud in his Ears, that we will shame him out of all Thoughts of this Fool.

Plot. If that don't do, my Plot shall; *Tooper* has broke it to him, as I told you.

Clar. I readily submit to any Proposal of yours, and will rely on your Contrivance.

Plot. You may command me,——— but be quick and dress; who told you of this Duel?

Clar. Sir *William's* Valet makes love to my Woman, thro' him we discover'd the Time and Place, but I know not the Grounds of this Quarrel.

Plot. That, I suppose, is your Ladyship; for Mr. *Ogle* publicly declares you are in Love with him.

Clar. *Ogle!* who is he?

Plot. A foolish Fellow about Town, he lodges at Mrs. *Commode's*, your Milliner.

Clar. Oh Heavens! I believe I have seen him pass thro' the Shop, but never had Curiosity enough to ask his

his Name. In Love with him ! I should as soon be in Love with a Weasel, Ha, ha, ha, why, is he Sir *William's* Antagonist ? I fancy we shall have rare Sport.

Plot. They are as like two Peas in every Thing but Estate, and in that Sir *William* out-does him.

Clar. He is the very Quintessence of Foppery ; his Name and Nature suits exactly, for he's a nice Observer of the Modes ; his Valet is forc'd to counterfeit a *Frenchman*, or he would turn him away.

Emil. Ha, ha, ha, Ridiculous enough ; well, thus drest, now what are we to do ?

Clar. Why, when we are sated with their fordid Foppery, we'll kick 'em into better Manners.

Emil. How, kick, *Clarinda* ? if they should return our Compliment, I shall quickly discover my Manhood to be counterfeit.

Plot. Never fear it, they won't fight with a Mouse, I dare swear, if it were out of a Trap.

Clar. I know Sir *William's* a Coward, I had been often told so, and to prove it, I sent him a Challenge, as from one Mr. *Roughly* ; his Man said it put him into such a Consternation he shou'd never forget him, he sent me word that he'd meet me on *Calais* Sands, and give me Satisfaction, Ha, ha, ha.

Plot. Ha, ha, ha, a good Excuse ——— Indeed, he's fit for nothing, but to set upon one's Cabinet, to watch one's China. Well, I wish you good Sport, and am your humble Servant. [*Exit Plot.*]

Clar. I'm resolv'd, ere I'll be forc'd into the Arms of a Person I loathe and despise, the Passion I have for Colonel *Manly* will tempt me to make him my Sanctuary.

Emil. I must tell her of his Falshood, the Thoughts of which have turn'd all the foolish Passion I had conceiv'd. [*Aside.*] Take Care, *Clarinda*, you ben't deceiv'd in him.

Clar. What mean you *Emilia* ?

Emil. That he is false.

Clar. False ! Impossible, how know you this ?

Emil. I have the best Proof in the World of it, ocular Demonstration. He makes Love to me ; nay, don't start ; had I not been too much your Friend, *Clarinda*, I had

had not let you into the Secret ; for upon my Word, I don't think him disagreeable.

Clar. Oh Heavens ! she's in Love with him ! and therefore would silyly persuade me into an ill Opinion of him. [*Aside.*] How know you 'tis he, Cousin ?

Emil. I am sure that Gentleman that bow'd to us in the Side-box, the first Night I came to Town, has ever since pursued me with most violent Love ; and I must confess I lik'd his Humour so well, that I could not be displeas'd with his playing the Fool.

Clar. Where did you see him next ? How got he an Opportunity ?

Emil. You know the next Night I went out with only my Woman.

Clar. I remember.

Emil. Why then I went to the Play in a Mask, on purpose for a little Diversion, and 'twas my Fortune to sit next him in the Pit, where during the Play-time, he entertain'd me with the prettiest Discourse in the World, and when 'twas done he wou'd not part with me till I had promis'd to write to him, and I could not help keeping my Word, if I was to be hang'd,——But finding him false to 'you, I hate him ; this Letter I have writ to upbraid him. [*Shews a Letter.*]

Clar. How's this, For Mr. *Celadon* ?

Emil. Ay, we pass upon one another for *Celadon*, and *Chloe* ; for my Part I did not enquire his Name because he shou'd not ask mine.

Clar. Did he never ask your Name, nor tell you his ?

Emil. No, and I suppose that was his Policy to prevent a Discovery to you.

Enter Clarinda's Maid, giving her a Letter.

Clar. Ha ! 'Tis from *Manly*——What's this, [*Reads.*] *The private Encouragement you give that Fop Sir William, is not so closely managed to escape a jealous Lover's Eye that sees you every where ; to be deceiv'd touches my tenderest Part, especially from one I thought my own ; but we are subject to Mistakes ; I find that I am so in you, my Eyes, my Ears, are all Witnesses. I shall take what Care I can not to be troublesome to you, since I find you no longer value the Peace of Manly.*

Oh ! monstrous, perfidious Mankind ! Oh, I perceive your Drift, he charges me with this Fool, on Purpose to find Pretence for his own Falshood——It is a poor Excuse,——but what won't Men fall into, when they quit their Honour ; Oh that I had but an Opportunity of upbraiding him to his Face.

Emil. That you shall ; he knows not yet of the Discovery, I'll write to him to come here, I have no Reason to suspect his disobeying the Summons, no more now, than formerly.

Clar. Did he use to meet you then ?

Emil. Most punctually——But I'll in and write to him, and be here in a Minute. [Exit.]

Clar. Well, it is impossible to dive into the Heart of Man, for sure he has the Face of Truth, nay, I can hardly believe he's false yet, so deep an Impression did his seeming Honesty stamp upon my Soul.

Re-enter Emilia.

Emil. I have sent it away, and I doubt not but to convince you of the Truth of what I say ; but come don't think on't now, but let's begone, methinks I long to bully these Cowards, pray Heaven they prove so——

Clar. Duce on't, this will destroy half the Satisfaction I promis'd myself from this Frolick ; but come.

*If we succeed in Proteus' artful School,
The World shall say, a very Beau's a fool.* [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *Hyde-Park.*

Enter Sir William and Ogle, with Files, Pumps, and Night-caps.

Sir Will. Here's a Weapon, Mr. *Ogle*, will decide the Quarrel as well as e'er a Sharp in Christendom, and without Danger.

Ogle. An admirable Contrivance, Sir *William* ; for now they'll hear of a Duel, and we reckon'd such skilful Artists, that neither cou'd o'ercome.

Sir Will. Right, I think a Gentleman ought to wear
a

a Sharp, for a Terror to the Vulgar, and because 'tis the Fashion; but he shou'd never use it but as an Ornament, and Part of his Drefs. I hope to see it as much a Fashion to fight with Files, as 'tis to fence with them. If I was a Member of Parliament, I'd bring in a Bill against Duelling; I'm sure the Clause would pass, for there's a Majority in the House of my Constitution. Come, approach, Sa, sa.

Enter Clarinda and Emilia with their Swords drawn.

Clar. Hold, Gentlemen, I'm bound in Honour to part you; ha, what's this?

Emil. Files, upon my Honour, ha, ha, ha.

Sir Will. Why do you laugh, Gentlemen? I think this the nicest way of deciding a Quarrel, the other is fit for none but Bullies and Soldiers, that get their Bread by't; 'tis easily seen this way who has the most Skill; and pray, what is got by the other more rude Method, but a scandalous Character or a shameful Death.

Ogle. And by my Consent, he that draws a Sword out of the immediate Service of the King, should be hang'd.

Clar. Say you so, Sir! Now hear my Sentiments, he that would not draw a Sword upon any just Account, should be kick'd thus, and thus, Sir. [*Kicks him.*]

Sir Will. What do you mean, Gentlemen?

Emil. Only to rub your Courage a little.

Ogle. What's that, Sir?

Emil. You don't hear well, Sir, I'll lengthen your Ears a little. [*Pulls him by the Ears.*]

Sir Will. I wonder that you, who look so like a Gentleman, shou'd be guilty of such ill-bred Actions; Fye! kick and cuff! Exercises for Footmen; Pray learn better Carriage of us.

Clar. I'd as soon learn Manners of a *Muscovite*.

Sir Will. Pray Sir, who are you? And what Affairs led you hither?

Clar. I'm a Servant to *Clarinda*, and consequently a Rival of yours.

Ogle. O Lord! a Rival of mine too. [*Aside.*]

Clar. I came hither to kick you, and expose you when I had done; the first, you are sensible I have perform'd,

and from that Instance of my Honesty, you may take my Word for the rest.

Sir *Will.* I'm undone, blister me, if the very shadow of a Duel be not unfortunate. [*Aside.*]

Enter Colonel Manly, and Captain Bellmein.

Man. Why how now, young Gentlemen, are you breathing yourselves, or giving Lessons in the Stoic Philosophy to those patient Disciples.

Bell. Or have you a Journey to ride, that you are getting your Backside harden'd for it.

Sir *Will.* *Manly* here! I'd compound for half my Estate, blister me! [*Aside.*]

Emil. Ha! *Manly* here! We must retire, Cousin, lest it spoils our Plot, as doubtless it will, if he knows us.

Clar. Methinks, I could even here reproach him.

[*Exit Clar. and Emil.*]

Bell. This is hearing of a Duel, indeed,——Files! Ha, ha, ha, you was resolv'd to prevent Murder; you need never fear the Exaltation of the Gallows, for your Courage reaches but to a chance Medley, at most.

Man. Pr'ythee, who were those Gentlemen, Sir *William*; methinks, they us'd you very familiarly.

Sir *Will.* Men of no Honour you may conclude, Colonel, else they would not have affronted Gentlemen, when they found them defenceless.

Man. Right, but why wou'd you be defenceless? Faith, Sir *William*, if this News reaches your Mistress's Ears, it will ruin you in her Favour. Take this for a Rule, the less Regard you have for your Honour, the more you sink in Esteem with your Mistress; for all Women hate a Coward; you ought to be forbid the Habits of Men, who can be guilty of Effeminacy, that even Women would blush at.

Sir *Will.* Why, Gentlemen, I think passive Valour fits well enough upon Men that have Estates, and have a Mind to live and enjoy them.

Man. Damn him for a cowardly Blockhead; pr'ythee let's go, I'm sick of their Folly; besides you said you would convince me of *Clarinda's* Falshood.

Enter.

Enter Bellmein's Man, and gives him a Letter.

Serv. I have run, Sir, all the Way ; for the Porter told me it must be given you that Moment.

Bell. Ha ! there's a lucky Hit, Colonel ; she invites me to come to her Lodging, and her Servant should be ready to convey me into her Apartment. Here, read it, Man, now you may convince yourself.———Egad if I were not a damn'd honest Fellow to my Friend, now cou'd I pass three Hours the most agreeably in the World. Pox on me for a prating Coxcomb, could not I have held my Tongue. Well, what think you of it, Colonel ?

Man. It is not her Hand, but that's nothing, she might disguise that to conceal it from me. I know not what to think, but I'm resolv'd to go, and if I find her false, 'twill cure me effectually.

Bell. Come on then.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ogle. I have been considering all this while upon what the Colonel said, and I am resolv'd to be valiant ; for if Ladies don't like a Coward———I shall never get a Fortune ; for ought I know, I may fight as well as any Body, I'm resolv'd to try. Harkee, Sir *William*, our Servants are here by, let's send for our Swords, and fight in earnest.

Sir Will. Not I, Mr. *Ogle*, I declare against fighting positively.

Ogle. But I declare for fighting, and so shall you, or resign all Pretensions to *Clarinda* ; for I design to marry her myself, therefore don't think of her, do you hear.

Sir Will. You marry her, ha, ha, ha.

Ogle. 'Zound, Sir, dare you laugh at a Gentleman, yet dare not fight ? Take that, Sir, [*Strikes up his Heels.*] and the next time I hear you speak a Word more of her I'll cut your Throat, and so good by.———So this is one Step towards Courage ; I am resolv'd to challenge every Man that pretends to a Fortune, 'till I have got one myself ; and now my Hand's in, I'll challenge this Colonel the next Time I see him, tho' at the Head of his Regiment.

Sir Will. Rat this Blockhead, what a Metamorphosis is here ; 'tis well I fell upon my Cloak, or I had daub'd

all my Cloaths, blister me. Well, to sing, dance, or court a Lady, or any such Gentleman-like Employments I'll turn my Back to none ; but for this slovenly Exercise of fighting, I shall never be brought to endure it, impair my Vigour. *[Exit.*

S C E N E *Careful's House.*

Careful pulling in Emilia in Boy's Cloaths.

Caref. Who the Devil have we here ? Nay, nay, Sir, I must see your Face ; another Gallant of my Daughter's, I warrant ; Who are you, Sir, from whence come you, what Business have you in my House, ha ?

Emil. Oh Lord, what shall I say to this old Fellow ? he'll certainly know me.

Caref. What are you studying for a Lie, Sir ? Adod I shall make you find your Tongue, speak quickly, or I'll cut your Throat, you Dog you. *[Draws.*

Emil. Ah ! Oh Lord a Sword ! For Heaven's Sake, Sir, Oh Lord, Sir, don't you know me ?

Caref. Know you, Sir ? Who the Pox are you, Sir, ha ? *Emilia,* Why what Masquerade's this ? Where's my Daughter ?

Enter Clarinda.

Ho Sir, your humble servant, Why what a Pox, are you going into the Service ? You are two pretty Volunteers, faith.

Clar. Ha ! my Father, what shall I say ?———I'll e'en face it out, since he has catch'd me. We have done a Friend of yours some Service, Sir.

Caref. A Friend of mine ! As how, pray forsooth ?

Clar. Why you must know, Sir, I was inform'd of a Duel between Sir *William Mode*, and a Brother Beau of his ; the Concern I knew you had for Sir *William's* Safety engag'd my Care for the Prevention ; I was unwilling to expose him, by sending any Body else ; so that my Cousin and I, by the help of this Disguise, parted them : But we should not need to have made such Haste, for the Puppies were trying their Valour safely, with a Couple of Files, ha, ha.

Caref.

Caref. Ha, ha, ha; and this was the Occasion of your being in Breeches, ha?

Emil. And I think it a good Project too, Uncle.

Caref. You do, ——— Well, Daughter, pray let's have you in your feminine Capacity again; for tho' you bully in Breeches, I hope you'll marry in Petticoats.

Clar. Marry, Sir!

Caref. Yes forsooth, I have sent for Sir *William*, in order to have the Settlement completed To-night, and To-morrow your Honour shall rise with the Sun; that is to say, you shall be my Lady *Mode*.

Clar. Honour, Sir, Where's the Honour of such a Husband? I hope, Sir, you will not marry me to a Coward; why there's not a needy Bully about Town but will beat a Maintenance out of him; and where is the Reputation of such a Marriage?

Caref. But he'll make a swinging Jointure; and if you don't like him when you have him, you may live apart——

Clar. O Heaven, what shall I say?—— Sir, I beg you'll but delay your Purpose for a Month.

Caref. Not for a Day.——

Clar. Sir, I have sworn not to marry this Month.

Caref. Have you so; pray who have you sworn to, Mistreis, to Mr. *Ogle*, ha?

Clar. *Ogle!* Who is he, pray Sir?—— Heaven, has my Father got this Story too!

Caref. You don't know such a Person, I'll warrant you, as Mr. *Ogle*?

Clar. I have seen such a Fellow, Sir, but never spoke to him.

Caref. No———look in my Face———you never spoke to him, that is, encourag'd his Love?

Clar. No———Upon my Honour.

Caref. ——You lye, you have no Honour, read that [*Throws the Letter.*] and do you hear, resolve to marry Sir *William* To-morrow by Six, or I'll marry myself before Twelve; so take your Choice. I'll *Ogle* you, and Soldier you, with a Pox to you. [*Exit.*]

Clar. Oh Impudence from *Ogle!* I'll have the Rascal tost in a Blanket; see *Emilia* what an audacious Letter

'tis, blefs me, I have no Patience ; I encourage fuch a Rascal——

Emil. He is very familiar, methinks——hang him, the Fool's below your Anger, never think on't ; Come prythee think which Way to turn yourfelf if the Colonel be falfe, as I dare fwear he is. What think you of marrying Sir *William*, he is Mafter of a fair Eftate, which you may make fubfervient to your Pleafures, to make Life's rugged Journey pafs the fmoothier. If he be true, as you have but little Reafon to think he is, you may yet find fome Way to accomplifh your Defires. Come, the Time draws on, in which you'll be convinc'd of his Truth or Falfhood.

*Come what will, resolve to be content,
And truft to Fortune for the wifh'd Event.* [Exit.

Enter Careful, Toper, and Mrs. Plotwell, drest like a Quaker.

Caref. Mr. *Toper*, your Coufin is welcome, my Houfe is at your Service, Madam.

Plot. I thank thee, but pray thee do not Madam me, my Name is *Anne*.

Caref. A very handsome Woman, and very modestly drest.

Top. I have us'd all the Arguments in my Power to convert her from this Formality, but in vain, she's as averfe to the Fafhions, as other Women are fond of 'em ; but I hope your Niece and Daughter will work a Reformation in her.

Caref. I rather hope she'll work one in them, I'll affure you I'll recommend her as a Pattern. Is this the Woman you would recommend to me for a Wife, Mr. *Toper* ?

Top. The fame, Sir.

Caref. I proteft I like her exceedingly, she feems cut out on purpofe for me ; her plain Way of Living will improve my Eftate, and her Morals will hamper my Daughter, I like a religious Woman.

Top. You can't be better match'd, if she has not too much ; Yesterday I carried her to wait on a Relation of ours

ours that has a Parrot, and whilst I was discoursing about some private Business, she converted the Bird, and now it talks of nothing but the Light of the Spirit, and the Inward Man. Ha, ha.

Caref. Good lack, Good lack.

Plot. Well, well, thee wilt never leave thy ridiculous Jest; I say that Mankind were not made for Foppery and Pride, but to do good in their Generation,——Pr'ythee shew me one Text of Scripture for the Fashions, or where Jewels are commanded, or what Holy Matron ever had a Valet to dress 'em, as they say the *French Ladies* have, Oh monstrous Fashion!——No, no, our devoutest Women wore coarse Linen, or rather none at all.

Top. Ay, such Saints as wore their Congregations without-side, and swarm'd with Christian Vermin, it must be them, ha, ha, ha; but you hold every handsome Garment a Sin.

Plot. Handsome Garment! Verily I believe, if we are punish'd with Taxes again to carry on another War, 'twill be a just Judgment upon this sinful Land for their long Wigs, hoop'd Coats, Furbelows, false Teeth, and Patches.

Caref. Truly I'm of her Opinion, she speaks like an Oracle; for the Devil was never so proud as our Women are now a-days, [*Aside.*] I'm resolv'd, if my Daughter shew the least Reluctance to my Will, to marry her out of hand. I'll motion it to her, and try how she likes me——[*Aside.*] What think you of a Husband forsooth; for to be plain with you, your extraordinary Qualities have rais'd a great Desire in me of becoming such?

Plot. I doubt, Friend; thou'lt expect a larger Fortune than I am Dame of.

Caref. I protest I don't care if you have not a Groat, your Virtue's a wealthy Dowry to me; say you'll but have me and 'tis enough.

Plot. But it may be thou'lt be against my Course of Life; I love Retirement, must have Time for my Devotion in my own Way; I'm not us'd to the Ceremony of Visits, and hate Tea-Table Vanity, and Card-Play, as they call it.

Top. Our Plot takes rarely.

Caref. This makes me love you the more.

Plot. One Thing more; thou hast a Daughter they say, a topping Gallant, which I desire to see, and try if good Admonitions, together with Example, won't reform her; for plainly, I don't care to come under the Roof where Children are, if they be not dutiful; so I must see her first e'er I can give thee my Answer.

Caref. That you shall presently—Here, carry this Gentlewoman to my Daughter, and tell her she must entertain her as her Mother that is to be, tell her so from me, d'ye hear.

[*Ex. Mrs. Plot. and Servant.*]

Really Mr. *Toper*, your Cousin is a Profound Christian; if my Daughter refuse to marry Sir *William*—I'll jointure her in my whole Estate.

Toper. For aught I know, you can't do better than marry; for who would be plagu'd with a disobedient Child?

Caref. Especially when they depend upon us for their Fortunes; the Devil a young Fellow would care a Souce for their Persons, did not our Purse-strings draw. Here forsooth my Daughter is running mad after a Soldier, a Fellow whose Fortune depends upon his Sword, and here we are going to Wars again, and six to four but a Cannon Bullet takes his Head off, and then the Wife is turn'd Home to her Father again, and in such Cases a Father has never disposed of his Children entirely, and all the Jointure she'll bring, will consist of Housings, Holster-Caps, Pistols, Swords, and so forth.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's Sir *William Mode* below, Sir.

Caref. Tell him I'll wait on him presently. Come, Mr. *Toper*, you shall be Witness of our Agreement; I sent for him to compleat the Business, Sign, Seal to Night, and To-morrow we'll have a Dance.

[*Exit.*]

Toper. I fancy we shall drive Dancing out of your Head, old Gentleman.

[*Exit.*]

The End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Clarinda, Emilia, and Mrs. Plotwell.

Clar. WELL in my Conscience, the first Sight of you frighted me horribly, though I knew your Plot. I vow you make a sanctified Figure.

Plotw. Might I pass upon the Brethren, think you?

Em. Ay, and hold forth too, I'll warrant you, without being discover'd. But is my Uncle so hot upon Matrimony, say you?

Plotw. As a Hound upon the Scent, tho' he'll share no more of the Pleasure, than the Dog of the Game he runs down, ha, ha.

Clar. I vow I can't help laughing to think what a Trick we shall put upon him,—but the duce on't I cannot be heartily merry till I see the Event of this Meeting; I long till the Colonel comes.

Em. So do I as much as you, to upbraid him with his Treachery.

Enter Maid and whispers them.

In my Conscience he's here—shew him into my Chamber, tell him I'll wait on him presently,—Now, *Clarinda*, you shall go in my Place.

Clar. Heavens! How I tremble. Oh, the perfidious Wretch, sure he's quite lost to Virtue, that he dares thus impudently venture into the very House. Oh give me Patience, Heaven, and Power to back my Resolution, and Scorn enough to shew my deep Repentment. [*Ex. Clar.*]

Plotw. I'll to the old Man, and keep him in Discourse, that he mayn't interrupt you. [*Exit.*]

Em. Do so,—I must listen a little to hear what Reception she gives him. [*Exit.*]

Enter Colonel Manly, solus.

Manl. This Love makes Men the errantest Asses in the World; what blustering *Mars* with all his steely Garniture of War cou'd never do, this blind Boy does with a feather'd Reed. Oh my Soul, I think I'm grown

a Coward, and begin to fear, my Heart beats faster than a raw Soldier's in his first Engagement, or a longing Maid in the Arms of a Man she likes when Opportunity creates her Fears. Sure it cannot be *Clarinda*.

Enter Clarinda.

Ha ! By Heaven the very Crocodile. [*Aside.*

Clar. By all my Hopes of Happiness the very Monster. [*Aside.*

Manl. Madam, you are surpriz'd I believe, not to meet the Man you expected ; I beg your Pardon for this Disappointment.

Clar. Oh Indignation ! No, Sir, I have met the Man I expected, tho' you are disappointed in your Woman.

Manl. What does she mean !—— Have you a Stratagem, Madam, to bring you off,—— come, I'll help you ; say, you happened into this Room by Chance ; and had no Knowledge of the Plot, expected no Gallant.

Clar. Oh unheard of Impudence ! A Gallant ! No thou Monster of Ingratitude ; have I refus'd all Mankind for thee ? Nay, broke in upon the Rules of my Obedience, that I might keep my Faith inviolate, and am I thus rewarded ? Is it not enough that you are false, and that I see you so, but you must add to your Barbarity, and throw a Scandal on my Fame, to hide your base Proceeding. Marry thee, No ! From this Moment I resolve to hate, and to put it out of thy Power ever to deceive me a second Time, I'll marry instantly. [*Bellmein peeping.*

Bellm. I must hear how the Colonel succeeds in my Place.

Manl. It is enough I know thee guilty of that very Crime thou would'st impose on me ; know that you writ to my Friend to come here, with whom you have had many private Conferences, tho' I, Heaven knows, would not believe it, till my Eyes convinced me ; but now thy Crimes are obvious to my Sight, and I take thee at thy Word, and from this Moment I'll never see you more : Confusion on your Sex.

[*Exit.*

Clar.

A Soldier for the Ladies. 109

Clar. Ha, his Friend ! What can he mean,—sure there's some Mistake in this, yet I cannot call him back.

Enter Emilia pulling in Bellmein.

Em. What have we Eaves-droppers ;—Oh Heavens ! Why, was not you with my Cousin ?

Bellm. Hey day ! Why was not you with the Colonel ?

Emil. Why, are not you the Colonel ?

Bellm. No faith, and now I begin to suspect you are not *Clarinda*.

Em. You are in the Right indeed, I am not.

Clar. Oh Heavens, I'm undone, *Manly's* innocent.

Bellm. No, no, Madam, I'll call my Friend back immediately, he shall beg Pardon upon the Spot.—Why, what a damn'd Mistake is here ; faith he's gone, but here's an old Gentleman coming up.

[Goes to the Door and returns quickly.]

Clar. O Lord, my Father, I'm undone if he finds a Man here ; what shall I do ? This was your Project *Emilia*.

Bellm. Ha ! 'Zdeath, Madam, where shall I run ? For, methinks, I would not do any more Mischief ; what shall I do Ladies ?

Em. Ha, a lucky Thought comes into my Head ; here, here, here, lie down upon this Mat.

Bellm. With all my Heart : Pox on't, to be thus put to't for nothing. If I had but got a Maidenhead, or made a Cuckold, it would not have vex'd me.

[Lies down, and they rowl him up.]

Enter Careful, and tumbles over the Mat.

Emil. There, there, lie still.

Caref. A Pox on your Pride, we must have Matts with a Vengeance, but I'll turn over a new Leaf with this House, I'll warrant you ; I'll have no Mats, but such as lie under the Feather-Beds : Here I might have broke my Neck.

Enter Toby.

Sirrah, remove that Mat, and do you hear, throw it
into

110 *The BEAU'S DUEL : Or,*

into the Horfe-Pond ; I'll have no more Mats in my Houfe.

Toby. Mat, 'tis damn'd heavy ; come out here, I believe the Dog is got into it.

Clar. O Lord what shall I do ? [*Aside.*

[*The Man goes to take up the Mat, and finds it heavy, makes it, and out drops Bellmein.*

Bell. The Horfe-Pond ! Nay then, 'tis time to shift for myself.

Emil. Here, here, There's a Guinea for you *Toby* ; bring him off some Way or other. [*Runs to Toby.*

Caref. Ha, what was that ?

Toby. Bark, Sir, bark ; only the great Dog, Sir, was crept in the Mat.

Bell. Wough, wough, wough, wough.

[*Creeps off quick.*
Emil. Rarely done ; expect a better Reward for this, *Toby.*

Caref. The Dog was it ? I protest I thought it had been a Thief.

Toby. No Sir, nothing else. [*Exit with the Mat.*

Caref. Why, how now ? Methinks, you are mightily prink'd up. Mercy upon me, what a Bush of Hair is there furd'd out ; in my Conscience, I believe you have got the Fore-top of some beau's Wig.

Emil. That's the Fashion Uncle, you wou'd not have us drefs like my Quaking Aunt that is to be Ha, ha, ha.

Caref. How now, Sauce-box ; your Quaking Aunt, quotha.

Clar. Sir, I hope you don't design to marry that Thing.

Caref. Thing do you call her ? I cod you shall marry Sir *William* immediately, or call that Thing Mother, I can tell you that.

Clar. Oh Heavens, what shall I do ?

Enter Sir William and Mrs. Plotwell.

Caref. Here, Sir *William*, I give her to your Arms ; I'll have my Coach harnes'd, and to Church this Moment.

Sir

A Soldier for the Ladies.

III

Sir *Will.* Madam, tho' I don't pretend to be a Beau, yet I hope the World will distinguish the Difference between a rough, unhewn Soldier, and a polish'd Gentleman; I don't, in the least, hint at *Manly*.

Clar. Insipid Coxcomb.

[*Aside.*

Emil to *Plot.* For Heaven's Sake invent some Way to give her an Hour's Time to consider, or she's undone.

Mrs. *Plot.* Friend, shall I speak one Word with Thee?

Caref. Twenty, if you please.

Plot. Let me advise thee, do not be so passionate with thy Daughter; the little Discourse I had with her, shew'd her to be tractable; if thou think'st fit, I'll read her t'other Lesson upon her Duty, and I don't doubt but she'll comply.

Caref. With all my Heart; for whatever thou say'st, must be for her good, I'm convinc'd. Sir *William*, we'll go take a Glass in the next Room till the Bride be ready, and then——

Sir *Will.* And then, Madam, I shall be the happiest Man alive; if I would change Conditions with the Czar of *Muscovy*, may I be condemn'd to the Smoak of Tobacco, and never know the Pleasure of taking Snuff.

[*Exit.*

Emil. A very Courtly Wish indeed.

Plot. Come don't trifle away the Time I have given you, but write to *Manly*, and beg him to protect you, and Rescue you from the Arms of this Fool.

Clar. Oh, how can I write to him whom I have abus'd?

Plot. And did he not pay you in the same Coin! Come, come this little Mistake rather serves to increase his Love than diminish it, when he finds you true, as no doubt but *Bellmein* has told him e'er this, he'll be glad to accept the Conditions. Come, come, write to him, *Topper* is within, and he shall carry it.

Clar. Well, it being my last Shift, I'll follow your Advice.

[*Exit.*

Plot. Ay, ay, do so, I'll warrant you a Fortune, and the old Man's Consent before I have done with him.

A

A Drum beating up for Volunteers. Bellmein crosses the Stage, and a Serjeant after him.

Serj. Captain, Captain.

Bell. Ha, Serjeant.

Serj. I have got the finest Volunteer, a Beau, Captain.

Bell. A Beau! Nay, if the Beaus begin to list, let the *French* look to't. Where is he, Serjeant?

Serj. He's coming, Sir.

Bell. I can't stay now, but I'll be here in a Moment, and I'll bring the Colonel with me.

Serj. I'll wait on your, Sir.

[Exit.

Enter Ogle.

The Captain will be here in a Moment, Sir; but pray Sir, why will you go for a Soldier, methinks, you might get a Commission?

Ogle. Because I dreamt, Sir, I should be a General,—and I have a Mind to rise gradually, I hate jumping into Honour at once.

Serj. Sir, I honour you; no Doubt but your Dream will come true.

Ogle. Sir, I dreamt last Night that I saw two Armies join Battle; and, methought, in the Scuffle, my Brains were knock'd out, and when I wak'd, I wonder'd to find myself with all my Limbs; I straight felt for my other Leg, and suspected my Eyes when they inform'd me I had both Hands.

Serj. A very good Dream, and signifies your Advancement.

Ogle. Nay, after that, I had the strangest Dream, my Man found me scaling my Curtains for a Fort, killing my Pillow, and entering Duel with my Breeches. Methought, all the *Trojan* Faces in the Hangings were turn'd *Frenchmen*, and a Famine raging amongst 'em they resolv'd to eat me; so casting Dice what Part of me to devour first, the Lot fell upon my Head. Now, Sir, all these Dreams I interpret quite contrary, I know I shall be a great Man.

Serj. No doubt on't, Sir—I'm afraid all this Fellow's Courage lies in his Sleep. I'm resolv'd to sound him a little.

*[Aside.
Ogle.*

Ogle. Pr'ythee *Serjeant*, tell me, what Sort of a Thing a Camp is?

Serj. Why truly, Sir, a Camp would be a pleasant Place, did the Fields produce Feather Beds; or if the Streams like those of the Golden Age, did run pure Wine; or if Camp Meals wou'd every Twelve and Seven observe due Hours!—But, Sir, to be half-starv'd on scarce fresh green Sod, just so much Earth, to Earth; and then to live the Life of Nature; or as some do call it, The Life of the hardy; to quench one's Thirst at the next Spring, coffin up one's self each Night in Turff, and thence come forth, like one of *Cadmus's* Soldiers, sown with Serpents Teeth, and start forth arm'd from a Furrow, is a Course of Life, I fear will never suit with your Constitution.

Ogle. 'Tis something hard, truly, but no Matter, I'm resolv'd.

Serj. Oh! This is nothing, Sir; here comes on a Troop, and your Honour can't but lose an Eye; an Engine there goes off, and you will shew yourself a Coward, unless you lose an Arm—Here you are surrounded, and then 'twere base to bring more than one Shoulder off.

Ogle. [*Rubbing his Shoulder.*] Ha! I don't like it.

[*Aside.*]

Serj. Nay, Sir, consider e'er you go.—For 'tis a damn'd Discredit to have a Nose after a Battle, or to walk the Streets upon your own Legs.

Ogle. Humph?—I feel myself already partly compos'd of Flesh, partly of Wood. Methinks I hang between two Crutches, like a Man in Chains, tost by the Wind, I don't like this slicing into Reputation.

Enter Bellmein and Colonel Manly.

Ogle. But these Men that you raise, *Serjeant*, are they to go against the *French* or *Spaniards*?

Serj. Why do you ask, Sir?

Ogle. Because I cannot in Honour draw my Sword against the *French*.

Serj. How so, pray? You're no *Jacobite*, I hope.

Ogle. Oh? Sir, my Scruples are not founded upon Religion; but I'll tell you, the last long Vacation I made the

the Tour of *France* and *Lorrain*, where I receiv'd such extraordinary Marks of Civility, particularly from the Duke of *Berry*, the Duke of *Burgundy*, and the Chevalier de *St. George*, and from the Governor of *Calais*, such extravagant Obligations; But above all from the Governor's Daughter—that upon my Soul, I cannot descend so far from the Punctilio's of Honour, to go against 'em; but against *Spain*, I—Ha, the Colonel, I'm resolv'd to fight him however, Death, Hell and Furies: Draw, Sir?

Col. Draw, Sir, For what, Sir?

Ogle. Sir, I say Draw Sir, or else resign all Pretensions to *Clarinda*.

Bell. Why what a Metamorphosis is here? Is this your Volunteer, Serjeant?

Serj. Yes, Sir; but if you had not come as you did, he had been gone; for I found his Courage began to sink.

Col. To *Clarinda*! How dares such a Coxcomb as you name *Clarinda*? [*Draws and Disarms him.*] Now learn more Wit, or get more Courage.

Ogle. Courage, Sir, Z'dearth, Sir, I'll box with you [*Pulling off his Neckcloth.*] you have got my Sword, but no Matter for that, I'll fight it out at Fists; lose a Fortune for Want of fighting, No!

Col. I'll Box you, you Dog; give me the Cane. [*To the Serjeant.*] Sirrah, I'll make Mummy of your Bones; I'll make you forswear sauntering after Fortunes, nay you shall not dare to look towards the House where they live, or so much as think of them. [*Beats him all this Time.*]

Ogle. O Lord, Sir, for Heaven's Sake? Sir, I'll observe the Conditions.

Bell. Nay now, you are too rigid, I dare promise for Mr. *Ogle*.

Ogle. I will indeed Sir, only let me think of them; for who can help thinking, Sir?

Col. No; here Serjeant, take this Fellow, and let him run the Gantelope, I'll think you, Sirrah.

Ogle. Oh Lord, Sir! spare that, and I will not think of 'em, upon my Faith, Sir.

Col.

Col. Nay, one Thing more you must promise, which is, to resume your wonted Cowardice, and betake you to your Desk again. Go, take Money of the Men you mean to cozen ; talk little, except when you are paid for't, 'tis an Antidote against Beating ; keep your Hand from your Sword, and your Landreſs's Petticoats, and you'll live at Peace.

Ogle. I will, Colonel — Give me Wiſdom that is beaten into a Man ; for that ſticks to him, Egad. I'm wiſer than a Juſtice of Peace : your Precepts are very learned. Sir, I'm your humble Servant — Farewell Sword, and welcome Tongue again. Now can't I poſitively tell, whether 'tis beſt to be courageous, or to have no Courage at all ; Beaten if I Fight, and Beaten if I do not—Now I think I know ſomething of the Law, and yet if the Queſtion was put to me I cou'd not reſolve it?

*But for my own Part, I'll lay Courage down,
As all Men do, when they take up the Gown ;
Cloak'd with the Law, I may ſecurely baul,
And who affronts me then, ſhall pay for all.* [Exit.

Bell. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Enter Toper, and gives the Colonel a Letter.

Toper. Ha ! Colonel, opportunely met ; I bring an Expreſs from the Queen of Beauty, her Orders are in that Paper.

Col. Ha ! 'Tis *Clarinda's* Hand—[Reads.] I hope by this Time, you are ſatisfied of my Innocence, as I'm of yours ; if not, I beg you by all the Tyes of Honour, to reſcue me from this fooliſh Knight, to whom I am this Moment to be married, by the rigid Command of my barbarous Father ; and if I don't clear your Cenſures, uſe me as you pleaſe. Yours, *Clarinda*.—Reſcue thee, yes, the Fool ſhall quit all Pretenſions to thee, unleſs this Arm deceive me.

Bell. If it does ; Boy, here's another at thy Service.—

Toper. You may ſeiſe her at the End of the Street as ſhe paſſes ; be ſure you marry her as ſoon as you have got her ; let me alone to bring her Fortune ; the Captain
muſt

must help our Plot forward, as soon as he has help'd you away with her.—

Bell. With all my Heart, I love Mischief; I have a plaguy hankering Mind after this Cousin tho', e'er since *Manly* told me she has Ten Thousand Pounds.

Toper. The Yoke should be well lin'd, or 'twill be very uneasy at best.—

Bell. Ay, there must be Gold proportionable to the Alloy, or t'wou'd not be current Coin, Ha, ha.

Toper. Ha, ha, Well, I'm a good-natur'd Fellow now, to spend my Time in your Business when I have an Affignation with one of the prettiest Girls about Town, Faith.

Bell. Some old o'erworn Drab, I'll warrant, cast off by all the Beaus in Town, and now is become a new Face to the Drunkards.

Toper. No Faith, she's a kept Mistress, she costs me not a Souce.

Col. Thou art still labouring between two Tides, Wine and Women: Wilt thou never take up till thou art confin'd by a Doctor to dry Diet?

Toper. Dry Diet? You don't mean a Wife, I hope; catch me at that Meat and choke me with it, that's just as a Confinement to Sea-Biscuit at Land; tho' I'd do you all the Service I can, Colonel, in helping you to your Mistress, yet I can't help lamenting the Loss of a Friend.

Col. Why, will Matrimony lose me to my Friends? I shall love them as well as ever, I assure you.

Toper. Ay, but your Friends won't care that for you. [*Snapping his Fingers.*] for e'er the second Bottle, you'll be calling What's to pay? Your Wife won't go to Bed till you come Home; this makes Company uneasy, and what makes us uneasy decreases our Value for't; For my Part, I had rather be confin'd to Sea-Men in a Storm, or the malicious Conversation of a *Jacobite* Club, than the Company of a married Man; for at every Mouse stirring I should think the Comforts of Matrimony were coming, with all their commanding Retinue: A Wife! Egad, I'd rather want Wine, the only Support of the Body.—

Col.

A Soldier for the Ladies. 117

Col. Well, you declare for a Bottle, I for a Wife, which I think the greater Pleasure far.

Toper. Where shall we find you?

Col. At the *Rose*. [Exit.]

Toper. Adieu? *Bellmein* shall come to you there.

*Let Fools be fetter'd to that Clog, a Wife,
Whilst free, I reap the Pleasure of my Life;
And Heaven grant I may no longer live,
Than I can taste the Joys which Wine does give.* [Exit.]

[*A Clash of Swords, Sir William cries Murder, Colonel and Clarinda, Bellmein, and Emilia cross the Stage.*]

Col. Haste, my Fairest, and let us tye that Knot, which nought but Death can loose. [Exit.]

Enter Careful.

Caref. Certainly, I heard *Sir William's* Voice cry Murder.

Enter Sir William.

What's the Matter, *Sir William*? Where's my Daughter?

Sir Will. Enfeeble me, if I know; you had best fend after her immediately, or she'll be married to *Manly*, who drew upon me; and if I had not quitted her, he had run me quite thro' the Body, impair my Vigour.

Caref. This was her Project of going on Foot, she wou'd not have the Coach under Pretence of Notice being taken, forfooth; and your Persuasion made me go before to get the Parson ready. Ods-flesh, had I been there, this had not happened; old as I am, they shou'd not have escap'd so easily. Z'dearth! Let a Man take your Mistres from you! In my Conscience, young Fellows are so rotten now-a-days, they are afraid of every Scuffle, lest they drop in Pieces. Zounds, I cou'd curse the Minute I got this Bastard, to think what a Fortune she has lost. [Aside.]

Sir Will. Do you take my Breeding to have been at a Bear-Garden, Sir, or in Bedlam, to endanger my Life for your Daughter? No, let her go, I'd marry an Actres sooner, and have more Hopes of her Virtue.

Caref. Say you so, Mr. Dirty Crown? Adod, I cou'd find in my Heart to dafh the Powder out of your Whore's Hair for you.

Sir Will. Your Age protects you, Sir. [Exit.

Caref. Well, if I don't fit the Baggage, I'm mistaken, Egad. I'll marry *Toper's* Niece immediately.

Enter Toper.

Mr. Toper, you came luckily ; I am resolv'd to marry your Cousin this Moment. Nay, I'll settle all I have upon her, I'll hamper my Daughter, I'll warrant her.

Top. I came to inform you, Sir, that I saw Colonel *Manly* and your Daughter enter the Church ; the Parson met them at the Door, and I'm much afraid they will be married before you can get to 'em.

Caref. Let her marry and be pox't ; I'll not give her a Farthing, I'm resolv'd. Let her go a Soldiering with her Husband, and carry his Knap-sack, like a Trull as she is. If there be any Favour or Interest to be had in an *English* Parliament, I'll have the Parson turn'd out of his Place, for a Jacobite, that coupled them.

Top. I have a Friend of mine at the *Rose*, just come from *Oxford* ; if you please, Mr. *Careful*, I'll fetch him, and you may be marry'd in your own House.

[Exit *Toper.*

Caref. With all my Heart. Adod, methinks I'm brisk and young again. This audacious Wench——

*My Blood boils high, and all my Spirits move,
Revenge gives Strength to Age as much as Love.* [Exit.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, Careful's House.

Careful *leading in* Mrs. Plotwell.

Caref. WELL, my dearest *Anne*, I think myself the happiest Man alive since I espous'd thee : I have settled my whole Estate upon thee, which, with this Kifs, I do confirm to thee again.

[*Offers to kifs her.*]

Plot. Pray forbear, Sir——

Caref. How Wife ! refuse to kifs me ?

Plot. Yes, except a sweeter Air come from you——Faugh, you've turn'd my Stomach ; I wonder you can ask me, knowing your Lungs are perish'd.

Caref. Mercy upon me ! Why what have I marry'd ?—

Plot. Here, Where are my Servants ?

Enter a Maid.

Run to the *Exchange*, fetch me a *French* Night-gown, and *French* Head, set my Dressing-Table in order, Do you hear ? Let my Paint, Powder and Patches be ready.

Caref. Oh Lord ! Oh Lord ! Paint, Powder and Patches ; Why harkee, Mistrefs, are you not a Quaker ?

Plot. No, Sir, I only made use of that Disguise to catch you in, but you have Money enough to equip me after the Fashion, and that was the only Motive of my Sanctity.

Caref. Oh ! undone, undone !

Plot. Look you, Sir, I shall never endure your Conversation, I must have two Beds, two Chambers, and two Tables, it was an Article of our Agreement, you know, that I shou'd live retir'd——That is, apart, Sir.

Caref. A Curse on that Agreement——but harkee Wife, you are not in earnest sure ?

Plot. In earnest ? Why, do you think I jest with Age ?

Caref. And you won't Bed with me ?

Plot.

Plot. Did ever Man of your Hairs ask such Questions? I vow I blush at your Unreasonableness.

Caref. O monstrous!

Plot. Is it fit I shou'd be bury'd? For to bed with you were a direct Emblem of my going to my Grave!

Caref. Mercy upon me! Where is this Rogue, this *Toper*? What damn'd *Succubus* has he topt upon me?

Plot. I'll have your Picture set in my Wedding-Ring; to put me in Mind of Mortality; Do you think I'll come within your Winding Sheets? For what?

Caref. I am married.

Plot. Pray why did you marry? In my Conscience, you're as youthful as a Coffin, and as hot as the fultry Winter that froze over the *Thames*; they say, the hard Time did begin from you. Ha, ha, ha.

Caref. Oh Heavens! I am made the Curse of all Mankind! O Patience! Patience!——Harkee, Mistress, you that have a Fever and Dog-Days in your Blood; if you knew this, why did you marry me?

Plot. That your experienc'd Achs, that have felt Springs and Falls these forty Years, shou'd ask such a Question, as if I could not find Friends to supply your cold Defects: Do you think a young Woman high in her Blood——

Caref. And hot as Goats and Mormosets. [*Aside.*

Plot. Apt to take Flame at any Temptation.——

Caref. And kindle at the Picture of a Man. [*Aside.*

Plot. Wou'd wed Dust and Ashes unless she were——

Caref. Crack'd, try'd, or broken up, ha!

Plot. Right, Sir; or lack'd a Cloak.

Caref. Mischief and Hell; Was there none to make your Cloak but me?

Plot. Not so well lin'd, Sir, Ha, ha.

Caref. Oh! You staid for a wealthy Cuckold, did you?

Plot. Your tame Beasts should have gilded Horns!—Besides, Sir, I thought your Age wou'd wink at stolen Helps, if I took Comfort from abroad.

Caref. Yes, yes, You shall have Comfort——I'll deliver Letters for you, or hold the Door!——

Plot. No, Sir, I'll not give you that Trouble, I'll have a Maid shall do that——

[*Making a Curtesy.*
Caref.

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Caref. Oh Impudence ! unheard of Impudence !

Plot. But, Sir, I look your Coffers shou'd maintain me at my Rate.

Caref. How's that, pray ?

Plot. Why, like a Lady : I must have you knighted for I don't like Mistrefs——My Lady, wou'd sound better.

Caref. Yes—I shall rise to Honour. [*Aside.*]

Plot. I must have six Horfes in my Coach, four are fit for those that have a Charge of Children, you and I shall never have any.

Caref. If we have, all *Middlesex* will be their Fathers—

Plot. I'll have four Footmen, and this House clear'd of all this old Lumber, and new wainscotted, and lin'd with Looking-Glafs, have Cabinets, Scrutores, and China.

Caref. Mercy upon me—Harkye, Mistrefs, you told me you lov'd Retirement, hated Visits, and bargain'd for Hours of Devotion.

Plot. Right, Sir, but what Woman speaks Truth before she's married ?

Caref. Politickly answer'd, and like one perfect in the sinning Trade.

Plot. Well, Sir, don't discompose yourself, 'twill signify nothing ; I'll in and examine your Jewels, chuse some for every Day, and some for Masks and Balls.

[*Exit.*]

Caref. The Devil go with you : Oh that I had my Daughter again ! Two Days more of this, and I shall grow mad, or to redeem myself, dash out my Brains.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE *changes to Plotwell's Lodgings.*

Enter on one Side, the Colonel, Clarinda, and Emilia ; on the other Bellmein and Toper.

Top. We have done your Buiness, Colonel ; *Bellmein* here has tack'd 'em together.

Bell. I canted out the Form of Matrimony as gravely as if I had taken my Degree at *Edinburgh.*

G

Col.

Col. And how does it take?

Top. Oh ! admirably well, I listen'd awhile, and found the manag'd it rarely.

Clar. She'll drive my Father out of his Wits.

Top. Well, Captain, you'll observe what I told you ; I'll follow you with another Project, I warrant you, will give the old Fellow enough of Matrimony. Colonel, do you be ready when I call to come in, do you hear ? I fancy they are in such Confusion that it would be no hard Matter for all of you to get into the House unseen.

Clar. We'll endeavour it.

Bell. But harkye, Madam, there's something more to be said before you and I part, Have you the Conscience to let your Friend launch into the Sea of Matrimony alone ?

Emil. To chuse, Sir ; for if the Voyage prove dangerous, one at a Time is enough to be lost.

Clar. Would you have her surrender upon the first Summons, Captain ? You must expect some fatigue in Love, as well as War ; the little Disquiet of Hopes and Fears do but enhance the Value of a Mistress, when gain'd ! Soldiers and Knight-Errants shou'd court Danger, and despise an Enterprize that had no Difficulty in it.

Bell. Ay, Madam, if I had but the Hopes of a Carnival after this Lent, 'twould be a sufficient Recompense ; but Expectation and Uncertainty is the worst Food in the World for a Fellow of my Constitution.

Col. Come, Madam, be generous ; you cannot have an honefter Fellow, I'll say that for him.

Bell. Lookye there, Madam, he'll vouch for me, if you don't think my own Word sufficient.

Emil. I shall trust no Body's Judgment but my own, and that tells me you are too much a Libertine for a Husband ; why, you have not the least Resemblance of a Lover.

Bell. No Resemblance ! Why I'm a perfect Skeleton, do but see how pale and wan I look ! my Taylor shall swear I am fall'n away six Inches in the Waist, since this Day Sevensnight ; and if these be no Signs of being in Love, the Devil's in't.

Omnes.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Emil. Very violent Symptoms, truly.—Have you any more of them, Sir?

Bell. A Thousand; do but feel here the Palpitation of my Heart, the Irregularity of my Pulse, the Emotion of my Brain——In short, my whole Frame's disorder'd; and without immediate Help, I'm a dead Man—I'm quite out of Breath, I hope she won't put me to the Expence of any more Lyes; for certainly I have told enow to deserve any one Woman in *Christendom*.

[*Aside.*

Emil. Poor Gentleman; Well! if your Distemper continues, I'll consult my Pillow for a Remedy.

Bell. Take me with you to that Study, Madam, the Sight of me there will very much improve your Understanding.

[*Embracing her.*

Col. Come, I hope to see thee blest as I am——And now, my Fairest, my whole study shall be to make you happy.

[*To Clarinda.*

Bell. Well, Madam, you had as good give me my Answer.

Emil. Not till I see the Event of your Plot upon my Uncle.

[*Exit.*

Top. Come, come, she's thine, Boy.

*For tho' at first the Sex our Suit deny,
Pres's 'em but Home and they will all comply.*

SCENE, Careful's House.

Careful solus.

Caref. Mercy upon me! What shall I do?—Well, thou'rt right enough serv'd, old Boy—Eh—Pox of thy old doating Head. [*Beats his Head.*] Thou must marry for Revenge, must thou—I am reveng'd with a Witnes.—

Enter Bellmein.

Bell. Sir, your Servant, I come, Sir, to do you a Piece of Service, if it be not too late; I heard just now,
G 2 that

that one *Toper* had lodg'd a Woman, under Pretence of a Cousin in your House.

Caref. Oh Heavens ! I'm become the Town-Talk already——Well, Sir, and what then ?

Bell. She's a common Strumpet, Sir.

Caref. How, Sir ? Have a Care what you say.

Bell. I'll prove it, Sir ; she's of known Practice, the Cloaths she wears are but her Quarters Sins——She has no Lining but what she first offends for.

Caref. Oh ! I sweat, I sweat.

Bell. Sir, she has known Men of all Nations, and lain by two Parts of the Map, *Africa* and *America*.

Caref. Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Bell. What ails you, Sir ; are you not well ?

Caref. Oh undone, undone, I am married, Sir !

Bell. Nay then, Heaven help you——Why wou'd you trust *Toper*, the debauchedest Fellow in Town ; she was once his Mistress ; Money falling short, I suppose, he has topt her upon you, and is to be maintain'd out of your Bags.

Caref. Oh, I have settled all I have in the World upon her ! That damn'd Rascal. Oh, that I could see him stretch'd upon a Rack now, I'd give a thousand Pounds for every Stretch that shou'd but show him Hell, and then recal his fleeting Soul, and give him Strength to endure his Torment often. I'd have him as long a dying as a chop'd Eel.

Enter two Footmen bearing in a Frame of a Picture with a Curtain before it.

What have we here ?

Footm. My Lady has sent your Wife a Present, Sir.

Caref. Who is your Lady ?

Footm. My Lady *Manlove*.

Caref. Pray what is it ?

Footm. A Picture for her Bed chamber, Sir.

Caref. For her Bed chamber ? There are but one Sort of Pictures will please my Wife there——Pray draw back the Curtain.

Footm. My Lady charg'd that none shou'd see it but your Wife, Sir.

Caref.

Caref. Say you so, Sir ; but I will see it. [*Draws the Curtain and Toper comes out of the Frame.*] Hell ! and Damnation ! Are you there, Bawd, Pander, Sirrah ? I'll cut your Ears off. [*Draws, Bellmein holds him.*]

Bell. Hold, Sir, I must prevent your running into further Mischief ; if you kill him the Law pursues you.

Caref. The Law ? who wou'd scruple hanging to be reveng'd on such a Dog——Sirrah, you are a Villain.—

Top. Sir, you are rude, and shou'd be beaten ; can't a Man come in private, on Buiness to your Wife, but you must be inquisitive——

Enter Mrs. Plotwell.

Caref. Why this is beyond Example ; Why do you hold me, Sir ? Z'dearth, I shall be cuckolded before my Face.

Top. Ho ! Are you come ! I thought your Husband, to keep you chaste, had set a Guard of Eunuchs over you, or shut you up in a Room, where no male Beast is pictur'd ; for I find he is as jealous already as an *Italian*.

Plot. I wonder, Sir, who licens'd you to pry, or spy out my Friends that come to me in private ; it wou'd be more to your Reputation to trust to my Management, than to be peeping ; but it shows your unbred Curiosity, which I shall correct.

Caref. Zounds ! This is beyond the Suffering of a Saint ; let me go and I'll slit her Nose——Thou Woman double stamp.

Plot. You'll dare to break up Letters shortly, and examine my Taylor when he brings home my Gown, lest there be a Man in't. I'll have you to know, Sir, I'll have whom I please, and in what Disguise I please, and not have your Eyes, so saucy, to peep, as if by Prevention, you meant to kill a Basilisk.

Caref. Mercy on me ! I shall lose my Understanding.

Plot. Cousin *Toper*, I'll fetch you the hundred Pound immediately. [*Exit.*]

Caref. A hundred Pound ! Oh, oh, oh.

Bell. I vow, Sir, I am very much concern'd at your
G 3 Misfortune ;

Misfortune ; if I was in your Place, I'd take my Daughter Home ; the Colonel is a Man of Honour, and will at least secure you from such Affronts as these.

Caref. Ah poor Girl ! But I have not a Farthing to give her——This damn'd Woman has got all.

Bell. Suppose, I contrive a Way to null your Marriage, wou'd you forgive your Daughter ?

Caref. With all my Soul.

Toper. What wou'd you give for such a Project, ha ?

Caref. As much as I'd give to see you hang'd——Which is all I am worth——

Toper. Ha, ha, ha, well, you wou'd forgive me too, wou'd you not ?

Caref. Ay, tho' thou hadst murder'd my Father, and debauch'd my Mother.

Toper. Say you so, Sir—Well, I'll be with you in an Instant. [Exit.

Caref. But which Way will you do it, Sir ?

Bell. Why you have not consummated yet, have you ?

Caref. No, thank Heaven.

Bell. Well then, take you no Care ; you'll give your Daughter the same Fortune you design'd for the Fop Knight ?

Caref. Ay, that I will, and 500*l.* more.

Bell. Come, in Lovers ; the Scene's chang'd.

Enter Colonel, Clarinda, Emilia and Toper.

Col. Your Blessing, Sir. [Kneels.

Clar. And with it your Pardon.

Caref. You have it, provided I get unmarried again.

Bell. We'll now call for your Lady ; Oh, here she comes.

Enter Mrs. Plotwell.

Caref. Zounds, I tremble at the Sight of her.

Plot. You shan't need, Sir ; for my Fury is over : I wish you Joy, Madam, and Sir, I here resign you up your Settlement again. [Gives him Papers.

Caref. How's this ? Ha, pray unfold this Mystery.

Toper. Why, Sir, this is Mrs. *Plotwell*, your Neighbour, who only put on this Disguise to be serviceable to your

your Daughter.—This honest Gentleman here, was the Parson that coupled you.

Bell. Now, Sir, I think, I have kept my Word with you.

Caref. Very well.

Plot. Why, truly, Sir, being loth to see this young Lady thrown away upon a Fool, when she had the Prospect of such a worthy Match as Colonel *Manly*, I undertook to reduce you to your Reason, and I don't doubt but you'll own I have done you a Piece of Service, in forcing you to exclude a Blockhead out of your Family, and in his Stead receive a Man of Sense and Honour.

Col. 'Tis now, Madam, my Turn to pay my Acknowledgments for this unexpected Goodness; instruct me, pray, which Way I may be grateful.

Plot. If I have done Good, it rewards itself; and if Mr. *Careful* pleases to pardon the Frolic, I shall be over-paid.

Caref. With all my Heart, I' faith, the Frolic was a pretty Frolic——Now 'tis over.

Enter Sir William Mode.

Sir Will. I heard you was married, Mr. *Careful*, I wish you Joy.

Caref. You are mistaken, Sir *William*, 'tis my Daughter that is married.

Sir Will. Ha, the Colonel married to my Mistress?

[*Aside.*

Clar. Sir *William* I desire all Quarrels between you and I may be cancel'd.

Col. Pray include me in that Treaty too, Sir *William*.

Caref. Here has been strange juggling, Sir *William*, I have been trick'd out of my Consent, I hope you'll pardon me too.

Sir Will. I'm in such Confusion, that I know not what to say, but I must shew 'em that my Soul's above an Affront, and that nothing can disorder the Serenity of my Temper. [*Aside.*] Ay, we are all Friends, Gentlemen, and I forgive the Lady too, for she has done more honestly by me than most Women wou'd, she has mar-

ried the Man she lik'd, tho' tis the Fashion to take the rich Husband they don't like, and make a Friend of the Man they do.

Om. Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Will. One Thing I desire you'd make clear to me, Madam, which is, Why did you give me Encouragement by your Woman?

Clar. I give you Encouragement by my Woman! What do you mean?

Maid. I beg your Pardon, Madam, his Gold prevail'd upon me, and I thought what I said would signify nothing; I hope you will forgive me.

Clar. Never: Out of my Doors, I suppose thro' your Management, *Ogle* was so familiar with me too ———
Out of my Sight. [*Exit Maid.*]

Col. Indeed, my Dear, I cannot intercede in her Behalf, since thro' her Means my first Suspicion came, that made us both uneasy; but as to *Ogle*, I sufficiently reveng'd your Quarrel; for I'll engage he never sets up for a Beau again.

Sir Will. Confound your whole Sex, you're all not worth a Gentleman's Anger; I'll to my Lodgings, and fend for the Music, and think no more of you nor Matrimony; if I do, I'll give 'em leave to ram me into an Hautboy and blow me out at the Holes; impair my Vigour. [*Exit.*]

Om. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Well, Madam, what say you? Have you a Mind to see me swing to *Elizium* in my Garters, and hear me fung about in a Ballad to a doleful new Tune, call'd, The Gentleman's Farewell to his unkind Lady—Or will you take Pity on me?

Emil. Well, Sir, to prevent such sad Disasters, I don't care if I give you my Hand; and as you deserve, my Heart shall follow.

Bell. Ay, give me but the Body, and I'll warrant you I'll get the rest.

Caref. Hey Day! What a Wedding chopt up there too! Well, I never shall believe common Report again, That all Women are *Jacobites*, since I find them so ready towards the Soldier's Service to the Nation with their Persons and Fortunes.

Emil.

A Soldier for the Ladies. 129

Emil. I wish every brave Man was rewarded according to his Merit, I'm certain Captain *Bellmein* deserves more than I can give him.

Bell. Don't compliment your Husband, Madam, you don't know half my Deserts yet.

Caref. Brave Boys, brave Boys.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's the Music without come to congratulate your Marriage.

Caref. Bid 'em come in, we'll have a Dance.

[Here a Dance.]

Toper. Well, Gentlemen, I wish you Joy, if there can be any such Thing in a Wife ; but for my Part, it shall always be my Maxim not to part with my Liberty, till I can't help it ; What Bird would be confin'd in a Cage, when it can skip from Tree to Tree ? Colonel, I'll come and take a Bottle with you by and by. *[Exit.]*

Clar. Madam, you deserve our best Thanks for this exemplary Piece of Justice ; and, be assured, you have laid an eternal Obligation on me.

Plot. I am pleas'd that I have done you Service, and henceforth shall devote myself to Virtue, and I hope Heaven will pardon the Follies of my past Life.

Col. *Blest in my Love, I envy no Man's Fate,
Content alone is the true happy State.*

Plot. Virtue, thou shining Jewel of my Sex——
Thou precious Thing, that none knows how to value as they ought, while they enjoy it, but like spendthrift Heirs, when they have wasted all their Store, wou'd give the World they cou'd retrieve their lost Estate : Therefore beware, you happy Maids, how you listen to the deluding Tongues of Men, 'tis only they have Power to betray you.

*Oh happy she, that can securely say
Folly be gone, I have no Mind to Play.
My Fame is Clear, I have not sinn'd to-day.* }





THE
GAMESTER:
A
COMEDY.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Sir Thomas Valere, Father to Valere the Gamester.</i>	}	<i>Mr. Freeman.</i>
<i>Dorante, his Brother, in Love with Angelica.</i>		<i>Mr. Corey.</i>
<i>Young Valere, a Gentleman much in Love with Angelica.</i>	}	<i>Mr. Verbruggen.</i>
<i>Mr. Lovewell, in Love with Lady Wealthy.</i>		<i>Mr. Betterton.</i>
<i>Marquis of Hazard, a supposed French Marquis.</i>	}	<i>Mr. Fieldhouse.</i>
<i>Hector, Valet to Valere.</i>		<i>Mr. Pack.</i>
<i>Mr. Galoon, a Taylor.</i>		<i>Mr. Smeaton.</i>
<i>Count Cogdie,</i>	} <i>Three Gamesters.</i>	<i>Mr. Dickens.</i>
<i>1st Gentleman,</i>		<i>Mr. Weller.</i>
<i>2d Gentleman.</i>		<i>Mr. Knap.</i>
<i>Box Keeper.</i>		<i>Mr. Francis Lee.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Wealthy, a very vain, coquettish Widow, very rich, Sister to Angelica.</i>	}	<i>Mrs. Barry.</i>
<i>Angelica, in Love with Valere.</i>		<i>Mrs. Bracegirdle.</i>
<i>Betty, Woman to the Lady Wealthy.</i>		<i>Mrs. Parsons.</i>
<i>Favourite, Woman to Angelica.</i>		<i>Mrs. Hunt.</i>
<i>Mrs. Security, one that lends Money upon Pawns.</i>	}	<i>Mrs. Wallis.</i>
<i>Mrs. Topknot, a Milliner.</i>		<i>Mrs. Fieldhouse.</i>

T H E



THE
GAMESTER.

ACT I.

The Curtain draws up, and discovers Hector in an Elbow-Chair, just waking, yawning.

Hector.

BLESS me ! 'Tis broad Day-light ; Who the Devil would serve a GAMESTER ! 'Tis a curfed Life, this that I lead. O, my dear Bed, how seldom do I visit thee ! When shall I be lapt in the Fold of thy Embraces, and inore forth my Thanks ? I, that could enjoy thee Four and Twenty Hours together, am grown a perfect Stranger to thy Charms. O ! My precious Master ! Now, Ten to one, will he come Home with an empty Pocket ; and then will he be confoundedly out of Humour ; Then shan't I dare ask him for any Dinner. Thus am I robb'd of the *two* chiefeft Pleasures of my Life, *Eating* and *Sleeping*.

Enter Mrs. Favourite.

Fav. Good-morrow, Monsieur *Hector* : Where is your sweet Master ?

Hect. Asleep.

Fav. I must see him.

10 VOL. I.

Hect.

Hect. My Master sees no body when he's asleep.

Fav. I must speak with him.

Hect. Indeed, sweet Mrs. *Favourite*, but you cannot.

Fav. P'shaw, I tell you I must, and will speak with him.

Hect. With who Child?

Fav. With who? Why with *Valere*.

Hect. Heark'e, would you speak with my Master in *propria Persona*, or with his Picture?

Fav. Leave Fooling, for I come not upon so merry a Message as you imagine.

Hect. Why then, to be serious, my Master is not come in; He's a Man of Business, Child, and neglects his Ease to follow that.

Fav. Yes, yes, I guess the Business; he is at shaking his Elbows over a Table, saying his Prayers backwards, courting the Dice like a Mistress, and cursing them when he is disappointed. Between you and I, *Angelica* knows his Extravagance; and finding he breaks all the Oaths he made against Play, resolves to see him no more.

Hect. If he has lost his Money, this News will break his Heart.

Fav. Tell him, that I say he has deceiv'd more Women than he has played Games at Hazard; and——

Hect. You say—Ay, I find *Dorante*, my Master's Uncle, has given you a retaining Fee: What should she do with that old Fellow?

Fav. Oh! He's a Lover ripe with Discretion.

Hect. Ay, but Women generally love green Fruit best: besides, my Master's handsome.

Fav. He handsome! Behold his Picture just as he'll appear this Morning, with Arms across, down-cast Eyes, no Powder in his Perriwig, a Steenkirk tuck'd in to hide the Dirt, Sword-knot untied, no Gloves, and Hands and Face as dirty as a Tinker. This is the very Figure of your beautiful Master.

Hect. The Jade has hit it.

Fav. And Pocket as empty as a *Capuchin's*.

Hect. Hold, hold, this is Spite, mere Spite and burning Envy.

Fav. Ay, 'tis no Matter for that; I'll take Care he shan't

shan't deceive my Mistress: For she that marries a Gamester that plays upon the Square, as the Fool your Master does, can expect nothing but an Alms-House for a Jointure. Once more I tell you, that *Dorante* has both Reason and *Favourite* of his Side.

Hect. And we have Love on our Side; and Love never fails to conquer Reason: For your Part, you are like the *Swifts*, take any side for Pay.

Fav. Is not *Valere* asham'd, the only Son of such a Family, to leave his Father's House, and sneak up and down in Lodgings.

Hect. You're mistaken, Mrs. *Favourite*; he did not leave his Father's House: But his Father, who is as obstinate as the Devil, and as ill-natur'd as a *Dutchman*, turn'd him out.

Fav. He was a dutiful Child in the mean Time. Well, you may take my Word, he will have small Welcome at our House: I shall let my Lady know he is a Gaming; so sweet Mr. *Hector*, adieu. [Exit.]

Hect. Farewell, Mrs. *Friper*; I am glad I know my Master's Enemy however. Ho! Here he comes.

Enter Valere, in Disorder.

Val. Sirrah, what's a Clock?

Hect. It is—in Troth, Sir, I have been up so long, I have forgot.

Val. Away, I am weary of your Fooleries. My Night Gown, quick, quick. The Devil, the Devil.

Hect. Ah! I find where about he is, he swears between his Teeth.

Val. So hey! What, must I wait all Day? My Gown here! [Valere still walks about, and Hector still following him with the Gown.]

Hect. 'Tis ready, Sir.

Val. What a Dog am I? I know I have no luck, yet can't forbear playing. Oh, Fortune, Fortune! But why do I exclaim against her? I'll be even with her I warrant her, she has made me lose, but I defy her to make me pay, for the Devil a Souf he have I.

Hect. Sir, Sir, please to put on your Gown, Sir.

Val.

Val. Get you to Bed, you Dog, and don't trouble me.

Hect. With all my Heart, Sir. [Exit.
[Valere sits down in the Arm'd-Chair.]

Val. I think I am sleepy. Death! 'Tis impossible to sleep: [*Rises.*] For I can no sooner shut my Eyes, but methinks my evil Genius flings Am's Ace before me. Why, *Hector*, Sirrah; that Rogue sleeps happy: Why, *Hector*.

Hect. Sir—[*From the Bottom of the Stage unbutton'd.*

Val. Sir—you Sot, are you never tir'd with sleeping?

Hect. Tir'd—Why, Sir, I han't had Time to unbutton my Coat yet.

Val. Was any Body here to ask for me?

Hect. Yes, Sir, Here was your Mufic Master, and your Dancing-Master.

Val. Ay, they want their Quarterage, I suppose.

Hect. They'll call again, Sir.

Val. Then I'm not at home, Sir.

Hect. Oh! I know that Sir. But, Sir, here was a kind of a — kind of a shabby-look'd Fellow — He said his Name was *Cogie*: He'll call again too.

Val. I know him not. None else?

Hect. Yes, Sir, a Back-Friend of yours. Sir, may I be so bold as to ask you one Question? Do you love the charming *Angelica*?

Val. Love her! I adore her!

Hect. Ah! That's an ill Sign. Now do I know he has not a Penny in his Pocket. Ah, Sir, your Fob, like a Barometer, shews the Temper of your Heart, as that does the Weather.

Val. Don't you imagine, whatever Passion I have for Play, that I have Power to forget that amiable Creature!

Hect. Ah, Sir, but if that amiable Creature should have banish'd you——

Val. Impossible!

Hect. Talk not of Impossibilities, good Sir, for pert Mrs. *Favourite* is just gone; who, I find, hates you, and swears her Lady has declared for your Uncle. Ah, Sir—what she says is not altogether false; [*Shaking his Head*] for notwithstanding you have sworn heartily to
Angelica

Angelica never to play again, you do throw away a merry Main ; or fee, Sir——

Val. Cease your Impertinence ; I give you Leave to jest upon my Losses, but my Mistress touches my Heart, Sirrah.

Hett. [*Aside.*] Ah ! Love's Fever is always highest when the Cash is at an Ebb. But, Sir, be not cast down, I have heard them say, a new Passion is the only Thing to cure an old one. There's the charming Widow of my Lord *Wealthy*, her Sister, richer than *Angelica*—Ah, Sir ! Had you but made your Addresses there.

Val. There ! she is the only Woman I would avoid. She's a Coquet of the first Rate ; addresses all, and cares for none. How did she tyrannize over my Friend *Love-well* before she married my Lord, tho' he is a Gentleman without Exception ? and now she's playing the same Game over again ; for the good-natur'd Fellow is in Love still.

Hett. Truly, Sir, I believe the *French* Marquis will carry it.

Val. No, he is too much of her Temper. Hark ! Who's there ?

Hett. A Dun, I warrant.

Val. I am not within, Sirrah.

Hett. Oh, Sir ! Your Father.

Val. Ah ! That's worse ; now will he rail as heartily against *Gaming*, as the *Fanaticks* against *Plays*.

Enter Sir Thomas Valere.

Sir Tho. What, what are you up ? This is not a Gamester's Hour ; or have you not been in Bed all Night ? That's most likely.

Hett. [*Aside.*] He's the Devil of a Gueffer. Indeed my Master keeps as early Hours as any Man, I'll say that for him.

Sir Tho. Hold your Tongue, Sirrah, or I shall break your Head ; your Freedom will not pass on me.

Hett. Your most humble Servant, Sir ; I've done, Sir, I've done.

Sir Tho. I am come to make the last Trial of you, Sir. Your Course of Life is so very scandalous, that
unless

unless I see a speedy and sincere Reformation, I have resolv'd to disinherit you ; then try if what has ruin'd you, will maintain you : But, do you hear, quit the Name of your Ancestors, who never yet produc'd such a Profligate. The Estate has not been reserved so long in the Family to be thrown away at Hazard.

Heñ. Short and pithy : We are in a hopeful Way.

[*Aside.*

Val. Sir, I have been revolving in my Mind all my Acts of Folly, and am ashamed that I harbour'd them so long, and now am arm'd with manly Resolutions ; forgive my past Faults, and try my future Conduct.

Sir Tho. If I could believe thee real, my Joys would be compleat.

Heñ. Ah ! I smock the Design ; a little Money is wanting.

[*Aside.*

Val. My cruel Uncle, who never was a Friend to you, now endeavours to supplant me in *Angelica's* Heart ; you know I live but in her.

Sir Tho. I know your Love, and the only Thing I like in you : She's a virtuous Lady, and her Fortune's large ; 'tis base, and most unfit my Brother's Years, to become your Rival.

Heñ. Ah, Sir, if my Master loses her, I dare swear it will break his Heart. In my Conscience, I believe it is Love keeps him awake, and puts Gaming into his Head.

Sir Tho. Well, Son, if you obtain her, I'll forgive your Fault, and pay your Debts once more. .

Val. Sir, I don't doubt it ; but I'm a little out of Money at present.

Heñ. Humph !

Val. Money, Sir, is an Ingredient absolutely necessary in a Lover : A Hundred Guineas would accomplish my Design.

Heñ. As I guess'd.

Sir Tho. At your old Trick again—No, no ; I have been too often cozen'd with your fair Promises.

Val. Try me this Time ; lend me but Fifty.

Sir Tho. No.

Val. Twenty.

Sir

Sir Tho. No.

Val. Ten.

Sir Tho. No.

Hect. Hard-hearted Jew.

[*Aside.*

Val. Five, Sir ; for I can't go without some Money.

Sir Tho. Not a Soufe from me.

Hect. One, Sir ; that we may dine : for I am sure my Master has not a Groat, by his Humility.

Sir Tho. No ; if you are hungry, go fling a merry Main for your Dinner.

Hect. Ah, Sir, I never was so well bred : Besides, I hate trusting to Chance for my Food.

Sir Tho. I admire you have liv'd so long with your Master then. Look ye, *Valere*, get you to *Angelica* ; out with your Uncle, and you shan't want Money. In the mean Time, Sirrah, do you get me a List of his Debts.

Hect. Yes, Sir—There's some Hopes I may come in for my Wages.

[*Aside.*

Val. Sir, I obey you in every Thing—and fly to *Angelica*. Hearkye, Rascal, get me some Money, or I will cut your Ears off. [*Aside to Hector.*] [*Exit.*

Hect. Money ! Mercy on me ; where shall I get it ? Well, I think I am bewitch'd to him.

[*Exit.*

Sir Tho. If I can but reclaim my Child, and match him to *Angelica*, I shall date the happiest Part of my Life from this Moment.

Enter Cogdie.

Cog. Sir, your most humble Servant ; is not your Name *Valere* ?

Sir Tho. It is, Sir.

Cog. I come to offer you my best Service.

Sir Tho. In what, pray Sir ?

Cog. Sir, I am Master of all Sorts of Games, and live by that noble Art. My Name is *Cogdie*, call'd by some Count *Cogdie*.

Sir Tho. He takes me for my Son ? I'll humour it, and hear what the Rogue has to say. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, what then ?

Cog. Hearing of your ill Fortune at Play, I came, out of pure Generosity, to teach you the Management of the Die.

Six

Sir *Tho.* The Management of the Die ; Why, is that to be Taught ?

Cog. O ! Ay, Sir ; to learn to cog a Die nicely, requires as good a *Genius* as the *Study* of the Mathematics. Now, Sir, here is your true Dice, a Man seldom gets any Thing by them : Here is your false, Sir, hey, how they run. Now, Sir, those we generally call Doctors.

Sir *Tho.* The *Consumption* rather. Mercy upon me ! What is our World come to ! [*Aside.*

Cog. Come, throw a Main, Sir, then I'll instruct you how to nick it ; he is very dull. I tell you, Sir, in this Age, 'tis necessary that Children learn to play before they learn to read.

Sir *Tho.* I tell you, Sir, that I am amaz'd the Government never preferr'd you to the Pillory for your wonderful Skill.

Cog. I find his ill Fortune has put him horribly out of Humour : I say again, that learning to play is of more Use, than *Fa, La, Mi, Sol*, or cutting a Caper.

Sir *Tho.* I'll *Fa, La*, Caper, you Dog ; know I am his Father, and hate Gaming, and all such Rascals as you are. But stay, I'll pay you your Wages for the Care you took of my Son.

Cog. Sir, your humble Servant, Sir, not a Penny, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* No, Sir, a Cane.

Cog. Not in the least, Sir : I, I, I, would not give you the Trouble by no Means, Sir. What a Sot was I, to mistake the Father for the Son. [*Exit running.*

Enter Hector running.

Hect. O, Sir ! Undone ! Undone ! Undone !

Sir *Tho.* Undone ! when wert thou otherwise ?

Hect. Ah, Sir, but my Master, my Master—

Sir *Tho.* What of him ? Surely he was given me for a Curfe.

Hect. Ah, Sir ! As my Master was just stepping into *Angelica's* Lodging, so nicely drest ; his Wig, I believe, had a Pound of Hair, and Two Pound of Powder in it ; he look'd so pretty, that had she but seen him, she must have lov'd him, tho' her Heart had been made of Brags : But just as he was stepping in——

Sir

Sir *Tho.* She ordered her Footman to shut the Door upon him, I suppose, hearing of his continued Extravagance.

Hect. No, no, Sir, worse than that; a slovenly filthy Fellow whipt his Sword from his Side, whilst another, as bluff as a Midnight Constable, flapt him on the Back with an Action of Forty Pounds.

Sir *Tho.* Ha! And did *Angelica* see it?

Hect. No, no, Sir, we being cunning, wheedled 'em to the Tavern; and 'tis but giving 'em a lusty Bottle, Sir, and I warrant we get it off for ten Guineas.

Sir *Tho.* How's this, an Action of Forty Pounds got off for Ten Guineas? I suspect a Trick—Come, shew me the Way to this Tavern.

Hect. What shall I do now? Sir, I, I, I came in such Hast that I never thought to look up at the Sign.

Sir *Tho.* Then you are likely to carry the Money, Sirrah; Sirrah, this Sham won't take; the next Time, Rascal, lay your Lies closer, Rogue. [*Slaps him.*] [*Exit.*]

Hect. Ah *Hector, Hector!* Thou art no good Plotter. Well, I draw this Comfort from it, however, I shall never dread the Gallows for Plotting.

Enter Valere.

Val. Well, I have over-heard all; I thought what your Projects would come to.

Hect. Why, Sir, the wisest Men sometimes fail; and you must own, that I study as hard as a starving Poet for your Interest: But if my Plots, like their Poetry, miscarry, 'tis no Fault of mine.

Val. You'll still be witty out of Season; but pr'ythee what's to be done now?

Hect. Oh, Sir! Yonder goes Mrs. *Security*, who lent you once a Hundred Guineas upon your Diamond Ring that you lost at Play.

Val. I remember I gave her Fifty for the Use of it: But, however, call her in this Extremity, and bring up a Bottle of Sack with you. [*Exit Hector.*] Now for the Art of Persuasion to squeeze this old Sponge of fifty Guineas, that may make me Master of a thousand before Night.

Enter

Enter Hector and Mrs. Security.

Val. Mrs. *Security*, good morrow.

Mrs. Sec. Mr. *Valere*, your very humble Servant.

Val. A Chair there, quickly. Mrs. *Security*, let us renew our old Acquaintance, and cement it with a Glaſs of Sack.

Mrs. Sec. Oh, dear Mr. *Valere*! I never drink in a Morning.

Val. What, not a Glaſs of Sack? Come, *Hector*, fill. My Service to you.

Mrs. Sec. Pray, young Man, give me but a little.

Val. Fill it up, I ſay.

Mrs. Sec. Oh! dear Sir! Your Health. [*Drinks half.*]

Val. What, my Health by Halves? I'll not bait you a Drop.

Mrs. Sec. Well, I profels it will be too ſtrong for me.

Val. Hector, does not Mrs. *Security* look very handſome?

Hect. Truly Sir, I think ſhe grows younger and younger.

Mrs. Sec. Away, you make me bluſh,

Hect. Ah! She'll have another Huſband, I ſee by thoſe Roguiſh Eyes.

Mrs. Sec. Fie, fie, Mr. *Hector*; theſe Eyes have done nothing but wept ſince my good Huſband, *Zekiel Security*, died; and the more becauſe he died ſuddenly. [*Weeps.*]

Hect. Suddenly! Good lack! Good lack! It e'en makes me weep to think on't.

Mrs. Sec. He died in his Vocation juſt ſealing a Bond.

Val. Ah! Would thou wert with him, ſo I had a little of thy Money. [*Aſide.*] *Hector*, fill t'other Glaſs to Mrs. *Security* to waſh away Sorrow.

Mrs. Sec. O, dear Sir, I thank you for your Civility; and you ſhall find me always ready to ſerve you.

Val. I do believe you Mrs. *Security*, and have Occaſion to try your Kindneſs.

Hect. Ay, my Maſter pitch'd upon you.

Sec.

Sec. He knows he may command me.

Val. I would borrow fifty Guineas, Mrs. *Security*, which shall be repaid—

Sec. I don't doubt it, Sir, in the least; for you know my Way—A Pledge—If it be not quite double the Value, I won't stand with a Friend: and it shall be as safe as my Eyes, that I assure you.

Val. Humph!

Hect. Ah, Duce on't, here's the Sack lost.

Sec. You had your Ring again, Mr. *Valere*: And I hope you don't mistrust me now.

Val. Mistrust you? No, no, Madam. *Hector*, fetch Mrs. *Security* a pledge.

Hect. A Pledge, Sir? Bless me! What does he mean now? A Pen and Ink, Sir?

Val. Ay, ay, Mrs. *Security* shall have my Note.

Hect. As good as any Pledge in *England*.

Sec. It may be so—But I promised good *Zekiel* to be wary of the Money he left me: Yea, and I will be very wary.

Hect. And very wicked—

Val. Refuse my Note! I scorn your Money.

Hect. I'd have you to know, my Master's Note is as good as a Banker's—sometimes, when the Dice run well.

[*Aside.*]

Sec. Nay, if you are angry for my fair Dealing, good morrow to you.

Hect. O, Impudence! She calls *Cent. per Cent.* fair Dealing—Go thy Ways, but take my Curse along with thee. May some Town-Sharper persuade that sanctify'd Face into Matrimony, and in one Night empty all thy Bags at Hazard.

Sec. Your Wishes hurt not me, ill-manner'd Fellow. I'd have you to know, if I would marry again, I could have a—

Val. Nay, nay, Mistress, if we must have none of your Money, let's have none of your Impertinence.

Hect. Be gone, be gone, Woman, be gone.

[*Pushes her off.*]

Val. Oh! Deep Reflection—would I could avoid thee: To become the Scoff of mercenary Wretches—And thro' my

my own Mismanagement, reduc'd to base Necessity.
Oh, *Angelica*! I'll cast a real Penitent beneath thy Feet.

*And if once more thy Pardon I obtain,
Love in my Heart shall the sole Monarch reign.*

The End of the FIRST ACT.



ACT II.

Enter Angelica and Favourite.

Ang. AFTER all his solemn Promises to quit that scandalous Vice, when he can hold my Love upon no other Terms, does he still pursue that certain Ruin to his Fame and Fortune? But I resolve to banish him my Heart, which he has justly lost by his perfidious Dealing. I feel, I feel my Liberty return; and I charge thee, *Favourite*, speak of him no more.

Fav. No, no, Madam, fear not me; I hate him for your Sake, Madam: Was he like his Uncle; there's the Man for my Money.

Ang. Because you have a large Share of his, I suppose: Old Men must bribe high. Name neither to me, I hate Mankind. [Exit Favourite.]

Enter Lady Wealthy.

L. Weal. Well said, Sister; I hate Mankind too, and yet the Fellows will follow me; but who is the man that has put you out of Conceit with the whole Sex? *Valere*?

Ang. The same; no other had ever Power to shock my Quiet—Nor shall he; for this Moment I'll 'raze him from my Thoughts.

L. Weal. If she holds her Resolution, I am happy. [*Aside.*] That Task may prove more difficult than you imagine, Sister. Come, come, this is a Flight of sudden Passion, that would fall upon the Sight of *Valere*.

Ang.

Ang. You mistake, Sister, my resentment is grounded upon Reason.

L. Weal. I know he has given you Cause enough : But Love is blind ; had a Man used me so, I should have suspected his Reality sooner.

Ang. Why, do you think he loves me not ?

L. Weal. It looks with such a Face—

Ang. Why then did he take pains to be reconcil'd ?

L. Weal. Gallantry, mere Gallantry ; and she that cannot distinguish, often mistakes it for a real Amour. Ah, *Angelica* ! You are but a Novice yet, and don't understand the Beau-Monde. A Woman should always speak more than she thinks, and think more than she writes, or she'll ne'er be upon the Square with Men.

Ang. I shall neither write nor speak to any of 'em for the future, I assure you.

L. Weal. And do you positively think you could resist *Valere*, if he should come in this Minute ?

Ang. I do, positively.

L. Weal. What, in his most moving Air ? For you know he is Master of a false insinuating Tongue : Should he, I say, throw himself at your Feet in a Tone of Tragedy ; cry, Forgive me, *Angelica*, or kill me if you please ; I'll not oppose the Blow, nor strive to save my Life by one poor Word—I love you, and only you : Does not your Soul tell you so in my Behalf ? Will you not answer me ? Then, rising from his Knees, Will then, says he, Nothing but my Death wipe out my Fault ? Give it me then, cruel Fair ; for now to live is Pain. If I have lost you, I have lost all that's worth my Care. Then offers to draw his Sword ; at Sight of which you are melted into Pity, and once again betray'd. Is not this true, *Angelica* ? Ha, ha, ha.

Ang. I confess I have too often been deceiv'd—but now he shall find I am upon my Guard—and were he the only one remaining of his Sex, I would not—if I know my Heart—marry him.

L. Weal. I'm pleas'd to hear your Resolution ; and doubly pleas'd to find you Mistress of your Passion—'Tis a Point of Wisdom to cashier such Follies as blind our Sense, and make our Judgment err.

H

Ang.

Ang. 'Tis very true.

L. Weal. Believe me Sister—I had rather see you married to Age, Avarice, or a Fool—than to *Valere*,—for can there be a greater Misfortune than to marry a Gamester?

Ang. I know 'tis the high Road to Beggary.

L. Weal. And your Fortune being all ready Money will be thrown off with Expedition—Were it as mine is indeed—But are you sure your Heart is disengaged?

Ang. Why, do you doubt it?

L. Weal. I have a Reason, Sister, that when you have satisfy'd me you shall know.

Ang. Then be satisfy'd—I will never see him more—Now the Secret.

L. Weal. Why, then know I love him.

Ang. How! You!

L. Weal. Yes, I; where's the Wonder?

Ang. You that advis'd against the Gamester.

L. Weal. That was for your Good, Sister——Our Circumstances are different—My Estate's intail'd enough to supply his Riots, and why should I not bestow it upon the Man I like?

Ang. What in that Mourning Weed resolv'd on Matrimony, and is your Lord forgot already—Did I take such Pains in rubbing your Temples, whilst *Favourite* apply'd the Harts-horn to your Nose, when the fainting Fits came thicker and thicker, and was it all but Affection—And does your dead Husband's Picture, that dangles at your Watch there, serve only to put you in Mind of another?

L. Weal. And where's the Crime—I lov'd him living as much as any Wife, or rather more; and did what Decency required when he died—But being free, I'm free to chuse.

Ang. Then who so fit as *Lovewell* for your Choice, whose honourable Love has long pursu'd you.

L. Weal. You are not to direct my Inclination.

Ang. Nor you mine—*Favourite*, [*Enter Favourite*,] if *Valere* comes, I will see him—That Good you have done, Sister.

Fav.

Fav. See him, Madam !

Ang. Yes, Impertinence.

} *Exeunt Ang. and Fav.*

L. Weal. Ay, see him if thou wilt, but to little Purpose—I doubt not his Return, when once he finds Encouragement, 'tis his Awe has kept him silent, not that I care much for him neither ; but it is the greatest Mortification in Nature to see a handsome Fellow make Love to another before one's Face. [*Enter Footman.*

Footm. Madam, the Marquis of Hazard to wait on your Honour.

L. Weal. Pugh, that Fool.

[*Enter Marquis.*

Marq. Hey, let my three Footmen wait with my Chair there—the Rascals have come such a high Trot—they've jolted me worse than a Hackney Coach——and I'm in as much Disorder—as if I had not been drest'd to Day—Pardon me, Madam, I took the Liberty to adjust myself, e'er I approach'd you.

L. Weal. You are the exact Mode of Drefs—but Monsieur *Marquiss*, methinks you are grown perfect in our Tongue.

Marq. The Value I have for the *English* Ladies, made me take particular Pains in the Study——Duce on't, I shall be discover'd, if I forget my *French* Tone—*Ah, Madam, Vous parlez Francois mieux que je parle l'Anglois.*

L. Weal. Ah, *Point de tout Monsieur.*

Marq. But there's no Language like the *Eyes*, Madam—and *Yours* would set the World on Fire.

L. Weal. O, Gallant.

Marquis sings to the Widow.

*In vain You sable Weeds put on,
Clouds cannot long eclipse the Sun ;
Nature has plac'd you in a Sphere,
To give us Day-light all the Year ;
'Tis well for those
Of Cupid's Foes,
That your Beauties thus shrouded lie ;
For when that Night
Puts on the Light,
What Crouds of martyr'd Slaves will die !*

SINGS to the *Gamester*, when he has won Money.

FAIR Celia, *she is nice and coy,*
While she hold the lucky Lure ;
Her Repartees are Pish and Fie,
And you in vain pursue her.

Stay but till her Hand is out,
And she become your Debtor,
Address her then, and without Doubt,
You'll speed a great deal better.

It is the only Way
When she has lost at Play,
To purchase the courted Favour,
Forgive her the Score,
And offer her more,
I'll lay my Life you have her.

Marq. I had like to have fought last Night, for Asserting your Prerogative of Beauty.

L. Weal. With whom pray?

Marq. With *Valere*, whose continual Toast was your Sister: I must confess it has given me a passionate Desire of seeing her, that I may hereafter with greater Assurance maintain your Cause.

L. Weal. What would the Fellow have me introduce him—My Cause don't want your Sword.

Marq. She's jealous already; if my Footmen observe my Orders, she'll secure me here for Fear of losing the Prize. [*Aside.*

L. Weal. This Fool's doubly my Aversion——now he has nam'd my Sister. Would I were rid of him.

Marq. Has your Ladyship play'd at Court this Winter?

L. Weal. In my Weeds?

Marq. I ask your Pardon, Madam, but that Beauty and Gaiety nothing can eclipse. Who can look on you, and mind your Drefs?

L. Weal. That's well enough exprest—But nothing that he says can please me now.

Enter

Enter Footman, and gives a Letter.

Footm. A Footman in Green, Monsieur, waits for an Answer. *[Exit Footman.]*

Marq. Is this a Time? Let him wait at the Chocolate-House at *St. James's* an Hour hence—Oh, Madam, did you know how I languish for you!

L. Weal. When did I give you Leave to make a Declaration of your Love—Monsieur—pray, read your Letter, and give the Lady an Answer.

Marq. I confess it comes from a Lady—but if—

Enter another Footman.

Footm. My Lady *Gamewell* has sent three Times for you, and will not begin to play till you come.

Marq. *Allez Vous en Coquin*—Let her stay.

[Exit Footman.]

L. Weal. Infolence! what does the Fellow mean?

Marq. 'Tis the greatest Fatigue in Nature to hold a Correspondence with Impertinence—but your Ladyship is the Reverse of—

Enter another Footman.

Foot. Sir, the Lady *Amorous* begs the Honour of your Company this Minute; Sir *Credulous* is just gone out of Town.

Marq. *Le diable l'emporte*—out of my Sight—Am I not engag'd!

L. Weal. Engag'd! Upon my Word you are not—What House is the Place you appoint to receive your Assignations in—

Marq. No, upon my Honour, Madam—but I presume they have searched the whole Town—and seeing my Equipage at your Door, were so audacious to send in their Message—but I'll turn away my Footmen for this Embarrassment.

L. Weal. Pray, let not my House be distinguish'd by you, nor your Equipage for the future—I am not to be us'd so, (*angrily.*) Now for a set and grave Face to put me more out of Humour, if possible—

Enter Lovewell.

Love. You seem in Disorder, Madam——

L. Weal. Who can be otherwise, when People take Liberty beyond the Bounds of good Manners,——

Love. Who dares in my Lady *Wealthy's* House?

[Looking angrily at the Marquis.]

Marq. Upon my Soul, Sir, she takes it quite wrong——Or she's——confoundedly jealous.

Love. Sir, I am positive that Lady cannot be in the wrong; and read it in her Looks, your Absence wou'd please her——

Marq. Sir——

Love. No Words here, Sir——if you wou'd dispute it, I'll meet you when and where you please——

Marq. Your most humble Servant—— *[In a low Voice.]* You shall hear from me——Hey, hey, who's there?——My Servants——Madam, as your Ladyship said, I'm not to be us'd thus—— *[Exit.]*

L. Weal. Monsieur——He's gone, I wou'd not lose the Fop neither——

Love. Gone, Madam! so you would have him, I suppose.

L. Weal. You suppose! how dare you suppose my Thoughts——and who gave you this Privilege in my House? Shortly I shall be wish'd Joy; for this is a Privilege above a depending Lover.

Love. I plead no Merit; and my long successful Love assures me I have no Power——but I understood——

L. Weal. You understood! Ay, you always understand wrong, Mr. *Lovewell*.

Love. I do confess I wander in the Mazes——and still pursue a Brightness which I cannot fix——To please you has been my long and only Study; witness the many Years of awful Servitude I paid your Virgin-beauty, and the Pains I felt when I beheld you wedded to another: I could not bear the Sight, but in a cruel Banishment pass'd my unlucky Hours, till Fate in pity set you free, but all in vain, for still my Portion is Despair.

L. Weal. Nay, if you are running into that grave Stuff

Stuff—I must leave you, tho' in my own House—for I have got the Spleen intolerably, and cannot endure it.

Love. No, Madam, I'll retire—I, love too much to disobey—Only when you reflect on your admiring Slaves, think on my Fidelity. *[Exit.]*

L. Weal. Thou art a poor constant Fool, that's the Truth on't—and thou hast Merit too, I'll say that for thee—but we Women don't always mind that—Here comes the present Ascendant of my Heart—

Enter Valere.

Val. Ha, the Widow here—now could I make her my Friend? Now for a serious Face—and an Heroic Stile—Madam—

L. Weal. —Sir—

Val. My Stars shed their kindest Influence to Day, and blest me with the Opportunity of finding you alone—Pity is essential to the Fair, and ought to be extended to those that sink beneath the Rigour of their Chains—

L. Weal. 'Tis the Diversion of your Sex to complain; I believe Mr. *Valere* finds few barbarous in ours—

Val. None more unfortunate in Love than I, and tho' my Heart is breaking, I'm forbid to tell my Pain.

L. Weal. I hope 'tis to my wish—It may be me he means, else why this Address—She must be very cruel, that lets you sigh without Return—Is it in my Power to assist you—

Val. Oh, Madam, All, All's in your Power—You rule my Fate—

L. Weal. Then you shall be happy—'tis so—

Val. On my Knees let me receive the Confirmation of your Promise—and seal it here—

[Kneels and kisses her Hand.]

Enter Angelica.

Ang. Ha! kneeling to my Sister, faithless Man—

Val. There, Madam, there's the angry Brow, that darts Distraction to my Peace: Your Aid to clear that Storm is what I su'd for—

L. Weal. Insufferable ill Breeding—

Val. Oh, *Angelica!* I cast me at your Feet.

Ang. No, back to my Sister's, there I found you.

Val. Only to intercede to you—

L. Weal. False, by my Honour, he was making violent Love—I'll tease her however.

Val. Making Love; what does she mean?

Ang. And you receiv'd it, I suppose.

L. Weal. You interrupted me, e'er I could give my Answer—

Val. Why, Madam, my Design you know.

L. Weal. Yes, yes, Mr. *Valere*, I know your Design—I have not had so many fighting, Dying Lovers, but I can guess the Design—

Val. But mine was—

L. Weal. Oh, fie, don't declare it here—You know my Sister has a Passion for you—and I would not tyrannize—

Ang. 'Tis not in your Power—

Val. Oh, the Devil—Madam, I own 'tis an Offence to a Lady of your Beauty and Merit, to make a Declaration of Love.

L. Weal. Not at all, Sir,—when one likes the Person—I'll—consider on't—but, hark'ee, do not deceive my Sister too far, it may be dangerous.

Ang. 'Tis not in your Power—or his, to deceive me; I see thro' your shallow Artifices, and despise it.

L. Weal. Those that rely upon their own Judgment are soonest caught. Sister—Remember, I have given you fair Warning—

[*Exit.*

Val. I'm in amaze—

Ang. You need not—I know my Sister's Design—but that's not my Quarrel to you—Quarrel did I say? No, I am grown to a perfect State of Indifference—Quarrels may be reconciled—but a Man that basely breaks his Word, and forfeits Faith and Honour, is not worth our Anger, but deserves to be despis'd.

Val. I do confess I am a Wretch below your Scorn: I own my Faults and have no refuge but your Mercy.

Fav. In the old Strain again—

[*Aside.*

Val. If you abandon me, I'm lost for ever—for you, and only you, are Mistress of my Fate.

Ang.

Ang. Your daily Actions contradict your Words—and shews I have no such Power in your Heart—Did you not promise, nay, swear you'd never game again—

Val. I did, and for the perjur'd Crime merit your endless Hate, but you, in pity, may forgive me—
Oh, *Angelica*, see at your Feet an humble Penitent kneel, who, if not by your Goodness rais'd—will grow for ever to his native Soil.

Ang. You would be pardon'd only to offend again.

Val. Never, never—Here on this beauteous Hand I swear, whose Touch runs thrilling thro' my Heart—and by those lovely Eyes that dart their Fire into my Soul, never to disoblige you more.

Fav. That Oath hath done the Business, I see by her Looks. [*Aside.*]

Ang. Rise, *Valere*—I differ from my Sex in this, I would not change where once I've given my Heart, if possible—therefore resolve to make this last Trial—banish your Play for Love, and rest secur'd of mine.

Val. Oh, Transport! let me kiss those soft forgiving Lips, the Memory of whose Sweetness shall arm me against Temptation.

Fav. So—now my old Man may go hang himself. [*Aside.*]

Val. Could you but know the anxious Pains I felt, the jealous racking Cares that prey'd upon my Soul—when I heard my Uncle was allow'd to tell his Suit—you'd then have found how dear *Valere* had priz'd you.

Ang. What I did was to revenge your Falseness—though Love's my Witness, *Dorante's* my Aversion—and let this Present shew who 'tis that reigns triumphant in my Heart.

Val. Your Picture! Oh, give it me, that in the Absence of the dear Original—I may feast my Eyes on that.

Ang. But mark, *Valere*, the Injunction I shall lay; whilst you keep safe this Picture, my Heart is yours—but if thro' Avarice, Carelessness, or Falseness, you ever part with it, you lose me from that Moment.

[*Gives him the Picture.*]

Val. I agree; and when I do, [*Kissing it.*] except to
H 5 yourself,

yourself, may all the Curses ranked with your Disdain, pursue me——This, when I look on't, will correct my Folly, and strike a sacred Awe upon my Actions—

Fav. 'Tis worth two hundred Pounds, a good Moveable when Cash runs low. [*Aside.*]

Ang. Well, I am convinc'd, let a Woman make what Resolutions she will, when alone——the Sight of her Lover will break 'em.

Fav. Madam, Mr. *Dorante* is coming up.

Ang. I'll not be seen, Adieu. [*Exit.*]

Val. My charming Love, adieu——Take Care to welcome your Benefactor, Mrs. *Favourite*; he's a Lover ripe with Discretion, Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Dorante.

Your Servant, Uncle, Ha, ha, ha——

[*Holds up the Picture to his Nose.*] *Exit.*

Dor. This young Rake's Presence bodes me no Good, I fear. Mrs. *Favourite*, your Servant——Is your Lady to be spoke with?

Fav. I doubt not, Sir.——I don't know what she is——I'm sure I'm almost wild; our Business is all spoil'd——*Valere* is reconcil'd again.

Dor. Ah, that insinuating young Dog.

Fav. She has just now given him her Picture set round with Diamonds.

Dor. I thought, indeed, something sparkled in my Eyes——But what's to be done?

Fav. I know not——He has promis'd her to play no more; if he keeps his Word we have no Hopes; but if he breaks it, as I doubt not but he will, Pride and Revenge may work her to our Ends——You may be certain, Sir, I'll let slip no Opportunity to serve you.

Dor. I do believe it——and to encourage you to believe me grateful——accept of this Ring.

Fav. Oh, dear Sir, you are too generous,——I don't merit it——Pray excuse me——

Dor. Nay, I will not be deny'd.

Fav. Well, Sir, since you will have it so——I'll not fail to move your Suit——I'll do my best Endeavours, I'll assure you: Write, Sir, write, and I'll deliver the Letter——then let me alone to back it.

Dor.

Dor. You must urge the Largeness of my Fortune—the Steadiness of my Temper; and withal tell her I am not above Two and Forty—I was grey at Thirty.

Fav. I warrant you, Sir——Be sure you exclaim against your Nephew's Gaming.

Dor. Ay, ay, I'll go write it this Moment——and send it presently.

Fav. I'll be in the Way to receive it. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE changes to Sir Thomas Valere's House.

Enter Sir Thomas and Hector, with Papers.

Hect. Sir, I have brought you a compleat Account of the Debts of my Master—I think I have not forgot one Farthing; for, if I mistake not, you desired to know 'em all, Sir——

Sir Tho. Ay, ay, come read 'em over.

Hect. That I will, Sir, in two Words——A true List of the Debts of Mr. *James Valere*, which was by him contracted within the City of *London*, and Liberty of *Westminster*, which his Father, *Sir Thomas Valere*, has promised to discharge.

Sir Tho. If I discharge them or not, is not your Business——Go on——

Hect. 'Tis my Design, Sir. In the first Place then——*Item*, Due to *Richard Scrape*, Fifty-five Pounds, Nine Shillings and Ten-pence Half-penny——for Five Years Wages——and Money disbursed for Necessaries.

Sir Tho. *Richard Scrape*, who's he?

Hect. Your most humble Servant, Sir. [*Bows.*]

Sir Tho. You, why is not your name *Hector*?

Hect. Ay, Sir, that is my Name *de Novo*——My Master thought *Richard* sounded too clumsy for a Gentleman's Valet, and a Gamester——So, Sir, he gave me the Name of *Hector* from the Knave of *Diamonds*.

Sir Tho. A very pretty Name——I admire he don't call his Mistress *Pallas* from the Queen of *Spades*——But how came you so rich, Sirrah, to be able to lend your Master Money?

Hect. Why when the Dice has run well, my Master would now and then tip me a Guinea, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* And so you supply'd him when he wanted, with his own Money : Oh, Extravagance !

Hect. 'Tis what many an honest Gentleman is drove to sometimes, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* More Shame for 'em—Go on——

Hect. Secondly, Sir, here is due to *Jeremy Aaron*, Ufurer by Profession, and Jew by Religion.

Sir *Tho.* Never trouble yourself about that, I shall pay no Ufurer's Debts, I assure you.

Hect. Then, Sir, here's two hundred Guineas lost to my Lord *Lovegame*, upon Honour.

Sir *Tho.* That's another Debt I shall not pay.

Hect. How, not pay it, Sir,—Why, Sir, among Gentlemen, that Debt is looked upon the most just of any : You may cheat Widows, Orphans, Tradefmen, without a Blush—but a Debt of Honour, Sir, must be paid—I could name you some Noblemen that pay no Body—yet a Debt of Honour, Sir, is as sure as their ready Money.

Sir *Tho.* He that makes no Conscience of wronging the Man——Whose Goods have been delivered for his Use, can have no Pretence to Honour——what-ever Title he may Wear—But to the next.

Hect. Here is the Taylor's Bill——the Milliner's, Hosier's, Shoemaker's, Tavern, and Eating-house, in all 300*l.*

Sir *Tho.* A fine Sum, truly.

Hect. Ah, Sir, I have not named the Barber, Perriwig-maker and Perfumer, which is a 100*l.* more——Besides, he is in Arrears to Mademoiselle *Margaret de la Plant*, lately arrived from *France*, with whom he covenanted for four Guineas a week.

Sir *Tho.* For four Guineas a Week, for what ?

Hect. Oh, Sir, pardon me there, I never betray the Secrets of my Master.

Sir *Tho.* Four Guineas a Week !

Hect. Ay, Sir, and very cheap, considering he made his Bargain in the Winter—and truly I don't know but the Woman lost by it.

Sir *Tho.* You don't——Take that, Sirrah——You shan't lose by it, however—Go, Rascal, pay your Whores and Debts of Honour out of that.

Hect.

Hect. Ay, Sir, they'll never take this Money of me ; if you please, Sir, I'll send 'em to your Levee, and you may pay 'em yourself.

Sir Tho. Sirrah, I shall break your Head——Go get you to the Rake your Master ; play, hang, or starve together, I care not——Debts, with a Pox ; *Gaming, Drinking, Wenching*, rare Debts to bring into a Court of *Chancery*——You, O Lud, O Lud, O Lud——Bring me such a Bill of Debts, Rogue : Mercy on me, that there can be such Impudence in the World——O, I have much ado to forbear thee——Me such a Bill of Debts——[*Exit.*

Hect. So, our Affairs go backwards, I find. Honest *Richard*, Patience, I say ; go seek thy Master out.

*Fortune may change, and give a lucky Main ;
And what undid us, set us up again.*



ACT III.

Hector, solus.

Hect. **W**Here can my Master be now——I should suspect he were at Play——but that I know he has no Money——Sure this old Dad of his will open his Purse-Strings once more, if he's reconciled to *Angelica* : I long to know what Success he meets with.——O here he comes——

*[Enter Valere with his Hat under his Arm,
full of Money, he counting it——]*

I waited on your Father, according to Order, Sir, with a List of your Debts——and the generous old Gentleman——I thank him, gave me more than I expected——Hey-day, he minds me not——Ah, I doubt we are all untwisted——No hopes of *Angelica*——

Val. Five hundred fifty-seven Guineas and a half.

Hect. Ha ! What do I see ! The Plate Fleet's arriv'd——By what Miracle fell these Galleons into our Power——I hope, Sir, since Fortune has been so kind——

Val.

Val. A Curse of ill Luck—[*Stamps*] Had I but held in the last Hand, I should have had 300 Guineas more of my Lord Duke's—besides what I betted.

[*Walks about.*]

Hect. I am overjoy'd, Sir, at your good Fortune—But as I was saying, Sir—

Val. But hold, my Lord *Lovegame* owes me 200 upon Honour: 'Tis pretty well—I have not made an ill Morning's Work on't.

Hect. There's no speaking to him—

Val. There's no Music like the Chink of Gold!—By *Jove* this Sound is sweeter in my Ear—than all the *Margaretta's* in *Europe*——Ha! *Hector*, where come you from Sirrah?

Hect. Came, Sir—Why I was here before you—But Fortune's golden Mist conceal'd me from your Sight—Sir, I congratulate your good Success—but how!

Val. Ay, 'tis Success, indeed, if thou knew'st all—Honest *Jack Sharper* lent me *Five* Guineas, to pay him *Ten* if Luck run on my Side. I have discharg'd my Promise and brought off a *Thousand* clear.

Hect. Huzza—Why you're a made Man!

Val. And we meet again at *Five*, where I design to win a *Thousand* more, Boy.

Hect. Ay, but if you should lose all back, Sir.

Val. Impossible. This is a lucky Day—*Angelica* and I are reconcil'd—my Faults forgiven, and all my Wishes crown'd, *Hector*.

[*Shewing the Picture.*]

Hect. Bless my Eye-sight—A Picture set with Diamonds—Nay then, *Hector*, cheer up—for now the bad Times will mend. [*Sings.*] Why now a Fig for your Father's Kindness; you are able to pay your Debts yourself, Sir—

Val. A Pox on thee for naming 'em—Thou hast given me the Spleen—Pay my Debts, quotha—The bare Word is enough to turn all my Luck.

Hect. Say you so, Sir! Is paying Debts unlucky then?

Val. Ay, certainly; the most unlucky Thing in the World.

Hect. Humph—I now find the Reason why *Quality* hate to pay their Debts—A duce on't, I wish I had known

known as much this morning, I would not have paid the Cobbler for heel-piecing my Shoes——For aught I know it may be a Guinea out of my Way ; for my Master does not use to be so flow——Sir, now you are in Stock, Sir, if you please to put Wages into my Hands——it shall be very safe in Bank against you want it.

Val. The Devil's in the Fellow—Speak one Word more of paying Debts, Sirrah——and I'll cut your Ears off——I shall have no occasion to borrow—and my Father will pay your Debt among the rest—

Hect. He won't pay a Soufe, Sir——He broke my Head at the very Sight of the List——

Val. Ay that was in his Passion—There's a Plaister for that Wound—— [*Gives him a Guinea.*]

Hect. Sir, your most humble Servant—I find we middling People are out of the Quality's Latitude——Paying Debts are only unlucky to Gentlemen——Sir, pray, Sir, give me Leave to offer one Thing to your serious Consideration.

Val. I bar Debts.——

Hect. Not a Word of that, Sir.

Val. Out with it then.

Hect. That you'd lay by 500*l.* of that Money against a Rainy Day,

Val. But suppose I should have more set me than I can answer.

Hect. 'Tis but sending for it at worst, Sir.

Val. So baulk my Hand in the mean Time—and lose the winning of a Thousand——No, no ; there's nothing like ready Money to nick Fortune.

Hect. Ah, Sir, but you know she has often jilted you ; and would it not be better to have a little Pocket-money secure—Put by 200 Sir.

Val. Well I'll consider on't——Ha ! see who knocks.

Hect. A Dun, I warrant.

Val. I have not a Farthing of Money, remember that, Sirrah—— [*Puts up his Money hastily.*]

Hect. Lying is a thriving Vocation.

Enter

Enter Galloon, a Taylor, and Mrs. Topknot, a Milliner.

Val. Ha ! Good-morrow to you——Good-morrow to you *Mrs. Topknot* : *Mrs. Topknot*, you are a great Stranger ; why don't you call and see me sometimes ?

Mrs. Topk. Indeed, Sir, I call very often—tho' I have not had the good Fortune to see you—for you was still asleep, or gone abroad.

Val. I am sorry it fell out so. Well, have you brought your Bill ?

Mrs. Topk. Yes, Sir. [*Gives him her Bill.*] I hope you lik'd your last Linen, Sir.

Val. Very well.

Gal. Sir, I beg the Favour of you—

Hect. I must not let two fasten upon him at once—*Mr. Galloon*, a Word with you—You always make my Cloaths, too little for me.

Gal. I am sorry for that.

Hect. My Breeches are Seam-rent in three or four Places.

Gal. I'll take care——

Hect. You few most abominably flight.

Mrs. Topk. We are about marrying our Daughter.

Val. I hope you have provided a good Match ; for she is very handsome, Faith.

Mrs. Topk. The Girl is not despiseable—The Man is very well to pass in the World ; but the small Fortune we design for her, must be paid down upon the Nail—Therefore, Sir, I entreat you to help me to my Money, if possible.

Val. If it was possible, I would, *Mrs. Topknot* ; and am heartily sorry that it is not in my Power.

Mrs. Topk. It is a Debt of a long standing, *Mr. Valere* ; and I must not be said nay.

Val. I know it is ; but upon Honour, I can't pay you now.

Mrs. Topk. Let me have some, if you can't pay me all——Ten Guineas at present would do me singular Service.

Val. May I sink if I have seen Five these Six Months.

Hect. That he has not, to my Knowledge.

Gal.

Gal. Pray, Sir, consider me, if it be never so small ; my Wife is ready to lie in, and Coals are very dear, and Journey-men's Wages must be paid.

Hect. Why, the Devil's in the Fellow ! Would you have a Man pay what he has not ?—What Business had you to get Children, without you had Cabbage enough to maintain 'em ?

Val. Hector—No Invention ? [*Aside to Hector.*]

Gal. When will you be pleas'd that I shall call again, Sir.

Val. When you please.

Gal. I'll call To-morrow, Sir.

Val. With all my Heart.

Gal. Do you think, Sir, you can let me have some, if I come ?

Val. Not that I know of.

Hect. No, nor I neither—Hark ye, when he has Money, I'll bring you Word.

Mrs. Topk. Don't tell me ; I won't go out of the House without Money.

Val. With all my Heart—*Hector* ! No Stratagem to fave me from these Leaches ? [*Aside to Hector.*]

Hect. Then you must e'en lie with my Master or me ; for here are no spare Beds—Let me advise you to make no Noise ; you'll have your Money sooner than you think for—Your Ear— [*Whispers.*]

Mrs. Topk. To be married say you ?

Gal. And to Madam *Angelica*, the great Fortune ?

Hect. The same.

Mrs. Topk. I wish you Joy, Sir—Pray recommend me to your Lady, for Gloves, Fans, and Ribbons.

Gal. I hope, Sir, I shall have the Honour to make your Wedding Suit.

Val. That you shall, I promise you.—The Rogue has hit on't. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Topk. But will this Match be speedy, Sir ?

Val. I hope so.

Gal. To-morrow, Sir ?

Hect. Or next Day—but we must intreat your Absence at present—for my Master expects his Father with the Lady's Trustees, in order to settle the Affair—and if you are seen it may spoil the Business.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Topk.* Well, well, well, I go, I go— [*Runs a little Way and turns.*] You'll put your Master in mind of me?

Hect. Ay, ay.

Gal. And me too pray.

Hect. I'll do your Business, I'll warrant you : Go, go, go, — begone, begone, begone, — [*Pushes 'em out.*] — There Sir, I have brought you off once more : Here's two or three Days Respite however.

Val. Why then there's two or three Days of Peace — for these are the most disagreeable Companions a Gentleman can meet with—I dine at the *Rummer*, where you'll find me if you want me. I promis'd to visit *Angelica* again to Night, but fear I shall break my Word.

Hect. And will you prefer Play before that charming Lady?

Val. Not before her—but I have given my Parole to some Men of Quality, and I can't in Honour disappoint 'em.

Hect. Ah, What a Juggler's Box is this Word Honour ! It is a Kind of Knight of the Post—That will swear on either Side for Interest I find—But, Sir, had you not better make sure Work on't ; marry the Lady whilst she's in the Mind, lest Fortune wheel about and throw you back again.

Val. Marry her, say'st thou—I am not resolv'd if I shall marry or not.

Hect. High-day ! Why I thought it had been what you desired above all Things—But I find your Pocket and your Heart runs counter.

Val. No, Sirrah ; I love the charming Maid as much as ever : Love her from my Soul—But then I love Liberty.

Hect. And what should hinder you from enjoying it ?

Val. Ah, *Hector*, if I marry her, I must forsake my dear Diversion, [*Pulling out a Box and Dice.*] which to me is the very Soul of Living : — 'tis the genteelest Way of passing one's Time, every Day produces some thing new—Who is happier than a Gamester ; who more respected, I mean those that make any Figure in the

the World? Who more caref'd by Lords and Dukes?
Or whose Conversation more agreeable——Whose
Coach finer in the Ring——Or Finger in the Side Box
produces more Lustre——Who has more Attendance from
the Drawers——or better Wine from the Master,——or
nicer serv'd by the Cook?——In short, there is an
Air of Magnificence in't,—a Gamester's Hand is the
Philosopher's Stone, that turns all it touches into Gold.

Hect. And Gold into Nothing.

Val. A Gentleman that plays is admitted every where
——Women of the strictest Virtue will converse with
him,——for Gaming is as much in Fashion here as 'tis
in *France*, and our Ladies look upon't as the Height of
ill Breeding, not to have a Passion for Play: Oh! The
charming Company of half a Dozen Ladies, with each a
Dish of Tea,——to behold their languishing Oglés
with their Eyes, their ravishing white Hands, to hear
their delicious Scandal which they vent between each Sip
just piping hot from Invention's Mint, wherein they spar
none, from the Statesman to the Cit—and damn Plays
before they are acted, especially if the Author be un-
known—This ended, the Cards are call'd for.

Hect. And open War proclaim'd——and every
Cock-boat proves a Privateer.

Val. Our Engagements are not so terrible,——with
us Revenge reaches no further than the Pocket.

Hect. No more don't a Highwayman——and yet
the World thinks both lives equally immoral.

Val. None of your Similes, Sirrah, do you hear?——
Where is the Immorality of Gaming——Now I think
there can be nothing more moral——It unites Men of
all Ranks, the Lord and the Peasant——the haughty
Dutchess, and the City Dame——the Marquis and
the Footman, all without Distinction play together.

*And sure that Life can ne'er offensive prove
That teacheth Men such peaceful Ways of Love.*

Hect. The Marquis of Hazard, Sir.—

Val. The Marquis of Hazard, what wants he!

Enter

Enter the Marquis of Hazard.

Marq. Do you hear; do you wait with my Chair at the Corner of the Street, for I would be *incognito*.

Hect. What does he pretend to?

Marq. I presume, Sir, your name is *Valere*.

Val. I don't remember I ever had any other, Sir.

Marq. Sir I should take it as an extraordinary Favour, if you'll be pleas'd to command the Absence of your *Valet de Chambre*.

Val. Be gone. [Exit Hector.]

Marq. Now, Sir, do you know who I am?

Val. I think, Sir, I never had the Honour of your Acquaintance.

Marq. *Allons Courage*, push him home, he seems daunted already; [*Aside.*] Sir, I have made the Tour of *Europe*, and have had the Respect paid to me in all Courts that became my Quality;—In *Spain* I kept Company with none but Arch-Dukes, in *France* with Princes of the Blood,——and since I have been here, I have had the Honour to sup or dine with most of the great People at Court.

Val. Why so hot, Sir?

Marq. And, Sir, my Person is not more known than my Valour—I have fought a Hundred Duels, and never fail'd to kill or wound,——without receiving the least Hurt myself.

Val. You had very good Luck, truly Sir,——What does the Blockhead aim at? [*Aside.*]

Marq. Sir, Fortune owes my Life Protection, for Sake of the noble Race from which I sprung——my Father's Grandfather's great Grandfather was Viceroy of *Naples*.

Val. Oh! One may see that in your Air, Sir.

Marq. Now, Sir, there is a certain Lady that has a Passion for my Person, not that I am in Love with her: Only Gratitude,——and I am inform'd by her Woman, that you make your Addresses there; now, Sir, I suffer no Man beneath my Quality, to mix his Pretensions with mine.

Val. The Lady's Name, Sir?

Marq. The Lady *Wealthy*.

Val.

Val. You are misinform'd upon my Word, Sir; that Lady is at your Service for me.

Marq. That Declaration comes not from your Heart——your Encomiums on *Angelica* last Night, serv'd only to conceal your Love from me.

Val. So far from that, I did not know you till you had left the Room.

Marq. Sir, I say you must not pretend to vie with Quality.

Val. I know the Distance Fortune has put between us, Sir.

Marq. Then pray observe it, Sir;——don't think every Fellow we condescend to play with, fit Companions for us Men of Quality.

Val. [*Cocking his Hat.*] Fellow, Sir——

[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*

Marq. Yes, Fellow, Sir.——He has a Heart, I find, I'll moderate my Passion.

[*Aside.*

Val. You will have it then, I see.

[*Draws.*

Marq. No, upon my Word, Sir, I was in Jest all the while.

Val. But I am in earnest, Sir,—and therefore draw——What, does the Courage of your royal Ancestors, Vice-Roys of *Naples*, fail you?

Marq. Sir, I made a Vow never to kill another Man,——and therefore pray put up, you have given me as much Satisfaction as I desired,——I thirst for no Revenge.

Val. Sir, I am not to be trifled with, the Wine is drawn, and you shall drink.

[*Slaps him.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Hey! what's the Matter?

[*Lays hold of the Marquis, who draws.*

Marq. Ha! Company! Nay, then—Sir, this is too much to bear.

Hect. Hold, hold, Sir, hold, what do you do?

Val. Ay, ay, prythee let him go, he's not so dangerous as thou imagin'st, *Hector*,——Ha, ha, ha.

Hect. Why then let him go,——there, Sir, I have done.

Marq. I shall find a Time, Sir.

¹² VOL. I.

Val.

Dor. May I venture to approach the Rays of that Divinity, which dart into my Soul an impetuous Flame?

Ang. O dear Sir, there's a Fire in the next Room, whose Flames will warm you better than my Beauty, I believe.

Fav. Well, really, Madam, I think *Valere* could not have express'd himself finer.

Ang. Cease your odious Comparisons—Mr. *Dorante* might I advise you, make your Addresses to my Woman—I'm sure you'll meet a kind Reception; ha, ha, ha.

Dor. Your Woman, Madam! I thought a Person of your Rank knew how to treat a Gentleman better.

Ang. And I thought a Person of your Years might have understood better, than to make Love to one of mine.

Dor. My Years, Madam! I'm not so old—Can I help my being in Love with you?

Ang. No more can *Favourite* being in Love with you.

Fav. You are always witty upon me, Madam—I'd have her to know I love a young Fellow as well as herself. [*Aside.*]

Dor. 'Tis for my extravagant Nephew that I am despis'd; that complicated Piece of Vice whose headstrong Courses, and luxurious Life, will ruin both your Peace and Fortune. I saw him a little while ago enter one of those Schools of Poverty, a Gaming-House in *St. Martin's Lane*.

Ang. 'Tis false.

Fav. Nay, Madam, I dare say 'tis true—Yonder goes his Man; I'll call him and convince you.

[*Exit, and Re-enters with Hector.*]

Ang. He cannot be so ungrateful, after my last Favours—*Hector*, where's your Master?

Hect. Where'er his Person is—his Heart is with your Ladyship, Madam; I dare answer for him.

Ang. That's foreign to my Question; where is he?

Dor. Yes, yes, he's a fit person to enquire of, truly.

Hect. So I am, Sir: For nobody knows my Master's Out-goings and his In-comings better than myself.

Ang. Come, you shall tell me—*Dorante* says, he saw him go into a Gaming-House.

Hect. Discover'd—Nay then I must bring him off—Why, that is true, Madam. *Ang.*

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L. *Weal.* 'Tis better being confin'd to a Defart, where one never sees the Face of Man——than not to be admir'd by all. [*Enter Porter.*] Here, carry this to Mr. *Valere*: Do you know him?

Port. Yes, an't please your Honour, very well.

L. *Weal.* Go, bring me an Answer then. [*Exit Porter.*]

Enter Lovewell.

Ha! *Lovewell*: I must avoid his Presence, lest he discover this Intrigue——He'll be alarm'd at the Sight of a Porter in my Lodgings——Besides, my Soul repents the ill Treatment I have given him——He indeed merits better Usage——But I know not how, I cannot resolve on Matrimony. [*Exit.*]

Love. Gone! Am I then shun'd like pestilential Air——yet doom'd to doat upon her cold Indifference——Oh! Give me Patience, or I burst with Rage——There must be more than her bare Temper in't—She loves—Ay, there's the Cause——Oh! the racking Thought: By all the Powers, it fires each vital Part and with a double Warmth strikes every active Sense.

*Hear me, ye Pow'rs——And if you ne'er design
To make this dear, this scornful Beauty mine,
Grant in the Lieu—I may my Rival meet,
And throw him gasping at his Lady's Feet.* [*Exit.*]

Enter Angelica and Favourite, with a Letter in her Hand.

Ang. I shall not open it, indeed——If you venture to receive Letters again, without my Leave, I shall discharge you from your Attendance, Mrs. *Favourite*.

Fav. I do it for your Good, Madam.

Ang. For my Good! Impertinence——Am I to be govern'd by those I may command?

Fav. In spite of all that I can do, I shall lose my Salary: For when he finds the Cause go backwards, he'll fee no more. [*Aside.*]

Enter Dorante.

Ang. So, he's here too, by your Appointment, I suppose.

Dor.

ACT IV.

Enter Valere, with a Box and Dice in his Hand, as from Play to a Porter——Betty listening.

Betty. **S**O; thus far I have followed this Porter: Here I'll observe who he wants——I'm sure 'tis against the Interest of Mr. *Lovewell*.

Val. From a Lady, say'st thou? and must be deliver'd into my own Hand——

Betty. As I imagin'd.

Val. Prythee, Fellow, dost know what 'tis to interrupt a Gamester, when his Fortune's at Stake——Seven or Eleven have more Charms now than the brightest Lady in the Kingdom.—[*Opens the Letter.*] Reads——Humph—*Pursuant to what I told you before Angelica, that a Declaration of Love would not be disagreeable, I confirm my Words in a golden Shower——'Tis what I believe most acceptable to a Man of your Circumstances.* (Well guess'd, 'e Faith.) A Bill for One Hundred Pounds, payable at Sight—*Monfieur le Porter*, your very humble Servant——Tell the Lady, I am hers most obediently——It requires no other Answer, till I fly myself to return my Thanks.

Port. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit Porter.*]

Val. What must I do now? prove a Rogue, and betray my Friend *Lovewell*——If I accept this Present, I must make my Returns in Love; for when a Widow parts with Money, 'tis easy to read the valuable Consideration she expects:——But then *Angelica*, the dear, the faithful Maid——But then a Hundred Guineas, the dear tempting Sight! Ha, *Lovewell*! thou com'st in good Time; for my Virtue's staggering.

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. I have been seeking you all the Town over.

Val. And what News? Thou hast a very love-sick Countenance: The Widow has us'd thee scurvily, I know.

Lov. Beyond all bearing——*Valere*, thou ever wert my

my Friend ; pr'ythee instruct me——Help to find the curf'd Rascal out——'Tis not the Fool Marquis, I'm convinc'd ; but some lurking Villain, some Wretch unworthy of her Charms——else her Vanity would ne'er conceal him.

Val. Hold, hold, Friend : you run on a little too fast——What would your Mightiness do now, supposing you discover'd this detested Rival ?

Lov. I'd force him to renounce her ; or lose my Life, and leave her free.

Val. Why then I have such a Respect for this Gentleman, that I must preserve him from your Lion-like Fury.

Lov. Ha ! Do'st thou know him then—Oh ! I charge thee by our past Years of Friendship, and by my Peace of Mind, which this cruel Woman takes eternally away, tell me but who he is, describe him to me : Is he a Gentleman ?

Val. Yes, Faith.

Lov. And handsome ?

Val. The Ladies think so.

Lov. Tell but his Name, that my Revenge may reach him. Hast thou a Friend more dear than I—No, no ; thy Companions are no Friends ; Gamesters and Profligates——whom in thy reflecting Hours I know thou hatest—She is not fit for one of these.

Val. The Spark is a little given to Gaming, I confess—yet holds his Nose as high as your Widow, I can tell you that.

Lov. Pr'ythee trifle no longer with me—nor do not jest with Pains like mine.

Val. Do you know her Hand ?

Lov. Death ! Does she write to him ?

Val. These Credentials will confirm she does.

[Gives him her Letter with the Bill.]

Lov. Confusion to thee—And a Bill for Money—Away, it cannot be—By Hell, the Company thou keep'st has taught thee to be a Villain : Thou hast abus'd her Honour, which I will justify. Draw.

Val. Here's a Rogue now—When I have withstood a Temptation would have shook a Hermit—he'd cut my Throat for not taking his Mistress from him—Well,

these romantic Lovers are whimsical Things—Harkye, Charles, I believe you know I am no Coward, and if your fighting Fit remains on you till To-morrow Morning—I'll meet you when and where you please; but I'm engag'd now—as you may see. Farewel——

[*Exit, shewing him the Box, &c.*

Lov. What Man but would for ever scorn, despise this false Ingrate—But I'm a Slave to Love, and bound with such a Chain, no Injuries can break—Something must be done; but what I know not. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Betty comes forwards.

Betty. So, my Lady has brought herself into a fine Præmunire. Well, I'm glad I heard this; and hope to make it turn to Mr. *Lovewell's* Advantage—who is a generous Man, and deserves a Countess. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to Lady Wealthy's Lodgings.*

Lady Wealthy, sola.

L. Weal. So, thus far I'm successful: The Porter says he was transported with the Letter, and will instantly be here—Who's there? [*Enter Footman.*] Bid my Woman come hither.

Footm. She's not within, Madam.

L. Weal. How, not within!

Footm. Here she comes.

Enter Betty.

L. Weal. Hey! where have you been to put yourself in this Heat?

Betty. Speaking to a Relation, Madam.

L. Weal. A Relation; sure 'twas a warm Conference has left such Signs on't in your Cheeks—Set my Toilet—I'll throw these mournful Blacks away—adorn'd in cheerful White, receive and charm my Hero.

Betty. Mr. *Lovewell*, Madam.

L. Weal. No, Fool; When did you ever see me dress at an old Lover? He's mine; securely mine: But *Valere*, the Gay, the Rover, the unconquer'd Rambler; he, he alone deserves my Care.

Betty.

Betty. Madame, might I presume to speak——

L. Weal. Your Nonfense freely ; I am in a good Humour, and can bear it all.

Betty. Then *Valere* is the most ungrateful—and Mr. *Lovewell* the most accomplished of any Man breathing.

L. Weal. Ha, ha, ha : And is this your Speech——
Lovewell is beholden to you truly ; and Mr. *Valere* shall know his Friend.

Betty. I hate him, Madam : and you have Reason.

L. Weal. Peace. I find I gave you too much Liberty.

Enter a Footman.

Footm. Madam, a Letter for your Ladyship.

L. Weal. Humph ! from *Lovewell* : I know the Hand ; some Compliment, some dismal Madrigal, or tedious Ditty, in worse Prose, I am sure. [*Opens it.*] Ha, my own Bill ! What means this—*Madam—You have bestow'd your Favours unworthily : Notwithstanding this Proof, I would have fought, defended you beyond Demonstration ; but your new Choice declin'd the Sword———and that Love I so long languish'd for.*

Your neglected, injur'd, but still faithful

Lovewell.

Base Traytor ! Is this a Man of Honour ? this the Return to my Advances—It is impossible—He has way-laid the Porter, brib'd him, and deceiv'd me.

Betty. Indeed he has not, Madam.

L. Weal. Why, know you ought of this ?

Betty. Yes, I can tell you all—if you will promise to interpret for the Good of him who loves you truly.

L. Weal. Come in, and let me hear the Story—If *Valere* has triumph'd o'er my Weakness, and expos'd my unrequested Bounty——

Such a Repulse may fix this wand'ring Heart :

And constant Love may meet its due Desert. [*Going.*]

Enter the Marquis.

Marq. Turn back, bright Fair, and listen to an Action glorious as *Condé*, *Luxembourg*, or *Hes*, or any He that ever grac'd the Field.

L. *Weal*. More Plagues?—I begin to grow weary of this Train of Fools—Pray make your Story short, Sir.

Marq. I'll be as concise as the Heroic Deed—*Veni, Vidi, Vici*, as *Cæsar* said.

L. *Weal*. Over whom was this Conquest? your Footman and your Taylor?

Marq. No, Madam, over my Rival, *Valere*.

L. *Weal*. Ha! where met you that Report?

Marq. Every where—The World says you are in Love with him—'Tis all the Discourse at the *Chocolate-House*.

L. *Weal*. Confusion! Am I become so wretched—I shall be sung in Ballads shortly.

Marq. Having a profound Respect for your Ladyship—away flew I to his Lodgings—where I had no sooner enter'd, but the Memory of your Wrongs—set the stormy Marks of Anger on my Brow—Sir, said I—Sir, said he, your most humble Servant—Sir, said I—here is a Rumour spread abroad, prejudicial to the Reputation of a Lady whom I have honour'd with my Esteem.

L. *Weal*. Honour'd! Oh, audacious!

Marq. And Report says you are the Author—Who I? said he, in the meekest, humblest Tone that ever Lover begg'd in—frightned out of his Wits—Her Name, I pray—which when I had told him, and bid him draw; he poorly disclaim'd his Passion, and said, I might take you with all his Heart, for he would not fight—At which I stepped up to him, saying, *Savez vous, Monsieur, du Lansquenet*—that is as much as to say, in *English*, a Flip of the Nose, Madam—at which the good Gentleman pull'd off his Hat, and made me the lowest Bow; and I, in Triumph, left—Now, my Reward—my Reward, Madam.

L. *Weal*. Your Reward; never to see me more: For though I love Valour, I know this Story false—and you made up of Cowardice. Do'e hear—if ever my Doors are open [*Enter three Footmen.*] to this bold Intruder more, I'll have your Liveries pull'd over your Ears. [*Exit.*]

Marq. Gone! I durst have sworn she would have married me for the News—Now here's a good Invention

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vention lost—Ah poor Monsieur *Markee*, thoult never thrive with these Women of Quality—I must to some rich toothless City Dame—

On them my Courage and my Shame may pass:
These Court-end Wits discover me an Ass. [Exit.

SCENE the Street.

Hector solus.

Hect. Well, I have not Patience any longer to see this Master of mine play—I find which Way he's going—Odfo, here's his Father—How shall I send him away—For if he should see his Son come out of this Gaming-House, we shall be undone again—[*Enter Sir Thomas Valere.*] Oh, Sir, I have been all over the Town to look you—

Sir Tho. For what, pray? Did my last Greeting please you so well, that you've a Mind to more on't—Where's the Rake your Master?

Hect. Oh, Sir, happy, happy beyond Expression—He's with *Angelica*, who has presented him with her Picture, set round with Gems of inestimable Value.

Sir Tho. Ha! Say'st thou so, Boy? And is he likely to carry *Angelica*?

Hect. Carry her, Sir; why the Business is done, and nothing wanting but your Presence, with a Lawyer, to fit 'em for the Priest—Good Sir, make haste—

Sir Tho. I'll be there in an Instant—And shall I be a Grandfather adad—I could find in my Heart to give thee Six-pence for thy News—And I will too—there *Hector*, drink your young Master's and Lady's Health, Sirrah—Ah my dear Boy *Jemmy*, I forgive thee all—I'm so transported, I think it an Age till I embrace thee. [Exit.

Hect. 'Fore *George* if this old Fellow finds me in a Lie, as he most certainly will; for if *Angelica* hears my Master is at play again, she'll never have him that's sure too—I must let him know what I have done, and get him in the Mind to go this Hour to *Angelica*—or *Hector's* Bones will pay for't.

*To serve my Master, I a Lie may tell,
But would not suffer, when I mean it well.* [Exit.

SCENE *discovers a Gaming-Table, with Valere, Count Cogdie, and other Gentlemen at Hazard, with several Rakes and Sharpers, waiting round the Table; a Box-Keeper, and Attendants.*

Cogd. Come ——— Seven ——— What do you fet Gentlemen?

Box-K. Seven's the Main.

1st Gent. That

2d Gent. Ten pieces.

Val. The Devil's in the Dice—There, Sir, a Hundred Guineas. [*Angrily.*]

[*Cogdie rattling the Box, and considering where to throw.*]

Box-K. Knock where you are, Sir.

Cogd. I am at the fairest only; [*Throws out the Dice.*]
Come, and that little Silver too.

Box-K. Four to Seven.

1st Rake. Mr. *Cogdie*, to three a Crown, shall I?

2d Rake. To three and eleven Guineas, if you please.

1st Sharp. Here's three Crowns to eleven, and if I lose, by all that's good I know not where to eat.

Cogd. [*To 1st Rake.*] You go to three a Crown [*To 2d Rake.*] you to three, and eleven Guineas. [*To Sharp.*]
You shall go yours to eleven *Jack*.

Box-K. Pray, Sir, throw away, don't hold the Box all Night.

Cogd. There, [*Shakes the Box and throws three.*] you're in once, Gentlemen.

Both Rakes. We go again.

Cogd. With all my Heart. [*Shakes the Box again and throws four.*]

Box-K. Four, Trey-Ace.

Cogd. There, Gentlemen, I have brought you off again. [*To the Rakes.*]

Val. You did not throw out your Dice fair, and I'll not yield it.

Cogd. Judgment, Gentlemen.

1st Gent. I think 'twas fair enough.

2d Gent. Ay, ay, a Man may throw his Dice how he pleases.

Val. Sir, I say this Hat's white. [*In a Passion.*]

Cogd. I say so too.

Val. 'Tis false, 'tis black.

Cogd. As you say, I think it is black.

Val. No Sir, 'tis neither black nor white.

Cogd. Nay, very likely, Sir———He has lost his Money and now he grows mutinous.

Box-K. Come, pray Gentlemen don't quarrel, and I'll ask it round.

Cogd. Ask what, you Blockhead? whether his Hat's black or white? [*Tosses a Pair of Dice in his Face.*]

Box-K. No, Master, whether you won the Money or not.

2d Gent. He won it fairly. Come Valere, I'll lend thee ten Pieces, set boldly, set boldly, I warrant thee Luck, Boy.

1st Gent. Ay, ay, come whose is the Box?

Cogd. 'Tis mine———

2d Gent. Throw a Main then.

Cogd. Five.

Box-K. Five's the Main.

Val. There———take all.

1st Gent. That———

2d Gent. That———

Cogd. Where I was last. Now little Dice.

Val. Shake your Dice.

Cogd. There, Sir, [*Shakes the Dice and throws Duce Ace.*] Oh, burn 'em.

Box-K. Duce Ace.

Val. Out———Give me the Box———Six.

Box-K. Six is the main.

Cogd. There, Sir, if you dare throw at it.

1st Gent. That———

2d Gent. That———

Val. At you all——— [*Shakes the Box and throws Quatre Duce.*]

Box-K. Six. Quatre Duce, you've won it, Sir.

Cogd. Um! [*Seems disorder'd.*]

Val. Come, Seven. [*Throws.*]

Box-K. Seven's the Main.

Cogd. A hundred Guineas.

Val. Now little Dice——

Cogd. Not another Nick fure. [*Speaks as Valere is going to throw the Dice.*]

Val. Nick by *Juno*——

Box-K. Cinque Duce.

Cogd. Oh ! Blood ! and death and Fire ! [*Rifes and walks about in a Passion.*]

Val. Nine. [*Throws.*]

Box-K. Nine's the Main.

Cogd. There, Sir, I'll fet you two hundred Guineas upon that Note.

Val. Note, Sir ! Whose Note is it pray ?

Cogd. Why 'tis very good, Sir, 'tis upon Sir *F—s*
Ch—d.

Val. At it Egad. [*Throws.*]

Box-K. Nine, Cinque and Quatre, the Box is due.

Cogd. Um [*Throws away the Dice, Breaks the Box.*]
Sir, I bar that Throw.

Val. Sir, I did not see you,—and I won it fairly.

Cogd. The Devil, I that understand Play so well, to be bubbled of my money—Sir, I fay this Hat's white—Who dare fay the contrary ?

Val. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Cogd. I fay 'tis black.

Val. Why, as you fay, I think 'tis black.

Cogd. I fay, Sir, 'tis neither black nor white.

Val. Then it shall be green, blue red, or yellow, or what you please, Sir. I have more Manners than to quarrel now I'm on the winning Side, Ha, ha, ha.

1st Gent. Prithee don't quarrel with him, you'll get nothing by it. *Valere* will fight, you know.

Cogd. And so will I, Sir. You are all a Parcel of—If ever I play upon the Square again——I'll give 'em Leave to make Dice of my Bones.

Val. Ha, ha, ha, hold, let me pay my Debts. There Sir—[*to 2d Gent.*]

Box-K. You owe a Box, Sir, an't please you.

Val. There—[*Gives a Shilling.*]

Box-

Box-K. You owe me a Teaster for a back-hand Tip, a little while ago, Master.

Val. There you Dog. [*Gives him Six-pence.*]

Box-K. Thank you Master—I'll thank any Gentleman that will put that Shilling in the Box.

Enter Angelica in Man's Cloaths.

Ang. Ay, here he is.

Val. Come Seven.

Box-K. Seven's the Main.

1st Gent. That——

2d Gent. That——

Val. 'Tis mine.

Box-K. Eleven.

2d Gent. I never saw such Fortune.

1st Gent. Here's the last of a Hundred, if Luck turn not I'm broke,

Ang. Save you Gentlemen——may one fling off a Guinea or two with you? [*This while Cogdie sits disordered and plays by himself at another Table.*]

Val. Ay, a hundred if you please, a pert young Bubble this, flung Six.

Box-K. Six is the Main.

Ang. Fifty Pieces, Sir.

Val. Well said Stripling—Down with 'em—Six or a Dozen Dice—Duce Ace—Ah split it——

[*Throws down the Box.*]

Box-K. Duce Ace.

Ang. Out, Sir, give me Fifty Guineas, Sir.

Val. There 'tis, Sir.

[*Cogdie rises and comes to Angelica,*
Cogd. [*To Angelica.*] Sir, will you do me the Favour to let me go two Pieces with you; I am just stript.

Ang. With all my Heart, Sir. Come Gentlemen [*Throws.*] set boldly.

Box-K. Five's the Main.

Val. A hundred Guineas.

Ang. Along [*Throws.*] 'tis mine. [*Sweeps the Money.*]

Box-K. Five, Trey, Duce.

Ang. [*To Cogdie.*] There's you two Pieces, Sir.

Cogd. I go the four, Sir, if your please.

Ang. By and by, Sir, you shall.

1st Gent. I'm broke ; but I'll be here again instantly.

[*Exit.*

2d Gent. I'll throw off this Stake—If Luck turn not I must home for Recruits too.

Ang. Come on then, Sir, fix.

[*Throws.*

Box-K. Six is the Main.

Val. In my Conscience, I believe this young Dog will strip us all. There, Sir.

Ang. And there, Sir.

[*Sweeps the Money.*

Box-K. A Dozen.

2d Gent. I hope you'll stay till my Return? [*Exit.*

Ang. If these Gentlemen can hold me play.

Box-K. I hope, Gentlemen, you won't stay late, for Fear of the Prefs-masters, here was two Gangs last Night before twelve o'Clock.

[*All the Sharpers sneak off, and leave Angelica and Valere together.*

Ang. Pshaw, hang the Prefs-masters, come, Sir, Five.

Box-K. Five's the Main.

Val. That upon Five.

Ang. Nick——

Box-K. Five, Quarter Ace, you owe me a Box, Sir.

Val. Confusion ! Did ever Man see the like ! That Watch at twenty Guineas.

[*Sets a Gold Watch.*

Ang. Done, Sir, Nine.

[*Throws.*

Box-K. Nine's the Main.

Ang. 'Tis mine.

[*Throws.*

Box-K. Nine, Six, and Three, a Main above a Box.

Val. Furies and Hell—That Ring at ten Guineas.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, with all my Heart, Sir, Six again.

[*Throws.*

Box-K. Six is the Main.

Ang. Nick again, Ha, ha, ha.

Box-K. Six, Cinque Ace, two Mains above a Box.

Val. The Devil——I'll set you a hundred Guineas upon Honour, Sir.

Ang. I beg your Pardon, Sir, I never play upon Honour with Strangers—If you have nothing else to set, your humble Servant.

Val. Death—shall he carry off my Money thus——

Hold,

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Hold, Sir, Friends will be here presently, I'll borrow some of them.

Ang. That's baulking my Hand—I can't stay, Sir, have you nothing else?

Val. Yes, one Thing, but that is dearer to me than my Life. *[Takes out the Picture.]*

Ang. What can that be pray?

Val. 'Tis a Picture, the Original of which is nearest to my Soul—— *[Kisses it.]*

Ang. Pish—a Trifle—Oh my Heart—Yet you shan't say I'm ungenerous—whate'er you value it at, I'll answer it.

Val. Value it at—It is not to be valued.

Ang. Then you'll not set it; Sir, your Servant.

Val. Stay, Sir—Luck may turn—I'll set the Diamonds at two hundred Guineas.

Ang. Oh Villain—Well, Sir, Seven——

Box-K Seven's the Main,

[Angelica throws at the Picture.]

Box-K. Four or Seven.

Val. I bar the first Throw.

Box-K. Bar.

[Angelica throws two or three Times, and then wins it.]

Ang. 'Tis mine, Sir.

Box-K. Four, Trey, Ace; you owe me Three Boxes, Sir.

Val. Eternal Furies —— lost —— He shall restore it, or I'll cut his Throat——Well, Sir, take the Diamonds, but I must have the Picture.

Ang. The Picture, Sir.

Val. Ay, the Picture, Sir.

Ang. I won it, Sir, and I shan't restore it, I assure you.

Val. But you shall restore it, Sir, e'er you and I part.

Ang. If I should draw a Duel upon my Hands here —— I'm in a fine Condition—*[Aside.]* Nay, Sir, if you are angry, good by——

Val. Nay, nay, nay, *[Runs between her and the Door.]* you shan't carry off the Picture, by Hercules—Look'e Sir, either take my Bond, or fight me for't. *[Draws.]*

Ang. Sir—*[Trembling.]* What shall I do? I must be obliged to discover myself—— *[Aside.]*

Enter 1st and 2d Gentlemen.

1st Gent. Hold, *Valere.*

¹³ VOL. I.

2d Gent.

2d Gent. What's the Meaning of this?

[Lays hold of Valere.

An. Ha ! A lucky Escape——— [Runs off.

Val. Away ; stand off ; or I shall make my Passage through you, Traytor, Dog—Oh I could tear my Flesh—Cut off these Hands that laid the Jewel down, and stab my Heart for having once consented———

[Walks about raving.

1st Gent. What can be the Cause of this Passion?

2d Gent. Ho, he has lost his Money—Prythee don't let that trouble thee, I'll lend thee more—Come let's throw for the Box.

Val. Throw for the Devil—No, henceforth a Gamester is my Foe ; nor should the Indies bribe me even to touch a Die ; nor, after this Moment, will I e'er set Foot in such a House again.

1st Gent. The Man is mad.

2d Gent. Prythee let's go seek out better Company.

[Exeunt.

Val. Now I behold what a Monster this darling Sin has made me, and loath myself for my long Race of Folly.

*Now I repent, but oh it comes too late,
And 'tis but Justice now that she should hate :
He that flies Virtue still to follow Vice,
'Tis fit, like me he lose his Paradise.*

The End of the FOURTH ACT.



ACT V.

SCENE, Valere's Lodgings.

Valere *solus*.

Val. **W**HAT shall I do? There's no going near Angelica. The Action I have done carries such a Face that she can ne'er forgive me.

Enter

Enter Hector.

Hect. Another 'scape, Sir, another 'scape. Your Father was just at the Gaming-House Door upon the Hunt for you,—but Thanks to my Wit, I found a Way to fend him packing. He's gone to *Angelica's* with a Lawyer. Follow him, follow him, Sir,—If he get's there before you, the old Gentleman will believe me no more—for I told him you staid for him there——Ha ; he minds me not. Sir, Sir ; don't you hear me ?

Val. No : I'll neither hear, nor see, nor eat, nor drink, nor ever rest again.

Hect. Ah, the Devil ! I shall be as slender as a Hazel-Switch in a little Time then ; for I suppose I must keep you Company in that thin Diet——Ah ! what I dreaded is come to pass—What then is all the Money lost ?

Val. Money ! My Life, my Soul is lost.

Hect. Hey day ! What's the matter now ?

Val. The Picture.

Hect. The Picture, Sir—— [*With a frightful Look.*] Mercy on us ; shake your Pockets, shake your Pockets, Sir. [*Runs to Valere, and shakes his Coat Pockets.*]

Val. Hold off : I tell thee I've lost it at Play.

Hect. Why then you have play'd fair—Why what will you do now, Sir ?

Val. Cut your Throat, Sirrah, and then my own.

[*Clapping hold of Hector.*]

Hect. 'Twas none of my Fault, Sir. [*Half weeping.*]

Val. O no ! it was my own : For had I taken thy Counsel, this Curse had been prevented.

Hect. Ay, Sir, but a Gamester's Life was the most genteel of any——their Fob was a Fund, and their Hands Philosopher's Stones. Ay, Sir.

Val. No more—go fetch me a Book—— [*Sits down.*]

Hect. What Book, Sir ?

Val. The first that comes to your Hand, no Matter which. [*Exit Hector, returns with a Book.*]

Hect. Here's *Seneca*, Sir ?

Val. Well, read—Was ever Man so unfortunate !

[*Walking about in a thinking Posture.*]

Hect. Who, I read *Seneca*, Sir ?

Val.

Val. Why not?

Hect. I seldom read any Thing, Sir, but Almanacks.

Val. Oh, read, read at a Venture——To lose upon Seven when the Chance was Four! Confusion! [*Stamps.*

Hect. [*Reads.*] — Be not taken with the glittering Dreams of Riches, their Possession brings Trouble: Tranquility is a certain Equality of Mind, which no Condition of Fortune can either exalt or depress. If his Fortune be good, he tempers it; if bad, he masters it.

Val. The Devil was in me, that I could not leave off when I was a Winner.

Hect. What is the End of Ambition and Avarice? We are but Stewards of what we falsely call our own. All those Things which we pursue with so much Hazard, for which we break Faith and Friendship, what are they but the mere Depositor of Fortune, and not ours, but already inclining towards a new Master.—Now will I be hang'd, if *Seneca* himself was not given to Gaming.—Sir, don't you think this looks like a moral Reflection after a Loss.—In my Conscience, I'm half in the Mind that he play'd away a Mistress's Picture too——

Val. Ha! Name it not, for if thou dost, I'll shake thee into Atoms.— [*Shaking him.*

Hect. Ah, Sir, I've done, I've done.—But, Sir, this *Seneca* was a wonderful Man—Was he ever in *London*, Sir?

Val. No, he lived at *Rome*.——Not one in ten, Oh, wretched Luck.

Hect. That's a long way off—I thought indeed 'twas something made his Morals so little minded——Come, Sir, Courage.

Val. Yes, I'll to the Camp, there, in the Service of my Country, expiate my Follies.

Hect. To the Camp, Sir, what do you mean? Odsbud, Sir, go to *Angelica*, this Minute, and marry her out of Hand, she does not know you have lost the Picture, and when once she's secure, if she asks for it, stop her Mouth with Kisses, Sir.

Val. Well, I will go, if but to take my Leave of her—For I much fear she'll read Guilt in my Face—

*This I resolve, whatever Fate's in Store,
To touch the curst infectious Dice no more.*

Hect.

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Hect. Ay, stick you but there, and I warrant we prosper.

SCENE, *The Lady Wealthy's House.*

Enter Lady Wealthy, Mrs. Betty to her.

Betty. Madam, Mr. *Lovewell* to wait on your Ladyship.

L. Weal. How shall I see him ! Shame and Confusion rises in my Face, yet it is not in my Temper to own myself in the wrong, if he upbraids me, this is his last Visit, bring him up——

Enter Mr. Lovewell.

I suppose you come triumphant, but know, I give Account of my Actions to no Man. Am free, and will so remain.

Love. 'Tis my hard Fortune still to be mistaken, my Love's too blind to think you do amiss—I have since been with *Valere*, sworn to him the Letter was a Plot of mine, the Hand and Bill all counterfeit, to satisfy my jealous Scruple, if there were Affairs between ye, he believed it, and your Honour's free from all ill Tongues—And the Wretch doom'd to be hated still,—Am come to take my everlasting Leave.

L. Weal. This Generosity shocks me—[*Aside.*] Farewel, you have clear'd me to your Rival, but to yourself can say she was ungrateful and despised me : Love without Esteem is a forc'd Plant and wants its Root, therefore my ill Conduct parts us, and thank your generous Carriage for this Confession,—Great Spirits hardly yield themselves to blame.

Lov. Nor are you ; I have not watch'd so many Years your Temper, each Turn and Sally of your Mind, but I can judge it right, Honour is center'd in your Soul, nor would you wrong it in an essential Part. All your little Affectations are but the Effects your Glass produces, which tells ye, Beauty like yours, may take ten thousand Liberties.

L. Weal. You have chose a cunning Way to move my
Heart,

Heart, when I was arm'd with Accusations to extenuate my Faults. And if I could persuade myself to trust a Man, I think it would be you.

Lov. Oh cherish that kind Opinion, and if ever you do repent it, proclaim me to the World a Villain.

L. Weal. This I resolve in favour of your noble Usage, to banish from my House that senseless Train of Fop Admirers, which I always laugh at, and only kept to feed my Vanity.

Lov. On my Knees I thank you ; but do not, do not dash my Transports by Delay.—Your Year of Widowhood is just expir'd——reward my constant Love, and make me happy. A Husband will fright the Fool Pretenders from approaching, and these fond Arms secure you ever mine.

L. Weal. Bless me, is the Man mad ? Here would be a strange Leap indeed, from Mortal Odds into Matrimony. No, no ; a little longer Time must try you first.

Love. If Time be now required, you may defer my Joys till Age has strew'd my Head with hoary Hairs ; for from my very Infancy I have ador'd you—'Tis but a Month ago when my auspicious Stars inclin'd you to a Fit of Mercy.—I flew, got a Licence, came with eager Hopes, and you deny'd to see me. The same Authority will do now.—Nor will I leave you, till your Hand is mine.

Enter Betty.

L. Weal. *Betty*, come to my Aid ; here's an audacious Man will marry me, in spite of my Teeth, this very Instant.

Betty. O Madam, the luckiest Moment in the World. I have been just looking on *Erra Pater*, and there's the happiest Conjunction——And the Chaplain sauntering about the Gardens ready for Employment.

Lov. Nay, look not back, your Eyes consent, and I'll have no Denial.

L. Weal. Well, this is the maddest Thing.

Lov. The happiest Thing——Thus——

*The wand'ring Fair are by long Courtships kind,
And constant Love does luckiest Minutes find.* [Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Angelica.

Ang. Lovewell and my Sister ; happy Pair !—I am only curst in a loose Reprobate, whom no Chance, no Obligations can fix. I must resolve to blot him from my Soul—but how hard 'tis to efface the first Impression.—*Valere*, if I can part with thee, Mankind will be upon the Square. Thy Uncle may succeed ; Old or Young : For I shall never look with loving Eyes again—Let me think—To lose my Picture—O unpardonable Fault.

Enter Dorante and Mrs. Favourite at a Distance.

Fav. Now, Sir, is your Time ; she is horribly out of Humour. I know 'tis with *Valere*, for nothing else makes her so.

Dor. Madam, I hope you will pardon my Intrusion, when 'tis to warn you of approaching Danger. I can prove to you my Nephew has broke all his Oaths, and played with the veriest Rakes the Town affords, in a public Gaming-House.

Ang. Malace, Malice all.

Dor. As this is true or false, may I your Love enjoy.

Ang. Suppose it true, am I confin'd to make my Choice in your Family—or indeed to choose at all—Perhaps I'll never marry——

Dor. O say not so ; let not so much Beauty lose the End of its Creation—You should bless the World with your Increase.

Ang. Methinks you are too much in the Wain to think of Increase—However, I am yet resolv'd on nothing—and desire to be freed from Importunity—'Tis well you

Enter Valere and Hector.

are come ; Your Uncle has been using all his Rhetoric to supplant you.

Hect. The Day's our own : She's in a pure Humour.

[*Aside.*

Val. No clandestine Dealings, Uncle, I beseech you ; Give me fair Play and let the Lady choose——

Ang. With what Assurance he approaches. [*Aside.*

Dor. However her Choice may go, I know who deserves

serves her most—I'm no Gamester, Sir—her peaceful Hours of Rest shall ne'er be broke by me.

Hect. That I dare swear. [*Aside.*

Val. No Reflections, Sir, on former Follies. You in your Youth doubtless had your Share—though now you are past 'em, and only rail at what you can't enjoy—But I in my full Strength and Vigour give 'em over, resolving never to indulge the tempting Vice again.

Dor. This you have often sworn, and as often broke your Vows.

Val. I have ; but 'tis not in the Power of Fate to make me do't again ; and what's past this Lady has forgiven.

Ang. To end your disputes, Mr. *Dorante*, I'll now own to you, that my Heart has been long since given to *Valere*——and this Morning I renew'd my Vows.

Val. O Transport ! Now, Uncle, I hope you are satisfied.

Dor. No, Sir, I am not satisfied—Nor can I believe what she says real, without condemning her Judgment.

Ang. A strange positive old Man this——*Valere*, pray clear his Understanding—Shew him the Present I made you to Day ; then let him judge who I design my Heart for.

Val. Ha ! What shall I say ? [*Aside.*

Hect. O, I'm thunder-struck ! [*Aside.*

Val. O spare his Age, Madam, I forgive him. He is my Uncle, and I would not triumph——'Twould make him mad, should I produce the Picture.

Ang. No, no, fear not : 'tis rather Charity : For since he refuses to believe my Words, 'tis but Reason he should have ocular Demonstration.

Val. He that doubts what's utter'd by that Tongue, is unworthy of your farther Care——Therefore pardon me, Madam ; a Thing so sacred as your Image, never shall convince him.

Hect. Well hinted, I faith. [*Aside.*

Ang. But when I desire it, methinks you should not refuse. Obedience becomes a Lover.

Hect. Lost again. [*Aside.*

Val. You ever shall command me——

[*Feeling first in one Pocket, then in t'other.*]
Ha ! Where did I put it ?

Hect.

Hect. Humph. [*Lifting up his Eyes.*]

Ang. I'm amaz'd at his Impudence. [*Aside.*]

Val. Bless me! sure I did not leave it in the Bed.—
Which Way shall I come off?—[*Aside.*]*Hector.*

Hect. Sir—— [*Looking very simply.*]

Val. Did you not see a Picture any where to Day?

Hect. A Picture, Sir—— [*In a Kind of Fright.*]

Val. Ay, a Picture, What makes you look so, Sirrah?
Ha! I suspect your Rogueship has done something with it.

Hect. O dear Sir. [*Trembling.*]

Val. Where is it? Speak, Rascal, or I'll cut your
Ears off. [*Draws.*]

Hect. Oh Sir, forgive me, and I'll tell you the whole
Truth. [*Falls on his Knees.*]

Ang. What means the Fellow? [*Aside.*]

Val. What will you tell me, Sirrah?

Hect. Why, Sir, fearing that your Pocket might be
pick'd, or your Lodgings robb'd, and you might lose the
Picture, and that I thought would break your Heart,
knowing how much you did esteem the Piece, I took it,
Sir, to a famous Painter of my Acquaintance to have it
copied, Sir, that's all.

Ang. A well invented Tale. [*Aside.*]

Val. Fly, Sirrah, and fetch it. [*Slaps him on the Back.*]

Hect. Yes, Sir. [*Going.*]

Ang. Oh you may spare your Pains, Sir—the Picture
is already here—[*Pulls it out.*] now, Sir, do you blush.

Val. I am amaz'd to think how she came by it. [*Aside.*]

Hect. Ruin'd past Redemption—Oh, oh, oh,—that
such a compleat Lye should turn to no Account. [*Aside.*]

Ang. Ungrateful Man.

Dor. How, how's this?

Ang. Is this the Price you set upon my Favours—
the Sight of this would mind you of your Duty—if I
remember, those were your Words—But I presume you
meant it should remind you of a last Stake—How have
I been deceiv'd.—Is it possible thou couldst be so
base to expose my Picture at a common Board, amongst
a Crew of Revellers.

Val. Madam——

Ang. Be dumb, and make no impudent Excuses.

Dor.

Dor. Dol, dol, dery dol, dery dol.

[*Sings.*

Val. No, Madam, I shall not study to excuse myself, only this, I am not Guilty of all your Charge, for there was none in Presence when I lost it, but the Youth that won it. Who had not liv'd to have brought it you, had not an unlucky Chance prevented me.

Ang. Then to conceal your Treachery, you would have committed Murder,—excellent Moralist—But, Sir, the Privacy of the Act you boast of—Does not in the least extenuate your Crime; I told you whilst you kept that Picture, my Heart was yours, but you grew weary of the Trifle, and restored it back, and now I have Liberty to give it to whom I please.

Dor. I hope you are satisfied now, Nephew, ha, ha, ha.

Val. I am with every Thing this Lady is pleased to inflict, I know she can use me no worse than I deserve.—I own the Foulness of my Guilt, and will not hope for Pardon.

Enter Sir Thomas Valere, with a Lawyer.

Hect. Nay, then we are friendsless, indeed,—Sir, Sir, shall I see what *Seneca* says upon this Head?

[*Aside to Valere.*

Val. Away, and plague me not—Ha, my Father.—

Sir Tho. I'm blest, beyond Expression blest.—Madam, I wish you Joy: My Son, I have brought Mr. *Demurr* the Lawyer——I'll reserve but Five Hundred a Year for myself——the rest is Thine, Boy,——full Two Thousand Pounds *per Annum*.

Ang. Sir *Thomas*, your Words carry a Meaning in 'em—which I am a Stranger to.

Sir Tho. Meaning, Madam,—I hope my Son and you understand one another's Meaning,——and I understand it too, Madam.——Come, Mr. *Demurr*, where are the Writings of my Estate?—He shall make thee a swinging Jointure, my Girl.——

Ang. You must pardon me, Sir *Thomas*,—my Mind's alter'd.——

Sir Tho. How! Did you not promise?

Ang. Suppose I did. When a Man breaks all his Oaths to me, I know no Reason I should keep my Word with him.

Hect.

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Hect. Ah *Hector*, *Hector*, what will become of thee?

[*Aside.*]

Sir Tho. Why I understood these Quarrels were made up——and as a Token of your being reconcil'd, you made him a Present of your Picture.——

Ang. True,—And that's the Thing that parts us.

Sir Tho. What do you mean?

Dor. He gam'd it away, Brother; now do you understand her?

Sir Tho. Malice and Marriage, Brother, ill becomes your Years.—She does not mean it so.

Ang. Indeed but I do.—

Sir Tho. Say you so, Madam,—then I'll do you Justice immediately. [*Draws.*] Sirrah, I'll save the Hangman a Labour,—I will you Bastard.

Val. Do, kill me, Sir; you shall find I will not vent one Groan,—for my Soul has ta'en its Flight already,—My base Ingratitude has deeper stabb'd my Heart, than now your Sword can do——

Sir Tho. Say you so, Sirrah,—then I hope you'll live to want Nothing, for I'll take Care you shall have Nothing to support your Extravagance.—Mr. *Demurr*, I desire you to make my Will this Minute,—and put the ungracious Rogue down a Shilling—Sirrah, I charge you never to come in Sight of me or my Habitation more; nor, do you hear, dare to own me for your Father.—Go, Troop, Sirrah, I shall hear of your going up *Holbourn-Hill* in a little Time.—

Hect. So, there's all my Wages lost.—

[*Aside.*]

Ang. Ha! this Usage shocks me.

[*Aside.*]

Val. Sir, I promise you to obey you to a Tittle,——and this undutiful Child shall ne'er offend you with his Presence more.—You but enjoin, but I before had chose, for *England* now would be the worst of Fates.

Ang. My Heart beats as if the Strings were breaking.

[*Aside.*]

Val. Madam, there is but one Request that I will make—then take my Leave for ever, and if you grant it not, I shall be so much more unhappy.—My being disinherited weighs not a Hair, compar'd with what I've lost in losing you, whom my Soul prefers before all
Wealth,

Wealth, Friends, or Family.—Then, where should I ask Pardon but where I most have injur'd?—Thus on my Knees, I beg you not to hate my Memory, nor suffer the Follies which I have now cashiered for ever from my Breast ;—(but oh too late) to drive my Name as distant as my Body from you, sometimes vouchsafe to think on lost *Valere*.

Ang. There is Nothing so indifferent but we think of it sometimes—

Sir Tho. Sirrah—begone I say. [*Pushes him.*]

Val. I have done.—Now Madam, eternally adieu.

Ang. Shall I see him ruin'd—no—that would be barbarous beyond Example—*Valere*, come back, should I forgive you all—Would my Generosity oblige you to a sober Life.—Can you upon Honour (for you shall swear no more) forsake that Vice that brought you to this low Ebb of Fortune?

Val. Ha! Oh let me fold thee in my repenting Arms—and whisper to thy Soul, that I am intirely chang'd—[*Embraces her.*] Yes, my Love, I swear the Course of Life that I've run hitherto—is grown more hateful to me than Toads or Adders ; and I would as soon keep those Animals in my Bosom, whose Sting I know would kill me, as once indulge my former Follies.

Ang. Then I am happy.—Know I was the Youth that won the Picture, and you parted with it to myself.

Hect. I shall die with Joy, that's certain— [*Aside.*]

Val. Then I did not break my Oath entirely, you were excepted, Madam.

Sir Tho. How lucky a Turn is this! Madam, your Example is too good not to be followed.—*Valere*, I forgive thee, and confirm my first Design :—Bless you both—Now Brother, I hope you'll believe you can't get my Boy's Mistress from him. Ha, ha, ha.

Dor. Nor he shan't get a Penny of my Estate, Brother, remember that.—

Sir Tho. He wants it not.—Ha! Who have we here—my Lady *Wealthy* and her old Lover.

Enter Lovewell and Lady Wealthy.

Love. With me Joy, Friends, with me Joy.

Sir

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Sir *Tho.* With all my Heart, for in my Conscience thou deserv'st her.——

Ang. I wish you Joy, Sister; here let all Quarrels cease. [*Salutes her.*]

L. Weal. I overheard your Reconciliation,——and I wish you the same.

Love. Oh my Friend! Sure never Man was blest like me. [*To Valere.*]

Val. Yes, I can boast a Happiness beyond thee,—I that merited her endless Scorn, am, by her sweet forgiving Temper, rais'd to lasting Joy.——

Enter Marquis of Hazard.

Marq. I understand you are married, Madam; and come to wish you Joy.——I do it with a *bon cœur, le Diable m'en porte*——

L. Weal. O Monsieur *Marque*, I am infinitely oblig'd to you e'er since your Knight-Errantry with *Valere* in Defence of my Honour.

Marq. A Duce of that unlucky Story.——No Words on't now, Madam, I beseech you.

Val. How's that?

Marq. By the Honour of *France* I shall be discover'd.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Madam, Mrs. *Security* has brought a Pair of very fine Diamond Ear-rings to shew you, they were lost in Pawn, she says,——and therefore she can afford them an extraordinary good Pennyworth.

L. Weal. Bring her in.——

Enter Mrs. Security.

Well, Mrs. *Security*, are they very fine ones.

Mrs. Sec. As fine a Pair as ever your Ladyship saw in all your Life, Madam.——[*Gives her the Ear-rings.*] Bless me,—What do I see, my Cousin *Robin Skip*? I'm glad to see thee with all my Heart. [*To the Marquis.*]

L. Weal. Do you know what you say, Mrs. *Security*?——That is a *French Nobleman*.

Mrs. Sec. A Nobleman,——What do you think I don't know my Brother's Son?——

K

Marq.

Marq. A Pox of such Kindred—Now all will out—

Mrs. Sec. Why how long hast thou been in *England*, *Robert*?—I heard thou wert Footman to the Prince of *Conti*.—Thy old Master, Sir *William*, asks mightily how thou dost.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha,

Val. How's this, the Marquis of *Hazard* a Footman? Ha, ha, ha.

Hect. Brother, give me thy Hand——Hold, now I think on't keep your Distance, Friend,——for a *Valet de Chambre* is above a Footman.—— [Struts.

L. Weal. My Footman, Sir, will shew you into the Buttery; a Horn of small Beer may quench your Thirst of Honour. Ha, ha.

Val. This Morning he boasted of his Royal Blood at my Lodgings,—but his Cowardise confirm'd me what he is.—

L. Weal. He told me he was at your Lodgings, and presented you with a Tweague by the Nose——

Val. How, Scoundrel, beneath my Sword, and therefore take this. [Kicks him.

Marq. Very fine, very fine Breeding, Gentlemen, truly.—Well this is my Maxim still——

Who once by Policy a Title gains,

Merits above the Fool that's born to Means. [Exit.

Mrs. Sec. 'Tis dirtily done of you, Mr. *Valere*, so it is, to kick a Man for nothing; His Father, though I say it, was as honest a Man as ever broke Bread, and I could find in my Heart to——

L. Weal. No more of your Noise,——Wait without there.—— [Exit Mrs. Security.

Sir Tho. Come, come, enough of this Nonsense,——Let's have a Dance.

A Country Dance.

Val. Now Virtue's pleasing Prospect's in my View,
With double Care I'll all her Paths pursue;
And proud to think I owe this Change to you [To Ang.
Virtue that gives more solid Peace of Mind,
Than Men in all their vicious Pleasures find;
Then each with me the Libertine reclaim,
And shun what sinks his Fortune, and his Fame.

T H E

THE P R O L O G U E.

Written by N. ROWE, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

I *F humble Wives that drag the Marriage Chain
With cursed dogged Husbands, may complain;
If turn'd at large to starve, as we by you,
They may, at least, for Alimony sue.
Know, we resolve to make the Case our own,
Between the Plaintiff Stage, and the Defendant-Town.
When first you took us from our Father's House,
And lovingly our Interest did espouse;
You kept us fine, caress'd and lodg'd us here,
And Honey-Moon held out above Three Year;
At length, for Pleasures known do seldom last,
Frequent Enjoyments pall'd your sprightly Taste;
And though at first you did not quite neglect,
We found your Love was dwindled to Respect;
Sometimes, indeed, as in your Way it fell,
You stop'd, and call'd to see if we were well.
Now, quite estrang'd, this wretched Place you shun,
Like bad Wine, Business, Duels, or a Dun.
Have we for this increas'd Apollo's Race?
Been often pregnant with your Wit's Embrace?
And born you many chopping Babes of Grace?
Some ugly Toads we had, and that's the Curse,
They were so like you that they far'd the worse;
For this to-night we are not much in Pain,
Look on't, and if you like it, Entertain;
If all the Midwife says of it be true,
There are some Features too like some of you;
For us, if you think fitting to forsake it,
We mean to run away, and let the Parish take it.*

THE EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. S A N T L O W.

A S one condemn'd, and ready to become
For his Offences past, a Pendulum,
Does e'er he dies, bespeak the learned Throng.
Then, like the Swan, expires in a Song.
So I, though doubtful long which Knot to choose,
(Whether the Hangman's or the Marriage Noose)
Condemn'd good People, as you see, for Life,
To play that tedious, juggling Game, a Wife,
Have but one Word of good Advice to say,
Before the doleful Cart draws quite away.

*You roaring Boys, who know the Midnight Cares
Of rattling Tatts, ye Sons of Hopes and Fears :
Who labour hard to bring your Ruin on,
And diligently toil to be undone ;
You're Fortune's sporting Footballs at the best,
Few are his Joys, and small the Gamester's Rest :
Suppose then Fortune only rules the Dice,
And on the Square you play ; yet, who that's wise,
Would to the Credit of a faithless Main,
Trust his good Dad's hard-gotten hoarded Gain ?
But then such Vultures round a Table wait,
And hov'ring watch the Bubble's sickly State ;
The young fond Gambler covetous of more,
Like Æsop's Dog, loses his certain Store.
Then the Spunge squeez'd by all, grows dry,— And now
Compleatly wretched turns a Sharper too ;
These Fools, for Want of Bubbles too, play fair,
And lose to one another on the Square ;
So Whores the Wealth from numerous Culls they glean,
Still spend on Bullies, and grow poor again.*

This

EPILOGUE.

*This Itch for Play has likewise fatal been,
And more than Cupid, drawn the Ladies in,
A Thousand Guineas for Basset prevails,
A Bait, when Cash runs low, that seldom fails;
And when the Fair One can't the Debt defray
In Sterling Coin does Sterling Beauty pay.*

*In vain we labour to divert your Care,
Nor Song, nor Dance can bribe your Presence here,
You fly this Place like an infectious Air.
To yonder happy Quarter of the Town,
You croud; and your own fav'rite Stage disown;
We're like old Mistresses, you love the Vice,
And hate us only 'cause we once did please.
Nor can we find how else 'tis we deserve,
Like Tantalus, 'midst Plenty thus to starve.*

}



THE
P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. PENKETHMAN.

I*N all the Faces that to Plays resort,
Whether of Country, City, Mob, or Court,
I've always found that none such Hopes inspire,
As you—dear Brethren of the Upper Tire.
Poets, in Prologues, may both preach and rail,
Yet all their Wisdom nothing will avail,
Who writes not up to you 'tis Ten to One will fail.
Your thundering Plaudit is that deals out Fame;
You make Plays run, tho' of themselves but Lame:
How often have we known your Noise commanding,
Impose on your inferior Masters Understanding;
Therefore, dear Brethren, (since I am one of you)
Whether adorn'd in Grey, Green, Brown, or Blue,
This Day stand all by me, as I will fall by you.
And now to let——
The poor Pit see how Pinky's Voice commands,
Silence—Now rattle all your Sticks, and clap your grimy
Hands.*

*I greet your Love—and let the vainest Author shew,
Half this Command on cleaner Hands below,
Nay, more to prove your Interest, let this Play live by you.*

*So may you share good Claret with your Masters,
Still free in your Amours from their Disasters;
Free from poor Housekeeping; where Peck is under Locks,
Free from Cold Kitchens, and no Christmas-Box:
So may no long Debates i' th' House of Commons,
Make you in the Lobby starve, when Hunger summons;
But may your plenteous Vails come flowing in,
Give you a lucky Hit, and make you Gentlemen;
And thus prefer'd, ne'er fear the World's Reproaches,
But shake your Elbows with my Lord, and keep your Coaches.*

THE

THE
EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. ESTCOURT.

THIS goodly Fabrick, to a gazing Tar,
Seems Fore and Aft, a Three Deckt Man of War :
Abaft, the Hold's the Pit, from thence look up ;
Aloft ! that's Swabber's Nest, that's the Main-Top.
Side Boxes mann'd with Beau, and modish Rake,
Are like the Fore-Castle and Quarter-Deck.
Those dark-disguis'd, advent'rous, black-nos'd few,
May pass for Gunners, or a Fire-Ship's Crew.
Some come like Privateers a Prize to seize,
And catch the French within the Narrow Seas.
The Orange Ladies, Virgins of Renown,
Are Powder-Monkies running up and down.
We've here our Calms, our Storms, and prosp'rous Gales,
And shift our Scenes as Seamen shift their Sails.
The Ship's well mann'd, and not ill woman'd neither,
So ballasted and stow'd, my Lads, she'll bear the Weather.
But greater Dangers vent'ring Players alarm ;
This Night's Engagement's worse than any Storm.
The Poet's Captain, but half dead with Fright,
She leaves her Officers to maintain the Fight ;
Yond middle Teer with Eighteen Pounders maul us,
That Upper-Deck with Great and Small Shot gaul us.
But from this Lower-Teer most Harm befalls,
There's no opposing their prevailing Balls.
At either Foe or Friend their Chain-Shot flies,
We sink or swim, we conquer, fall or rise.
To fit and rig our Ships much Pains we take ;
Grant we may now a Saving-Voyage make.
Here we're embark'd, and as you smile or frown,
You are our Stars, by you we live or drown.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Lord Worthy, in Love with Lady Reveller, a Hater of Gaming,</i>	}	<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Sir James Courtly, an airy Gentleman, given to Gaming,</i>		<i>Mr. Wilks.</i>
<i>Lovely, an Ensign, in Love with Valeria,</i>	}	<i>Mr. Bickerstaff.</i>
<i>Sir Richard Plainman, formerly a Citizen, but now lives in Covent-Garden, a great Lover of a Soldier, and an inveterate Enemy to the French,</i>		<i>Mr. Bullock.</i>
<i>Captain Hearty, a Sea Officer, design'd by Sir Richard, to marry Valeria,</i>	}	<i>Mr. Estcourt.</i>
<i>Sago, a Drugster in the City, very fond of his Wife,</i>		<i>Mr. Johnson.</i>
<i>Buckle, footman to Lord Worthy,</i>		<i>Mr. Penkethman.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Reveller, a Coquetish Widow, that keeps a Basset-Table,</i>	}	<i>Mrs. Oldfield.</i>
<i>Lady Lucy, her Cousin, a religious sober Lady,</i>		<i>Mrs. Rogers.</i>
<i>Valeria, a philosophical Girl, Daughter to Sir Richard, in Love with Lovely,</i>	}	<i>Mrs. Montford.</i>
<i>Mrs. Sago, the Drugster's Wife, a gaming profuse Woman, great with my Lady Reveller, in Love with Sir James,</i>		<i>Mrs. Crofs.</i>
<i>Alpiew, Woman to Lady Reveller,</i>		<i>Mrs. Lucas.</i>

Ladies, and Gentlemen, for the Basset-Table.

Chairmen, Footmen, &c.

S C E N E, *Lady Reveller's Lodgings, in Covent-Garden; the Time, Four o'Clock in the Morning.*

T H E



THE
BASSET-TABLE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *A large Hall, a Porter with a Staff, several Chairs waiting, and Footmen asleep, with Torches and Flambeaux standing about the Room.*

Footman.

CERTAINLY they'll play all Night, this is a curfed Life.

Port. How long have you liv'd with your Lady?

Footm. A month; too long by thirty Days, if this be her Way of Living, I fhall be dead before the Year's out; she games all Night, and sleeps all Day.

Port. Then you sleep too, what's the Matter?

Footm. I deny that; for while she sleeps I'm employ'd in Howd'ye's, from one End of the Town to the other.

Port. But you rest while she's gaming; What would you do if you led my Life? This is my Lady's constant Practice.

Footm. Your Lady keeps a *Basset-Table*, much good may do you with your Service—Hark, they are broke up. [*Within.*] Ha, hy, my Lady *Gamewell's* Chair ready there—Mr. *Sonica's* Servant.

[*The Footmen wake in a Hurry.*]

1st Footm. Where the Devil is my Flambeaux?

K 6

2d Footm.

2d Footm. So-hey—*Robin*, get the Chair ready, my Lady's coming; stay, stay, let me light my Flambeaux.

3d Footm. [*Yawning*] Hey, ho, what han't they done play yet?

Port. They are now coming down, but your Lady is gone half an Hour ago

3d Footm. The Devil she is! Why did not you call me?

Port. I did not see you.

3d Footm. Was you blind—She has lost her Money, that's certain—She never flinches upon a winning Hand—Her Plate and Jewels walk To-morrow to replenish her Pocket—a Pox of Gaming, I say. [*Exit.*

[*Within.*] Mr. *Loofeall's* Man—

4th Footm. Here—So-ho, who has stole my Flambeaux?

[*Within.*] My Lady *Umbray's* Coach there—

5th Footm. Hey, *Will*, pull up there.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Lady Reveller and Alpiew, her Woman.

Lady. My Lady *Raffle* is horridly out of Humour at her ill Fortune, she lost 300*l.*

Alp. She has generally ill Luck, yet her Inclination for Play is as strong as ever.—Did your Ladyship win or lose, Madam?

Lady. I won about 50 Pieces—Pr'ythee, what shall we do, *Alpiew*? 'Tis a fine Morning, 'tis pity to go to Bed.

Alp. What does your Ladyship think of a Walk in the Park?—The Park is pleasant in a Morning, the Air is so very sweet.

Lady. I don't think so; the sweetness of the Park is at Eleven, when the Beau-Monde make their Tour there; 'tis an unpolish'd Curiosity to walk when only Birds can see one.

Alp. Bless me, Madam! Your Uncle—Now for a Sermon of two Hours.

Enter Sir Richard Plainman, in a Night-Gown, as from Bed.

Sir Rich. So, Niece! I find you're resolv'd to keep on your Course of Life; I must be wak'd at four, with Coach

Coach, Coach, Chair, Chair ; give over, for Shame, and marry, marry, Niece.

Lady. Now would I forfeit the Heart of my next Admirer, to know the Cause of this Reproach. [*Aside.* Pray, Uncle, explain yourself ; for I protest I can't guess what Crime I have unhappily committed to merit this Advice.

Sir Rich. How can you look me in the Face and ask me that Question ? Can you that keep a *Basset-Table*, a public Gaming-House, be insensible of the Shame on't ? I have often told you how much the vast Concourse of People, which Day and Night make my House their Rendezvous, incommode my Health ; your Apartment is a Parade for Men of all Ranks, from the Duke to the Fidler ; and your Vanity thinks they all pay Devoir to your Beauty—but you mistake ; every one has his several Ends in meeting here, from the Lord to the Sharper, and each their separate Interests to pursue—Some Fools there may be, for there's seldom a Crowd without.

Lady. Malice—some Fools ? I can't bear it.

Alp. Nay, 'tis very affronting, truly, Madam.

Lady. Ay, is it not, *Alpiew* ?—Yet, now I think on't, 'tis the Defect of Age to rail at the Pleasures of Youth, therefore I shall not disorder my Face with a Frown about it. Ha, ha, I hope, Uncle, you'll take peculiar Care of my Cousin *Valeria*, in disposing of her according to the Breeding you have given her.

Sir Rich. The Breeding I have given her ! I would not have her have your Breeding, Mistress, for all the Wealth of *England's* Bank ; no, I bred my Girl in the Country, a Stranger to the Vices of this Town, and am resolv'd to marry her to a Man of Honour, Probity, and Courage.

Lady. What, the Sea Captain, Uncle ? Faugh, I hate the Smell of Pitch and Tar ; one that can entertain one with nothing but Fire and Smoke, Larboard and Starboard, and t'other Bowl of Punch ; ha, ha, ha.

Alp. And for every Fault that she commits, h'ell condemn her to the Bilboes ; ha, ha.

Lady. I fancy my Cousin's Philosophy, and the Captain's courageous Bluster, will make Angelic Harmony.

Sir Rich. Yes, Madam ; sweeter Harmony than your
Sept

Sept & Leva Fops, Rakes, and Gamesters ; give me the Man that serves my Country, that preserves both my Estate and Life—Oh, the glorious Name of Soldier ; if I were young, I'd go myself in Person, but as it is—

Alp. You'll send your Daughter——

Sir Rich. Yes, Minx, and a good Dowry with her, as a Reward for Virtue, like the Captain's.

Alp. But suppose, Sir, Mrs. *Valeria* should not like him ?

Sir Rich. I'll suppose no such Thing, Mistrefs, she shall like him.

Lady. Why, there 'tis now ; indeed, Uncle, you're too positive.

Sir Rich. And you too impertinent : Therefore I resolve you shall quit my House ; you shan't keep your Revels under the Roof where I am.

Alp. I'd have you to know, Sir, my Lady keeps no Revels beneath her Quality.

Sir Rich. Hold your Tongue, Mrs. *Pert*, or I shall display your Quality in its proper Colours.

Alp. I don't care, say your worst of me, and spare not ; but for my Lady—my Lady's a Widow, and Widows are accountable to none for their Actions—Well, I shall have a Husband one of these Days, and be a Widow too, I hope.

Sir Rich. Not unlikely, for the Man will hang himself the next Day, I warrant him.

Alp. And if any Uncle pretends to controul my Actions——

Sir Rich. He'd lose his Labour, I'm certain——

Alp. I'd treat him——

Sir Rich. Don't provoke me, Huffy, don't.

Lady. Begone, and wait in the next Room.

[*Exit Alpiew.*]

Sir Rich. The Insolence of a Servant is a great Honour to the Lady, no doubt ; but I shall find a way to humble you both.

Lady. Lookye, Uncle, do what you can, I'm resolv'd to follow my own Inclinations.

Sir Rich. Which infallibly carry you to Noise, Non-sense, Foppery, and Ruin ; but no matter, you shall go out

out of my Doors, I'll promise you ; my House shall no longer bear the scandalous Name of a *Basset-Table* : Husbands shall no more have Cause to date their Ruin from my Door, nor cry, There, there my Wife gam'd my Estate away—Nor Children curse my Posterity, for their Parents knowing my House.

Lady. No more threatening, good Uncle ; act as you please, but don't scold, or I shall be oblig'd to call *Alpiew* again.

Sir Rich. Very well, very well, see what will come on't ; the World will censure those that game, and, in my Conscience, I believe not without Cause.

*For she whose Shame no good Advice can wake,
When Money's wanting will her Virtue stake.*

[Exit.

Lady. Advice ! Ha, ha, ridiculous Advice.

Enter Lady Lucy.

No sooner rid of one Mischief but another follows—
[*Aside.*] I foresee this to be a Day of Mortification,
Alpiew.

Enter Alpiew.

Alp. Madam.

Lady. My Uncle's gone, you may come in, ha, ha, ha.

L. Lucy. Fye, Cousin, does it become you to laugh at those that give you Counsel for your Good ?

Lady. For my Good ! Oh, *mon cœur* ! Now cannot I divine what 'tis that I do more than the rest of the World to deserve this Blame.

Alp. Nor I, for the Soul of me.

L. Lucy. Shou'd all the rest of the World follow your Ladyship's Example, the Order of Nature would be inverted, and every Good design'd by Heaven, become a Curse ; Health and Plenty no longer would be known among us——You cross the Purpose of the Day and Night ; you wake when you should sleep, and make all who have any Dependance on you wake, while you repose.

Lady. Bless me ! may not any Person sleep when they please ?

∟.

L. Lucy. No ; there are certain Hours that good Manners, Modesty, and Health, require your Care ; for Example, disorderly Hours are neither healthful nor modest—And 'tis not civil to make Company wait Dinner for your Dressing.

Lady. Why does any Body dine before Four o'Clock in London ? For my Part, I think it an ill-bred Custom to make my Appetite Pendulum to the Twelfth Hour.

Alp. Besides, 'tis out of Fashion to dine by Day-light ; and so I told Sir *Richard* Yesterday, Madam.

L. Lucy. No doubt but you did, Mrs. *Alpiew* ; and then you entertain such a Train of People, Cousin, that my Lady *Reveller* is as noted as a public Ordinary, where every Fool with Money finds a Welcome.

Lady. Would you have me shut my Doors against my Friends ?—Now she is jealous of Sir *James Courtly* [*Aside.*] Besides, is it possible to pass the Evenings without Diversions ?

Alp. No, certainly——

L. Lucy. I think the Playhouse the much more innocent and commendable Diversion.

Lady. To be seen there every Night, in my Opinion, is more destructive to the Reputation.

L. Lucy. Well ; I had rather be noted every Night in the Front Box, than, by my Absence, once be suspected of Gaming ; one ruins my Estate and Character, the other diverts my Temper, and improves my Mind. Then you have such a Number of Lovers.

Lady. Oh, *Cupid* ! is it a Crime to have a Number of Lovers ? If it be, 'tis the pleasanter Crime in the World. A Crime that falls not every Day to every Woman's Lot.

L. Lucy. I dare be positive every Woman does not wish it.

Lady. Because Wishes have no Effect, Cousin, ha, ha.

L. Lucy. Methinks my Lord *Worthy's* Assiduity might have banish'd the admiring Crowd by this Time.

Lady. Banish'd 'em ! Oh, *mon cœur* ! what Pleasure is there in one Lover ? 'tis like being seen always in one Suit of Cloaths ; a Woman, with one Admirer, will ne'er be a reigning Toast.

L. Lucy. I am sure those that encourage more, will never have the Character of a reigning Virtue.

Lady.

Lady. I slight the malicious Censure of the Town, yet defy it to asperse my Virtue ; Nature has given me a Face, a Shape, a Mein, an Air for Drefs, and Wit and Humour to subdue : And shall I lose my Conquest for a Name ?

Alp. Nay, and among the unfashionable Sort of People too, Madam ; for Persons of Breeding and Quality will allow, that Gallantry and Virtue are not inseparable.

L. Lucy. But Coquetry and Reputation are ; and there is no Difference in the Eye of the World, between having really committed the Fault, and lying under the Scandal ; for my own Part, I would take as much Care to preserve my Fame, as you would your Virtue.

Lady. A little Pains will serve you for that, Cousin ; for I never once heard you nam'd——A Mortification would break my Heart, ha, ha.

L. Lucy. 'Tis better never to be nam'd, than to be ill spoken of ; but your Reflections shall not disorder my Temper. I could wish, indeed, to convince you of your Error, because you share my Blood ; but since I see the Vanity of the Attempt, I shall desist.

Lady. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Alp. Oh ! Madam, here's my Lord *Worthy*, Sir *James Courtly*, and Ensign *Lovely* coming down ; will your Ladyship see them ?

Lady. Now have I a strong Inclination to engage Sir *James*, to discompose her Gravity ; for if I have any Skill in Glances, she loves him. But then my Lord *Worthy* is so peevish since our late Quarrel, that I'm afraid to engage the Knight in a Duel ; besides, my Absence, I know, will teize him more ; therefore upon Consideration I'll retire. Cousin *Lucy*, good Morrow. I'll leave you to better Company, there's a Person at hand may prevent your Six o'Clock Prayers. [Exit.

L. Lucy. Ha ! Sir *James Courtly*—I must own I think him agreeable ; but am sorry she believes I do. I'll not be seen, for if what I scarce know myself, be grown so visible to her, perhaps he too may discover it, and then I am lost.

*While in the Breast our Secrets close remain,
'Tis out of Fortune's Power to give us Pain.* [Exit.

Enter

Enter. Lord Worthy, Sir James, and Ensign Lovely.

Sir Jam. Ha ! was not that Lady *Lucy* ?

Ensign. It was—Ah, *Sir James*, I find your Heart is out of Order about that Lady, and my Lord *Worthy* languishes for Lady *Reveller*.

Sir Jam. And thou art sick for *Valeria*, *Sir Richard's* Daughter. A poor distressed Company of us.

Ensign. 'Tis true, that little She Philosopher has made me do Penance more heartily than ever my Sins did ; I deserve her by mere dint of Patience. I have stood whole Hours to hear her assert, that Fire cannot burn, nor Water drown, nor Pain afflict, and Forty ridiculous Systems——

Sir Jam. And all her Experiments on Frogs, Fish, and Flies, ha, ha, without the least Contradiction.

Ensign. Contradiction, no, no, I allow'd all she said, with undoubtedly, Madam,—I am of your Mind, Madam, it must be so——natural Causes, &c.

Sir Jam. Ha, ha, ha, I think it is a supernatural Cause, which enables thee to go thro' this Fatigue ; if it were not to raise thy Fortune, I should think thee mad to pursue her ; but go on and prosper, nothing in my Power shall be wanting to assist you——My Lord *Worthy*, your Lordship is as melancholy as a losing Gamester.

Lord. Faith, Gentlemen, I'm out of Humour, but I don't know at what.

Sir Jam. Why then I can tell you ; for the very same Reason that made your Lordship stay here to be Spectator of the very Diversion you hate, (Gaming) the same Cause makes you uneasy in all Company, my Lady *Reveller*.

Lord. Thou hast hit it, *Sir James*, I confess I love her Person, but hate her Humours, and her Way of Living ; I have some Reasons to believe I'm not indifferent to her, yet I despair of fixing her, her Vanity has got so much the Mistress of her Resolution ; and yet her Passion for Gain surmounts her Pride, and lays her Reputation open to the World. Every Fool that has ready Money shall dare to boast himself her very humble Servant ; S'death, when I could cut the Rascal's Throat.

Sir Jam. Your Lordship is even with her one Way ;
for

for you are as testy as she's vain, and as fond of an Opportunity to quarrel with her, as she of a gaming Acquaintance ; my Opinion is, my Lord, she'll ne'er be won your Way.

*To gain all Women there's a certain Rule :
If Wit should fail to please, then act the Fool ;
And where you find Simplicity not take,
Throw off Disguises, and profess the Rake ;
Observe which Way their strongest Humours run,
They're by their own lov'd Cant the surest Way undone.*

Lord. Thou'rt of a happy Temper, Sir James, I wish I could be so too ; but since I can't add to your Diversion, I'll take my Leave ; good Morrow, Gentlemen.

[Exit.

Sir Jam. This it is to have more Love than Reason about one ; you and I, *Lovely*, will go on with Discretion, and yet I fear it's in Lady *Lucy's* Power to banish it.

Ensign. I find Mrs. *Sago*, the Drugster's Wife's Interest, begins to shake, Sir James.

Sir Jam. And I fear her Love for Play begins to shake her Husband's Bags too. Faith, I am weary of that Intrigue, lest I should be suspected to have a Hand in his Ruin.

Ensign. She did not lose much to Night, I believe. Pr'ythee, Sir James, what kind of a temper'd Woman is she ? Has she Wit ?

Sir Jam. That she has—A large Portion, and as much Cunning, or she could never have manag'd the old Fellow so nicely ; she has a vast Passion for my Lady *Reveler*, and endeavours to mimick her in every Thing. Not a Suit of Clothes, or a Top-knot, that is not exactly the same with her's. Then her Plots and Contrivances to supply these Expences, put her continually upon the Rack ; yet to give her her Due, she has a fertile Brain that Way ; but come, shall we go Home and sleep two or three Hours ; at Dinner I'll introduce you to Captain *Hearty*, the Sea Officer, your Rival that is to be, he's just come to Town.

Ensign. A powerful Rival, I fear, for Sir *Richard* resolves to marry him to his Daughter ; all my Hopes lie
in

in her Arguments, and you know Philosophers are very positive. And if this Captain does but happen to contradict one whimsical Notion, the Poles will as soon join, as they couple, and rather than yield, she would go to the *Indies* in search of *Dampier's* Ants.

Sir *Jam.* Nay, she is no Woman if she obeys.

*Women, like Tides, with Passions ebb and flow,
And like them too, their Source no Man can know.
To watch their Motions, is the safest Guide ;
Who hits their Humour, sails with Wind and Tide.* [Exit.



ACT II.

Enter Buckle, meeting Mrs. Alpieu.

Alp. GOOD-Morrow.
Buck. Good-morrow.

Alp. Good-Morrow, good-Morrow, is that all your Business here? What means that affected Look, as if you long'd to be examin'd what's the Matter?

Buck. The Capricio's of Love, *Mademoiselle* ; the Capricio's of Love.

Alp. Why ! are you in Love?

Buck. I—in Love ! No ! the Devil take me, if ever I shall be infected with that Madnefs ! 'tis enough for one in a Family to fall under the whimsical Circumstances of that Distemper. My Lord has a sufficient Portion for both : here—here—here's a Letter for your Lady : I believe the Contents are not so full of Stars, and Darts, and Flames, as they us'd to be.

Alp. My Lady will not concern herself with your Lord, nor his Letters neither, I can assure you that.

Buck. So much the better ; I'll tell him what you say—Have you no more ?

Alp. Tell him it is not my Fault ; I have done as much for his Service as lay in my Power, till I put her in so great a Passion, that 'tis impossible to appease her.

Buck. Very good—my Lord is upon the Square, I promise ye, as much enraged as her Ladyship to the full.
Well,

Well, Mrs. *Alpiew*, to the longest Day of his Life, he swears never to forget Yesterday's Adventure, that has given him perfect Liberty.

Alp. I believe so—What was it, pray?

Buck. I'll tell you; 'twas Matter of Consequence, I assure you, I've known Lovers part for a less Trifle by half.

Alp. No Digressions, but to the Point, what was it?

Buck. This—my Lord, was at the Fair with your Lady.

Alp. What of that?

Buck. In a Raffling-Shop she saw a young Gentleman, which she said was very handsome—At the same Time, my Lord praised a young Lady; she redoubles her Commendations of the Beau—He enlarges on the Beauty of the Belle; their Discourse grew warm on the Subject; they pause; she begins again with the Perfections of the Gentleman; he ends with the same of the Lady: Thus they pursued their Arguments, still finding such mighty Charms in their new Favourites, till they found one another so ugly—so ugly—that they parted with full Resolution never to meet again.

Alp. Ha, ha, ha, pleasant; well, if you have no more to tell me, adieu.

Buck. Stay a Moment, I see my Lord coming, I thought he'd follow me. Oh! Lovers' Resolutions.

Enter Lord Worthy.

Lord. So, have you seen my Lady *Reveller*? [To *Buck.*

Alp. My Lord—

Lord. Ha! Mrs. *Alpiew*. [Gives him his own Letter.

Buck. Here's your Lordship's Letter.

Lord. An Answer! She has done me very much Honour.

Alp. My Lord, I am commanded—

Lord. Hold a little, dear Mrs. *Alpiew*. [All this while he is opening the Letter, thinking it from the Lady.]

Buck. My Lord, she would not—

Lord. Be quiet, I say—

Alp. I am very sorry—

Lord. But a Moment—Ha! Why this is my own Letter.

Buck. Yes, my Lord.

Lord. Yes, my Lord—What, she'd not receive it then?

Buck. No, my Lord.

Lord. How durst you stay so long?

Alp. I beg your Lordship not to harbour an ill Opinion of me ; I opposed her Anger with my utmost Skill, prais'd all your Actions, all your Parts, but all in vain.

Lord. Enough, enough, Madam ; she has taken the best Method in the World—Well, then we are ne'er to meet again.

Alp. I know not that, my Lord——

Lord. I rejoice at it, by my Life I do ; she has only prevented me ; I came on purpose to break with her——

Buck. [*Aside.*] Yes, so 'twas a Sign, by the Pleasure you discover'd in thinking she had writ to you.

Lord. I suppose she has entertain'd you with the Cause of this.

Alp. No, my Lord, never mention'd a Syllable, only said, she had forever done with you ; and charg'd me, as I valu'd her Favour, to receive no Message nor Letter from you.

Lord. May I become the very't Wretch alive, and all the Ills imaginable fall upon my Head, if I speak to her more ; nay, ever think of her but with Scorn—Where is she now? [*Walks about.*]

Alp. In her Dressing-Room.

Lord. There let her be ; I am weary of her fantastic Humours, affected Airs, and unaccountable Passions.

Buck. For half an Hour.

[*Aside.*]

Lord. Do you know what she's doing?

Alp. I believe, my Lord, trying on a Mantua ; I left her with Mrs. *Pleatwell*, and that us'd to hold her a great while, for the Woman is saucily familiar with all the Quality, and tells her all the Scandal.

Lord. And conveys Letters upon Occasion ; 'tis tack'd to their Profession—But my Lady *Reveller* may do what she pleases, I am no more her Slave, upon my Word ; I have broke my Chain—she has not been out then since she rose.

Alp. No, my Lord.

Lord.

Lord. Nay, if she has, or has not, 'tis the same Thing to me; she may go to the End of the World, if she will, I shan't take any Pains to follow her——Whose Footman was that I met?

Alp. I know not, my Lord, we have so many come with How d'ye's, I ne'er mind them.

Lord. You are uneasy, Child; come, I'll not detain you, I have no Curiosity, I protest I'm satisfied if she's so; I assure ye, let her despise me, let her hate me, 'tis all one; adieu. [Going.]

Alp. My Lord, your Servant.

Lord. Mrs. *Alpiew*, let me beg one Favour of you, [turns back] not to say I was here.

Alp. I'll do just as you please, my Lord.

Lord. Do that then, and you'll oblige me,

[Is going, and comes back often.]

Alp. I will.

Lord. Don't forget.

Alp. Your Lordship may depend upon me.

Lord. Hold! now I think on't—Pray tell her you did see me, do you hear?

Alp. With all my Heart.

Lord. Tell her how indifferent she is to me in every respect.

Alp. I shan't fail.

Lord. Tell her every Thing just as I express it to you,

Alp. I will.

Lord. Adieu. [Going.]

Alp. Your Servant.

Lord. Now I think on't, Mrs. *Alpiew*, I have a great Mind she should know my Sentiments from my own Mouth.

Alp. Nay, my Lord, I can't promise you that.

Lord. Why?

Alp. Because she has expressly forbid your Admittance.

Lord. I'd speak but one Word with her.

Alp. Impossible.

Lord. Pugh, pr'ythee let me see her. [Intreating,

Buck. So, now all this mighty Rage ends in a begging Submission.

Lord. Only tell her I am here,

Alp.

Alp. Why should you desire me to meet her Anger, my Lord.

Lord. Come, you shall oblige me once.

[*Puts a Ring upon her Finger.*]

Alp. O dear, my Lord, you have such a Command over your Servant, I can refuse nothing. [*Exit.*]

Lord. Have you been at the Goldsmith's about the Bills, for I am fix'd on Travelling.

Buck. Your Lordship's so disturb'd, you have forgot you countermanded me, and sent me hither.

Lord. True.

Enter Mrs. Alpiew.

Alp. Just as I told your Lordship, she fell in a most violent Passion at the bare mention of your Name: Tell him, said she, in an heroic Strain, I'll never see him more and commanded him to quit that Room, for I'm coming thither.

Lord. Tyrant, curse on my Folly, she knows her Power; well, I hope I may walk in the Gallery; I would speak with her Uncle.

Alp. To be sure, my Lord. [*Exit Lord Worthy.*]

Buck. Learn, Mistress, learn, you may come to make me mad in Time, ha, ha, ha.

Alp. Go, Fool, follow your Lord. [*Exit Buck.*]

Enter Lady Reveller.

Lady. Well, I'll swear, *Alpiew*, you have given me the Vapours for all Day.

Alp. Ah! Madam, if you had seen him, you must have had Compassion; I would not have such a Heart of Adamant for the World; poor Lord, sure you have the strangest Power over him.

Lady. Silly—one often fancies one has Power, when one has none at all; I'll tell thee, *Alpiew*, he vexed me strangely before this grand Quarrel; I was at *Piquet* with my Lady *Lovewit* four Nights ago, and bid him read me a new Copy of Verses, because, you know, he never plays, and I did not well know what to do with him; he had scarce begun, when I, being eager at a Pique, he rose up and said, he believ'd I lov'd the Music of my own Voice,

Voice, (crying Nine and Twenty, Threescore) better than the sweetest Poetry in the Universe, and abruptly left us.

Alp. A great Crime, indeed, not to read ; when People are at a Game they are oblig'd to talk all the while.

Lady. Crime ; yes, indeed was it, for my Lady loves Poetry better than Play, and perhaps before the Poem had been done, had lost her Money to me. But I wonder, *Alpiew*, by what Art 'tis you engage me in this Discourse, why should I talk of a Man that's utterly my Averfion——Have you heard from Mrs. *Sago* this Morning ?

Alp. Certainly, Madam, she never fails ; she has sent your Ladyship the finest Cargo, made up of Chocolate, Tea, *Montifasco* Wine, and fifty Rarities beside, with something to remember me, good Creature, that she never forgets. Well, indeed, Madam, she is the best-natur'd Woman in the World ; it grieves me to think what Sums she loses at Play.

Lady. Oh, fye, she must ; a Citizen's Wife is not to be endur'd amongst Quality ; had she not Money, 'twere impossible to receive her——

Alp. Nay, indeed, I must say that of you Women of Quality, if there is but Money enough, you stand not upon Birth or Reputation, in either Sex ; if you did, so many Sharpers of *Covent-Garden*, and Mistresses of St. *James's*, would not be daily admitted.

Lady. Peace, Impertinence, you take strange Freedoms.

[*Enter Valeria running.*
Why in such Haste, Cousin *Valeria* ? [Stopping her.

Val. Oh ! dear Cousin, don't stop me, I shall lose the finest Insect for Dissection, a huge Flesh Fly, which Mr. *Lovely* sent me just now, and opening the Box to try the Experiment, away it flew.

Lady. I am glad the poor Fly escap'd ; will you never be weary of these Whimfies ?

Val. Whimfies ! Natural Philosophy a Whimsy ! Oh ! the unlearned World.

Lady. Ridiculous Learning !

Alp. Ridiculous, indeed, for Women ; Philosophy suits our Sex as Jack-Boots would do.

Val. Custom would bring them as much in Fashion as Fur-

Furbeloes, and Practice would make us as valiant as e'er a Hero of them all : the Resolution is in the Mind—Nothing can enslave that.

Lady. My Stars ! this Girl will be mad, that's certain.

Val. Mad ! so *Nero* banish'd Philosophers from *Rome*, and the first Discoverer of the *Antipodes* was condemn'd for a Heretic.

Lady. In my Conscience, *Alpiew*, this pretty Creature's spoil'd. Well, Cousin, might I advise, you should bestow your Fortune in founding a College for the Study of Philosophy, where none but Women should be admitted ; and to immortalize your Name, they should be called *Valerians*, ha, ha, ha.

Val. What you make a Jest of, I'd execute, were Fortune in my Power.

Alp. All Men would not be excluded : the handsome Ensign, Madam.

Lady. In Love ! Nay, there's no Philosophy against Love ; *Solon* for that.

Val. 'Pshaw, no more of this trifling Subject ; Cousin, will you believe there's any Thing without Gall.

Lady. I am satisfy'd I have one, when I lose at play, or see a Lady address'd when I am by ; and 'tis equal to me, whether the rest of the Creation have or not.

Val. Well, but I'll convince you then ; I have dissected my Dove—and positively I think the vulgar Notion true, for I could find none.

Lady. Oh, barbarous ! killed your pretty Dove.

[*Starting.*

Val. Kill'd it ! Why, what did you imagine I bred it up for ? Can Animals, Insects, or Reptiles, be put to a nobler Use than to improve our Knowledge ? Cousin, I'll give you this Jewel for your *Italian* Greyhound.

Lady. What to cut to pieces ? Oh, horrid ! he had need be a Soldier that ventures on you ; for my Part, I should dream of nothing but Incision, Dissection, and Amputation, and always fancy the Knife at my Throat.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here's Sir *Richard*, and a—

Val. A—What, is it an Accident, a Substance, a Material Being, or a Being of Reason ?

Serv.

Serv. I don't know what you call a Material Being, it is a Man.

Val. 'Pshaw, a Man, that's nothing.

Lady. She'll prove by and by, out of *Descartes* that we are all Machines.

Enter Sir Richard, and Capt. Firebrand.

Alp. Oh, Madam, do you see who observes you? My Lord walking in the Gallery, and every Minute gives a Peep.

Lady. Does he so! I'll fit him for Eves-dropping—

Sir Rich. Sir, I like the Relation you have given me of your Naval Expedition; your Discourse speaks you a Man fit for the Sea.

Capt. You had it without a Flourish, *Sir Richard*; my word is this, I hate the *French*, love a handsome Woman, and a Bowl of Punch.

Val. Very blunt.

Sir Rich. This is my Daughter, Captain, a Girl of sober Education; she understands nothing of Gaming, Parks, or Plays.

Alp. But wanting these Diversions, she has supply'd the Vacancy with greater Follies. [*Aside.*]

Capt. A tight little Frigate [*Salutes her.*] 'Faith, I think she looks like a fresh Man Sea-sick—but here's a gallant Vessel—with all her Streamers out, Top and Top-Gallant—With your Leave, Madam, [*Salutes her.*] Who is that Lady, *Sir Richard*?

Sir Rich. 'Tis a Niece of mine, Captain—tho' I am sorry she is so: she values nothing that does not spend their Days at their Glafs, and their Nights at *Basset*; such who ne'er did good to their Prince, nor Country, except their Taylor, Peruke-maker, and Perfumer.

Lady. Fye, fye, Sir, believe him not, I have a Passion, an extreme Passion for a Hero—especially if he belongs to the Sea; methinks he has an Air so fierce, so piercing, his very Looks command Respect from his own Sex, and all the Hearts of ours.

Sir Rich. The Devil—Now, rather than let another Female have a Man to herself, she'll make the first Advances. [*Aside.*]

Capt. Ay, Madam, we are preferr'd by you fine Ladies sometimes before the sprucer Sparks—there's a Conveniency in't; a fair Wind, and we hale out, and leave you Liberty and Money, two Things the most acceptable to a Wife in Nature.

Lady. Oh! ay, it's so pretty to have one's Husband gone Nine Months of the Twelve; and then to bring one home fine China, fine Lace, fine Muslin, and fine Indian Birds, and a thousand Curiosities.

Sir Rich. No, no; Nine is a little too long, Six would do better for one of your Constitution, Mistress.

Capt. Well, Madam, what think you of a cruising Voyage towards the Cape of Matrimony, your Father designs me for the Pilot; if you agree to it, we'll hoist Sail immediately.

Val. I agree to any Thing dictated by good Sense, and comprehended within the Borders of Elocution; the Converse I hold with your Sex, is only to improve and cultivate the Notions of my Mind.

Sir Rich. What the Devil is she going upon now?

[*Aside.*

Val. I presume you are a Mariner, Sir—

Capt. I have the Honour to bear the Queen's Commission, Madam.

Val. Pray speak properly, positively, laconically, and naturally.

Lady. So; she has given him a Broadside already.

Capt. Laconically! Why, why, what is your Daughter, Sir Richard? ha.

Sir Rich. May I be reduced to wooden Shoes, if I can tell you, the Devil: Had I lived near a College, the Haunts of some Pedant might have brought this Curse upon me; but to have got my Estate in the City, and to have a Daughter run mad after Philosophy, I'll ne'er suffer it in the Rage I'm in; I'll throw all the Books and Mathematical Instruments out of the Window.

Lady. I dare say, Uncle, you have shook Hands with Philosophy—for I'm sure you have banish'd Patience, ha, ha, ha.

Sir Rich. And you Discretion—By all my Hatred for the French, they'll drive me mad: Captain, I'll expect you

you in the next Room ; and you Mrs. *Laconick*, with your Philosophy at your Tail. [Exit.]

Lady. Shan't I come too, Uncle, ha, ha.

Capt. By *Neptune*, this is a kind of a whimsical Family. Well, Madam, what was you going to say so positively and properly, and so forth ?

Val. I would have ask'd you, Sir, if ever you had the Curiosity to inspect a Mermaid——Or if you are convinc'd there is a World in every Star——We, by our Telescopes, find Seas, Groves and Plains, and all that ; but what they are peopled with, there's the Quere.

Capt. Let your next Contrivance be how to get thither, and then you'll know a World in every Star—Ha, ha, she's fitter for *Moorfields* than Matrimony ; pray, Madam, are you always infected, Full and Change, with this Distemper ?

Val. How has my Reason err'd, to hold Converse with an irrational Being——Dear, dear Philosophy, what immense Pleasures dwell in thee !

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, *John* has got the Fish you sent him in search of.

Val. Is it alive ?

Serv. Yes, Madam.

Val. Your Servant, your Servant, I wou'd not lose the Experiment for any Thing, but the Tour of the new World. [Exit.]

Capt. Ha, ha, ha, is your Ladyship troubled with these Vagaries too ? Is the whole House posses'd ?

Lady. Not I, Captain, the speculative Faculty is not my Talent ; I am for the Practice, can listen all Day to hear you talk of Fire, substantial Fire, Rear and Front, and Line of Battle—admire a Sea-man, hate the *French*—love a Bowl of Punch : Oh ! nothing so agreeable as your Conversation, nothing so jaunty as a Sea Captain.

Alp. So : this engages him to play,—if he has either Manners or Money. [Aside.]

Capt. Ay : give me the Woman that can hold me tack in my own Dialect—She's mad too, I suppose, but I'll humour her a little. [Aside.] Oh, Madam, not a fair

fair Wind, nor a rich Prize, nor Conquest o'er my Enemies, can please like you : accept my Heart without Capitulation——'Tis yours, a Prisoner at Discretion.

[*Kisses her Hand.*]

Enter Lord Worthy.

Lord. Hold, Sir, you must there contend with me : the Victory is not so easy as you imagine.

Lady. Oh, fy, my Lord, you won't fight for one you hate and despise? I may trust you with the Captain ; ha, ha, ha.

[*Exit.*]

Capt. This must be her Lover—and he is mad another Way : This is the most unaccountable Family I ever met with. [*Aside.*] Look ye, Sir, what you mean by contending, I know not ; but I must tell you, I don't think any Woman I have seen since I came ashore, worth fighting for. The philosophical Gimcrack I don't value of a Cockle-Shell. And am too well acquainted with the Danger of Rocks and Quick-sands, to steer into t'other's Harbour.

Lord. He has discover'd her already ; I, only I am blind.

[*Aside.*]

Capt. But, Sir, if you have a mind to a Breathing, here, tread upon my Toe, or speak but one Word in favour of the *French*, or against the Courage of our Fleet, and my Sword will start of itself, to do its Master and my Country Justice.

Lord. How ridiculous do I make myself——Pardon me, Sir, you are in the right. I confess I scarce knew what I did.

Capt. I thought so, poor Gentleman, I pity him : this is the Effect of Love on Shore—When do we hear of a Tar in these Fits, longer than the first fresh Gale—Well, I'll into Sir *Richard*, eat with him, drink with him ; but to match into his Generation, I'd as soon marry one of his Daughter's Mermaids.

[*Exit.*]

Lord. Was ever Man so stupid as myself? But I will rouse from this lethargic Dream, and seek elsewhere what is deny'd at home ; Absence may restore my Liberty.

Enter.

Enter Mr. Sago.

Sago. Pray, my Lord, did you see my *Keecky*?

Lord. *Keecky*, what's that?

Sago. My Wife, you must know, I call her *Keecky*, ha, ha.

Lord. Not I, indeed—

Sago. Nay, pray my Lord ben't angry, I only want to tell her what a Present of fine Wine is sent her just now : and ha, ha, ha, ha what makes me laugh—is, that no Soul can tell from whence it comes.

Lord. Your Wife knows, no doubt.

Sago. No more than myself, my Lord—We have often Wine and Sweatmeats ; nay, whole Pieces of Silk, and the Duce take me if she could devise from whence ; nay, sometimes she has been for sending them back again, but I cry'd, whose a Fool then.

Lord. I'm sure thou art one in Perfection, and to me insupportable.

[Going.

Sago. My Lord, I know your Lordship has the Privilege of this House, pray do me the Kindness, if you find my Wife, to send her out to me. *[Exit. Lord.]* I ne'er saw so much of this Lord's Humour before : he is very furly, methinks—Adod, there are some Lords of my Wife's Acquaintance, as civil and familiar with me, as I am with my Journeyman—Oh ! here she comes.

Enter Mrs. Sago, and Alpieu.

Mrs. Sago. Oh, Puddy, see what my Lady *Reveller* has presented me withal.

Sago. Hey, *Keecky*, why fure you rise—as the Saying is, for at Home there's four Hampers of Wine sent ye.

Mrs. Sago. From whence, dear Puddy?

Sago. Nay, there's the Jest, neither you nor I know. I offer'd the Rogue that brought it a Guinea to tell from whence it came, and he swore he durst not.

Mrs. Sago. No, if he had, I'd never have employ'd him again.

[Aside.

Sago. So I gave him half a Crown, and let him go.

Mrs. Sago. It comes very opportunely ; pray, Puddy, send a Couple of the Hampers to my Lady *Reveller's*, as

a small Acknowledgment for the rich Present she has made me.

Sago. With all my Heart, my Jewel, my Precious.

Mrs. Sago. Puddy I am strangely oblig'd to *Mrs. Alpiew*; do, Puddy, do, dear Puddy.

Sago. What?

Mrs. Sago. Will ye, then? Do, dear Puddy, do, lend me a Guinea to give her, do.

[*Hanging upon him in a wheedling Tone.*]

Sago. 'Pshaw, you are always wanting Guineas; I'll send her half a Pound of Tea, Keecky.

Mrs. Sago. Tea—ha—she drinks Ladies Tea; do, dear Puddy do; can you deny, Keecky, now?

Sago. Well, well, there. [*Gives it her.*]

Mrs. Sago. *Mrs. Alpiew*, will you please to lay the Silk by for me, till I send for it, and accept of that?

Alp. Your Servant, Madam, I'll be careful of it.

Mrs. Sago. Thank ye, borrow as much as you can on't, dear *Alpiew*. [*Aside to her.*]

Alp. I warrant you, Madam. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Sago. I must raise a Sum for *Basset* against Night.

Sago. Prythee, *Keecky*, what kind of humour'd Man is *Lord Worthy*? I did but ask him if he saw thee, and I thought he wou'd have snapp'd my Nose off.

Mrs. Sago. Oh, a mere Woman, full of Spleen and Vapours, he and I never agree.

Sago. Adod, I thought so—I guess'd he was none of thy Admirers—ha, ha, ha; why there's my Lord *Court-tall*, and my Lord *Horncit*, bow down to the Ground to me where ever they meet me.

Enter Alpiew.

Alp. Madam, Madam, the Goldsmith has sent in the Plate.

Mrs. Sago. Very well, take it along with the Silk.

[*Aside to her.*]

Alp. Here's the Jeweller, Madam, with the Diamond Ring, but he don't seem willing to leave it without Money. [*Exit Alpiew.*]

Mrs. Sago. Hump! I have a sudden Thought; bid him stay, and bring me the Ring——Now for the Art of Wheedling——

Sago.

Sago. What are you whispering about? Ha! Precious——

Mrs. Sago. Mrs. *Alpiew* says, a Friend of her's has a Diamond Ring to sell, a great Pennyworth, and I know you love a Bargain, Puddy.

Enter Alpiew, gives her the Ring.

Sago. 'Pshaw, I don't care for Rings; it may be a Bargain, and it may not; and I can't spare Money; I have paid for a Lot this Morning: confider Trade must go forward, Lambkin.

Alp. See how it sparkles.

Mrs. Sago. Nay, Puddy, if it be not worth your Money, I don't desire you to buy it; but don't it become my Finger, Puddy? See now——

Sago. Ah! that Hand, that Hand it was which first got hold of my Heart: well, what's the Price of it? Ha, I am ravish'd to see it upon *Keecky's* Finger——

Mrs. Sago. What did he lay the price of it was?

[*To Alpiew.*

Alp. Two hundred Guineas, Madam.

[*Aside to Mrs. Sago.*

Mrs. Sago. Threescore Pounds, dear Pudd:—The Devil's in't if he won't give that.

[*Aside.*

Sago. Threescore Pounds! Why 'tis worth a Hundred, Child, richly—'tis stole—'tis stole——

Alp. Stole! I'd have you to know, the Owner is my Relation, and has been as great a Merchant as any in *London*, but has had the Misfortune to have his Ships fall into the Hands of the *French*, or he'd not have parted with it at such a Rate; it cost him two hundred Guineas.

Mrs. Sago. I believe as much; indeed it is very fine.

Sago. So it is, *Keecky*, and that dear little Finger shall have it too; let me bite it a little tiny Bit——

[*Bites her Finger.*

Mrs. Sago. Oh! dear Pudd, you hurt me.

Sago. Here—I han't so much Money about me, but there's a Bill, Lambkin——there now, you'll bufs poor Puddy now, won't you?

Mrs. Sago. Bufs him—yes, that I will, agen and agen, and agen, dear Pudd.

[*Flies about his Neck.*

Sago.

Sago. You'll go home with Puddy now to Dinner, won't you?

Mrs. Sago. Yes—a—dear Puddy, if you desire it—I will—but—a—

Sago. But what?

Mrs. Sago. But I promis'd my Lady *Reveller* to dine with her, Deary—Do, let me, Pud—I'll dine with you To-morrow day.

Alp. Nay, I'm fure my Lady won't eat a Bit, if she don't stay.

Sago. Well, they are all so fond of my Wife; my *Keecky*, shew me thy little Finger agen—O dear little Finger, my *Keecky*!

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Sago. My nown Pudd—Here *Alpiew*, give him his Ring agen, I have my End; tell him 'tis too dear.

[*Aside.*

Alp. But what will you say when Mr. *Sago* misses it?

Mrs. Sago. I'll say—that it was too big for my Finger, and I lost it; 'tis but a Crying-bout, and the good Man melts into pity.

*I th' married State, this only Blifs we find,
An easy Husband to our Wishes kind,
I've gain'd my Point, replenish'd Purse once more,
Oh! cast me, Fortune, on the winning Shore:
Now let me gain what I have lost before.*

[*Exit.*



ACT III.

The SCENE draws, and discovers Valeria with Books upon a Table, a Microscope, putting a Fish upon it, several Animals lying by.

Val. 'P SHAW! Thou fluttering Thing—So, now I've fix'd it.

Enter Alpiew.

Alp. Madam, here's Mr. *Lovely*; I have introduced him

him as one of my Lady's Visitors, and brought him down the Back-Stairs.

Val. I'm oblig'd to you, he comes opportunely.

Enter Lovely.

O Mr. *Lovely*! come, come here, look through this Glafs, and see how the Blood circulates in the Tail of this Fish.

Lov. Wonderful! but it circulates prettier in this fair Neck.

Val. 'Pshaw—be quiet—I'll shew you a Curiosity, the greatest that ever Nature made.—[*Opens a Box.*] In opening a Dog the other Day, I found this Worm.

Lov. Prodigious! 'Tis the Joint-Worm, which the Learned talk of so much.

Val. Ay; the *Lumbricus*, *Lætus*, or *Fascia*, as *Hippocrates* calls it, or vulgarly in English, the Tape-Worm—*Thudæus* tells us of one of these Worms found in a Human Body, two hundred Feet long, without Head or Tail.

Lov. I wish they be not got into thy Brain. [*Aside.* Oh, you charm me with these Discoveries.

Val. Here's another Sort of Worm call'd *Lumbricus teres Intestinalis*.

Lov. I think the first you shewed me the greatest Curiosity.

Val. 'Tis very odd, really, that there should be every Inch a Joint, and every Joint a Mouth—Oh, the profound Secrets of Nature!

Lov. 'Tis strangely surprizing—But now let me be heard, for mine's the Voice of Nature too; methinks you neglect yourself, the most perfect Piece of all her Works.

Val. Why, what Fault do you find in me?

Lov. You have not Love enough; that Fire would consume and banish all Studies but its own; your Eyes would sparkle, and spread I know not what, of Lively and Touching, o'er the whole Face; this Hand when press'd by him you Love, would tremble to your Heart.

Val. Why so it does—Have I not told you twenty Times I love you?—for I hate Disguise; your Temper being adapted to mine, gave my Soul the first Im-

pression ;—You know my Father's positive,——but do not believe he shall force me to any Thing that does not love Philosophy.

Lov. But that Sea Captain, *Valeria*.

Val. If he was a Whale, he might give you Pain, for I should long to dissect him ; but as he is a Man, you have no Reason to fear him.

Lov. Consent then to fly with me.

Val. What, and leave my Microscope, and all my Things for my Father to break in Pieces?

Sir Rich. *Valeria, Valeria.*

[*Within.*

Val. O Heavens ! he is coming up the Back-Stairs. What shall we do ?

Lov. Humph ; ha, can't you put me in that Closet there ?

Val. Oh, no, I han't the Key.

Lov. I'll run down the Great Stairs, let who will see me.

[*Going.*

Val. Oh no, no, no, no, not for your Life ;—here, here,, get under this Tub.

[*Throws out some Fish in haste and turns the Tub over him.*

Enter Sir Richard.

Sir Rich. What, at your Whims—and Whirligigs, ye Baggage ! I'll out at Window with them.

[*Throwing away the Things.*

Val. Oh ! dear Father, save my *Lumbricus Lætus*.

Sir Rich. I'll Lamprey and Latum you ; what's that I wonder ? Ha ! Where the Devil got you Names that your Father don't understand ? Ha ? [*Treads upon them.*

Val. Oh, my poor Worm ! Now you have destroy'd a Thing, that, for ought I know, *England* can't produce again.

Sir Rich. What is it good for ? Answer me that. What's this Tub here for ? Ha ?

[*Kicks it.*

Val. What shall I do now ?——it is a——'tis a——Oh dear Sir ! don't touch the Tub——for there's a Bear's young Cub that I have bought for Dissection,——but I dare not touch it till the Keeper comes.

Sir Rich. I'll Cub you, and Keeper you, with a Vengeance

geance to you ; is my Money laid out in Bears Cubs?—
I'll drive out your Cub—[*Opens the Door, stands at a Distance off, and with his Cane lifts up the Tub, Lovely rises,*
Lov. Oh the Devil ! discover'd ; your Servant, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Sir Rich. Oh ! your Servant, Sir—What is this your Bear's Cub ? Ha, Mistrefs ! His Taylor has lick'd him into Shape, I find—What did this Man do here ? Ha, Huffy ?—I doubt you have been studying Natural Philosophy, with a Vengeance.

Val. Indeed, Sir, he only brought me a strange Fish, and hearing your Voice, I was afraid you would be angry, and so that made me hide him.

Sir Rich. A Fish ! 'tis the Flesh I fear ; I'll have you married To-night—I believe this Fellow was the beggarly Ensign, who never march'd farther than from *Whitehall* to the *Tower*, who wants your Portion to make him a Brigadier, without ever seeing a Battle—Huffy, ha—tho' your philosophical Cant, with a Murrain to you—has put the Captain out of Conceit, I have a Husband still for you ; come along, come along, I'll fend the Servants to clear this Room of your Baubles. [*Pulls her off.*] I will so.

Val. But the Servants won't, old Gentleman, that's my Comfort still. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Lovely.

Lov. I'm glad they are gone, for the Duce take me if I could hit the Way out.

Enter Sir James.

Sir Jam. Ha—Ensign ! luckily met ; I have been labouring for you, and I hope done you a Piece of Service. Why, you look surpriz'd.

Lov. Surpriz'd ! so wou'd you, *Sir James*, if you had been whelm'd under a Tub without Room to breathe.

Sir Jam. Under a Tub ! ha, ha, ha.

Lov. 'Twas the only Place of Shelter.

Sir Jam. Come, come, I have a better Prospect ; the Captain is a very honest Fellow, and thinks if you can bear with the Girl, you deserve her Fortune ; here's
16 VOL. I. your

your Part, [*Gives a Paper.*] he'll give you your Cue ; he stays at his Lodgings for you.

Lov. What's the Design?

Sir Jam. That will tell you ; quick Dispatch.

Lov. Well, Sir *Jam.*, I know you have a prolific Brain, and will rely on your Contrivances, and if it succeeds, the Captain shall have a Bowl of Punch large enough to set his Ship afloat. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lady Reveller, Lady Lucy, and Mrs. Sago.

Sir Jam. The Tea-Table broke up already ! I fear there has been but small Recruits of Scandal To-day.

Mrs. Sago. Well, I'll swear I think the Captain's a pleafant Fellow.

Sir Jam. That's becaufe he made his Court to her.

[*Aside.*]

L. Revel. Oh—I naufete thofe amphibious Creatures.

Sir Jam. Umph, ſhe was not addrefs'd to.

L. Lucy. He ſeems neither to want Senſe, Honour, nor true Courage ; and methinks there is a Beauty in his plain Delivery.

Sir Jam. There ſpoke Sincerity without Affectation.

L. Revel. How ſhall we paſs the Afternoon ?

Sir Jam. Ay, Ladies, how ſhall we ?

L. Revel. You here ? I thought you had liſted yourſelf Volunteer under the Captain, to board ſome Prize, you whiſper'd ſo often, and ſneak'd out one after another.

Sir Jam. Who would give one ſelf the Pains to cruife Abroad, when all one values is at Home ?

L. Revel. To whom is this directed ? Or will you monopolize and ingroſs us all ?

Sir Jam. No,—tho' you would wake Deſire in every Beholder, I reſign you to my worthy Friend.

L. Lucy. And the reſt of the Company have no Pretence to you.

Mrs. Sago. That's more than ſhe knows. [*Aside.*]

Sir Jam. Beauty, like yours, would give all Mankind Pretence.

Mrs. Sago. So, not a Word to me ; are theſe his Vows ?

[*In an uneasy Air.*]

L. Lucy. There's one upon the Teize already. [*Aside.*]

L. Revel. Why, you are in Diſorder, my Dear ; you look

look as if you had lost a *Trant Leva*: What have you said to her, Sir *James*?

Sir *Jam.* I said, Madam! I hope I never say any Thing to offend the Ladies. The Devil's in these married Women, they can't conceal their own Intrigues, though they swear us to Secrecy. [*Aside.*]

L. *Lucy.* You mistake, Cousin; 'tis his saying nothing to her has put her upon the Fret.

L. *Revel.* Ah! your Observations are always malicious.

Mrs. *Sago.* I despise them dear Lady *Reveller*, let's in to Picquet; I suppose Lady *Lucy* would be pleas'd with Sir *James* alone to finish her Remarks.

L. *Lucy.* Nay, if you remove the Cause, the Discourse ceases.

Sir *Jam.* [*Going up to her.*] This you draw upon your self; you will discover it. [*To her.*]

Mrs. *Sago.* Yes your Falshood.

L. *Revel.* Come, my dear Sir *James*, will you make one at a Pool?

Sir *Jam.* Pardon me, Madam, I'm to be at *White's* in half an Hour, anon at the *Basset-Table*. I'm yours.

Mrs. *Sago.* No, no, he can't leave her.

[*Going, still looking back.*]

L. *Lucy.* They play Gold, Sir *James*.

Sir *Jam.* [*Going up to Lady Lucy.*] Madam, were your Heart the Stake, I'd renounce all Engagements to win that, or retrieve my own.

L. *Lucy.* I must like the Counter-stake very well, e'er I play so high.

Mrs. *Sago.* Sir *James*, harkye, one Word with you.

[*Breaking from Lady Reveller's Hand, pulling Sir James by the Sleeve.*]

L. *Lucy.* Ha, ha, I knew she could not stir; I'll remove your Constraint, but with my wonted Freedom, will tell you plainly—your Husband's Shop would better become you than Gaming and Gallants. Oh Shame to Virtue, that Women should copy Men in their most reigning Vices.

*Of Virtue's wholesome Rules unjustly we complain,
When Search of Pleasures give us greater Pain.
How slightly we our Reputation guard,
Which lost but once can never be repair'd.*

L.

L. *Revel*. Farewel Sentences.

Enter Alpiew.

Alp. Madam——— [*Whispers her Lady.*

Mrs. Sago. So then, you persuade me 'twas the Care of my Fame.

Sir Jam. Nothing else I protest, my dear little Rogue ; I have as much Love as you, but I have more Conduct.

Mrs. Sago. Well, you know how soon I forgive you your Faults.

Sir. Jam. Now to what Purpose have I lyed myself into her good Graces, when I would be glad to be rid of her ? [*Aside.*

L. *Revel*. Booted and spur'd say you ! Pray send him up, *Sir James* ; I suppose trusty *Buckle* is come with some diverting Embassy from your Friend.

Enter Buckle in a Riding-Dress.

Mr. *Buckle*, Why in this Equipage ?

Buck. Ah ! Madam———

L. *Revel*. Out with it.

Buck. Farewel, Friends, Parents, and my Country ; thou, dear Play-House, and sweet Park, Farewel.

L. *Revel*. Farewel, why, whither are you going ?

Buck. My Lord and I am going where they never knew Deccit.

Sir Jam. That Land is invisible, *Buckle*.

L. *Revel*. Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Jam. Were my Lord of my Mind, your Ladyship should not have had so large a Theme for your Mirth. Your Servant, Ladies. [*Exit.*

L. *Revel*. Well, but what's your business ?

Buck. My Lord charg'd me in his Name to take his everlasting Leave of your Ladyship.

L. *Revel*. Why, where is he going pray ?

Buck. In Search of a Country where there is no Women.

Mrs. Sago. Oh dear ! Why what have the Women done to him pray ?

Buck. Done to him, Madam ! He says they are all proud, perfidious, vain, inconstant Coquets in *England*.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sago. Oh ! he'll find they are every where the fame.

L. Revel. And this is the Cause of his whimsical Pilgrimage ? Ha, ha.

Buck. And this proceeds from your ill Usage, Madam ; when he left your House—he flung himself into his Coach with such a Force, that he broke all the Windows—as they say—for my Part I was not there—When he came home, he beat all his Servants round to be reveng'd.

Alp. Was you there, Buckle ?

Buck. No, I thank my Stars, when I arriv'd, the Expedition was over—in haste he mounted his Chamber—flung himself upon his Bed—burst out into a violent Passion—Oh that ever I should suffer myself to be impos'd upon, said he, by this coquettish Beauty !

L. Revel. Meaning me, Buckle, Ha, ha.

Buck. Stay till I have finished the Piece, Madam, and your Ladyship shall judge—she's as fickle as she's fair—she does not use more Art to gain a Lover, said he, than to deceive him when he is fix'd—Humph.

[Leering at her.

L. Revel. Pleasant—and does he call this taking Leave ?

Mrs. Sago. A comical Adieu.

Buck. Oh ! Madam, I'm not come to the tragical Part of it yet ; starting from his Bed—

L. Revel. I thought it had been all Farce—if there be any Thing Heroic in't, I'll set my Face and look grave.

Buck. My Relation will require it, Madam, for I am ready to weep at the Repetition : Had you but seen how often he travers'd the Room, [Acting it.] heard how often he stamp'd, what distorted Faces he made, casting up his Eyes thus, biting his Thumbs thus.

L. Revel. Ha, ha, ha, you'll make an admirable Actor—shall I speak to the Patentees for you ?

Mrs. Sago. But pray how did this end ?

Buck. At last, Madam, quite spent with Rage, he funk down upon his Elbow, and his Head fell upon his Arm.

L. Revel. What, did he faint away ?

Buck. Oh, no.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sago. He did not die?

Buck. No, but he fell asleep.

L. Revel. Oh brave Prince *Prettiman*!

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Buck. After three Hours Nap, he wak'd—and calling hastily—my dear *Buckle*, said he, let's to the End of the World; and try to find a Place where the Sun shines not here and there at one Time—for 'tis not fit that it should at once look upon two Persons whose Sentiments are so different—She no longer regards my Pain, ungrateful, false, inhuman, barbarous Woman.

L. Revel. Foolish, fond, believing, easy Man; there's my Answer—Come, shall we to *Picquet*, my Dear?

Buck. Hold, hold, Madam, I han't half done—

Mrs. Sago. Oh! Pray my Lady *Reveller*, let's have it out, 'tis very diverting.—

Buck. He call'd me in a feeble Voice: *Buckle*, said he, bring me my little Scrutore—for I will write to Lady *Reveller* before I part from this Place, never to behold her more—What, don't you cry, Madam?

L. Revel. Cry—No, no; go on, go on.

Buck. 'Tis done, Madam—and there's the Letter.

[Gives her a Letter.

L. Revel. So, this completes the Narration. [Reads.

Madam, *Since I cannot live in a Place where there is a Possibility of seeing you without admiring, I resolve to fly; I am going to Flanders: Since you are false I have no Business here—I need not describe the Pain I feel, you are but too well acquainted with that—therefore I'll chuse Death rather than return—Adieu.*

Buck. Can any Man in the World write more tenderly, Madam? Does he not say 'tis impossible to love you, and go for *Flanders*? and that he would rather hear of your Death than return—

L. Revel. Excellent, Ha, ha.

Buck. What, do you laugh?

Mrs. Sago. Who can forbear?

Buck. I think you ought to die with Grief; I warrant Heaven will punish you all. [Going.

Alp. But harkye, *Buckle*, where are you going now?

Buck.

Buck. To tell my Lord in what Manner your Lady receiv'd his Letter ; Farewel—now for *Flanders*—

Alp. A fair Wind and a good Voyage to you.

[*As he goes out enter Lord Worthy.*]

Buck. My Lord here ! So, now may I have my Head broke for my long Harangue, if it comes out.

L. Revel. Oh miraculous—my Lord ! you have not finish'd your Campaign already, have you ? Ha, ha, ha ; or has the *French* made Peace at hearing of your Lordship's intended Bravery, and left you no Enemies to combat ?

Lord. My worst of Foes are here—here, within my Breast ; your Image, Madam.

L. Revel. O dear, my Lord, no more of that Theme, for *Buckle* has given us a Surfeit on't already—even from your breaking the Glasses of your Coach—to your falling fast asleep, Ha, ha, ha.

Lord. The Glasses of my Coach ! What do you mean, Madam—Oh Hell !

[*Biting his Thumb's.*]

Buck. Ruin'd quite—Madam, for Heaven's Sake, what does your Ladyship mean ? I ly'd in every Syllable I told you, Madam.

L. Revel. Nay, if your Lordship has a Mind to act it over again, we will oblige you for once—*Alpiew*, set Chairs—Come, dear *Sago*, sit down—and let the Play begin—*Buckle* knows his Part, and upon Necessity could act yours too, my Lord.

Lord. What has this Dog been doing ? When he was only to deliver my Letter, to give her new Subject for Mirth—Death, methinks I hate her—Oh that I could hold that Mind—What makes you in this Equipage ? Ha, Sirrah ?

[*Aside.*]

Buck. My Lord, I, I, I, I,

Lord. Peace, Villain—

[*Strikes him.*]

Lady. Hey—This is changing the Scene.

Buck. Who the Devil would rack his Brains for these People of Quality, who like no Body's Wit but their own ?

[*Aside.*]

Mrs. Sago. If the Beating were Invention before, thou hast it now in reality ; if Wars begin, I'll retire. They may agree better alone perhaps.

[*Exit. Lady.*]

Lady. Where did you learn this Rudeness, my Lord, to strike your Servant before me?

Lord. When you have depriv'd a Man of his Reason, how can you blame his Conduct.

Buckle. Reason—Egad—there's not three Drams of Reason between you both—as my Cheek can testify.

[*Aside.*

Lady. The Affront was meant to me—nor will I endure these Passions—I thought I had forbid your Visits.

Lord. I thought I had resolv'd against them too.

Alpiew. But Resolutions are of small Force of either Side.

[*Aside.*

Lord. Grant me but this one Request, and I'll remove this hated Object.

Lady. Upon Condition 'tis the last.

Lord. It shall—I think it shall at least—Is there a Happy Man for whom I am despised?

Lady. I thought 'twas some such ridiculous Question; I'm of the Low-Church, my Lord, consequently hate Confessors! ha, ha, ha.

Buckle. And Penance too I dare swear.

[*Aside.*

Lord. And every Thing but Play.

Lady. Dare you, the Subject of my Power—you, that petition Love, arraign my Pleasures; Now I'm fixt—and will never see you more.

Buckle. Now wou'd any Body swear she's in earnest.

Lord. I cannot bear that Curse—see me at your Feet again. [*Kneels.*] Oh! you have tortur'd me enough, take Pity now dear Tyrant, and let my Sufferings end.

Lady. I must not be Friends with him, for then I shall have him at my Elbow all Night, and spoil my Luck at the *Basset-Table*. [*Aside.*] Either Cringing or Correcting, always in Extreams—I am weary of this Fatigue.

*He that would gain my Heart, must learn the Way
Not to controul, but readily obey;*

*For he that once pretends my Faults to see,
That Moment makes himself all Faults to me.* [Exit.

Buckle. There's the Inside of a Woman. [*Aside.*

Lord. Gone—now Curses on me for a Fool—the worst of Fools—a Woman's Fool—

Whose

'twill either quench your Flame, or kindle hers. I only will appear the Guilty ; but here's Company, I'll tell you all within.

Enter Captain and Lovely, dress'd like a Tar.

L. *Wor.* I'll expect you. [*Exit.*]

Sir *James.* Ha, Captain, how fits the Wind between you and your Mistress ? Ha ?

Capt. North and by South, Faith ; but here's one sails full East, and without some unexpected Tornado, from the old Man's Coast—he makes his Port I warrant ye.

Lovely. I wish I were at Anchor once.

Sir *James.* Why, thou art as errant a Tar, as if thou had'st made an *East-India* Voyage, ha, ha.

Lovely. Ay, am I not, Sir *James* ? But Egad I hope the old Fellow understands nothing of Navigation ; If he does, I shall be at a loss for the Terms.

Sir *James.* Oh ! no Matter for Terms—look big, and bluster for your Country—describe the *Vigo* Business—publick News will furnish you with that, and I'll engage the Success.

Capt. Ay, ay, let me alone, I'll bear up with Sir *Richard*, and thou shalt board his Pinnace with Consent, ne'er fear—ho, here he comes full Sail.

Enter Sir Richard.

Sir *Richard*, I'm glad to see you ; this is my Kinsman which I told you of ; as soon as he landed I brought him to kiss your Hands.

Sir *Rich.* I honour you, you are welcome.

Lovely. I thank you, Sir—I'm not for Compliments ; 'tis a Land Language, I understand it not ; Courage, Honesty, and Plain-dealing Truth, is the Learning of our Element ; if you like that I am for ye.

Sir *James.* The Rogue does it to a Miracle,

[*Aside to the Captain.*]

Capt. He's an improving Spark, I find, ha, ha.

Sir *Rich.* Like it, Sir ? why 'tis the only Thing I do like, hang Compliments and Court breeding, it serves only to make Men a Prey to one another, to encourage Cowardice and ruin Trade—No, Sir, give me the Man
that

that dares meet Death and Dinner with the same Appetite—one who rather than let in Popery, would let out his Blood; to maintain such Men I'd pay double Custom; nay, all my Gain should go for their Support.

Sir *James*. The best Well-wisher to his Country of an *Englishman* I ever heard.

Lovely. Oh! Sir *Richard*, I wish the Nation were all of your Mind, 'twou'd give the Soldiers and the Sailors Life. Captain launch off a round Lye or two.

Capt. And make us fight with Heart and Hand; my Kinsman, I'll assure, fits your Principle to a Hair; he hates the *French* so much, he ne'er fails to give them a Broadside where'er he meets them; and has brought in more Privateers this War than half the Captains in the Navy; he was the first Man that boarded the *French* fleet at *Vigo*—and in *Gibraltar* Business—the *Gazetteer* will inform you of the Name of Captain *Match*.

Sir *James*. Is this that Captain *Match*?

Lovely. For want of a better, Sir.

Sir *James*. Sir, I shall be proud of being known to you.

Sir *Rich.* And I of being related to you, Sir—I have a Daughter young and handsome, and I'll give her a Portion shall make thee an Admiral, Boy; for a Soul like thine is only fit to command a Navy—what say'st thou? art thou for a Wife?

Sir *James*. So, 'tis done, ha, ha, ha.

[*Aside*.

Capt. A prosperous Gale I' faith.

Lovely. I don't know, Sir *Richard*, mehap a Woman may not like me; I am rough and Storm-like in my Temper, unacquainted with the Effeminacy of Courts; I was born upon the Sea, and since I can remember, never liv'd two Months on Shore; if I marry, my Wife must go aboard, I promise you that.

Sir *Rich.* Aboard Man? Why she shall go to the *Indies* with thee—Oh! such a Son-in-law—how shall I be blest'd in my Posterity? now do I foresee the Greatness of my Grand-Children; the Sons of this Man shall, in the Ages to come, make *France* a Tributary Nation.

Lovely. Once in an Engagement, Sir, as I was giving Orders to my Men, comes a Ball and took off a Fellow's Head, and struck it full in my Teeth; I whipp'd it up, clap'd it into a Gun, and shot it at the Enemy again.

Sir

Sir *Rich.* Without the least Concern !

Lovely. Concern, Sir—ha, ha, ha, if it had been my own Head I would have done the like.

Sir *Rich.* Prodigious Effect of Courage !—Captain I'll fetch my Girl, and be here again in an Instant—What an Honour will it be to have such a Son. [Exit.]

Capt. Ha, ha, ha, ha, you outdo your Master.

Sir *James.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, the old Knight's transported.

Lovely. I wish it was over, I'm all in a Sweat ; here he comes again.

Enter Sir Richard and Valeria.

Sir *Rich.* I'll hear none of your Excuses, Captain your Hand—there take her, and these Gentlemen shall be Witnesses, if they please, to this Paper, wherein I give her my whole Estate when I die, and twenty thousand Pounds down upon the Nail ; I care not whether my Boy be worth a Groat—get me but Grandsons and I'm rich enough.

Capt. Generously said, I'faith—much Good may do him with her.

Lovely. I'll do my Endeavour, Father, I promise you.

Sir *James.* I wish you Joy, Captain, and you Madam.

Val. That's impossible ; can I have Joy in a Species so very different from my own ? Oh my dear *Lovely* !—We were only form'd for one another ;—thy dear Enquiring Soul is more to me—than all these usefess Lumps of animated Clay ; Duty compels my Hand—but my Heart is subject only to my Mind,—the Strength of that they cannot conquer ;—no, with the Resolution of the Great Unparallel'd *Epictetus*,—I here protest my Will shall ne'er assent to any but my *Lovely*.

Sir *Rich.* Ay, you and your Will may philosophize as long as you please,—Mistress,—but your Body shall be taught another Doctrine,—it shall so,—Your Mind and your Soul quotha ! Why, what a Pox has my Estate to do with them ? Ha ? 'Tis the Flesh Housewife, that must raise Heirs,—and Supporters of my Name ;—and since I knew the getting of the Estate, 'tis fit I should dispose of it,—and therefore no more Excuses,
this

this is your Husband, do you see,—take my Word for it.

Val. *The outward empty Form of Marriage take,
But all beyond I keep for Lovely's Sake.
Thus on the Ground for ever fix my Eyes;
All Sights but Lovely shall their Balls despise.*

Sir Rich. Come, Captain,—my Chaplain is within, he shall do the Business this Minute: If I don't use the Authority of a Father, this Baggage will make me lose such a Son-in-Law, that the City's Wealth can't purchase me his Fellow. [Aside.]

Lov. *Thanks dear Invention for this timely Aid:
The Bait's gone down, he's by himself betray'd.
Thus still where Arts both true and honest fail,
Deceitful Wit and Policy prevail.*

Val. To Death, or any Thing,—'tis all alike to me. [Exit cum Valeria.]

Sir Rich. Get you in I say,—Hussey, get you in. In my Conscience my Niece has spoil'd her already; but I'll have her married this Moment: Captain, you have bound me ever to you by this Match; command me and my House for ever;—But shall I not have your Company, Gentlemen, to be Witnesses of this Knot, this joyful Knot?

Capt. Yes, Faith, Sir Richard, I have too much Respect for my Kinsman to leave him,—till I see him safe in Harbour; I'll wait on you presently.

Sir James. I am engag'd in the next Room at Play, I beg your Pardon, Sir Richard, for an Hour; I'll bring the whole Company to congratulate the Bride and Bridegroom.

Sir Rich. Bride and Bridegroom! Congratulate me, Man! Methinks I already see my Race recorded amongst the foremost Heroes of my Nation; Boys, all Boys,—and all Sailors.

*They shall the Pride of France and Spain pull down,
And add their Indies to our English Crown.* [Exit.]

Sir James. Ha, ha, ha, never was Man so bigotted before;
M fore;

242. *The BASSET-TABLE.*

fore ;—how will this end when he discovers the Cheat? Ha, ha, won't you make one with the Ladies, Captain?

Capt. I don't Care if I do venture a Piece or two ; I'll but dispatch a little Business, and meet you at the Table, Sir *James*.

Enter Lady Lucy.

Sir James. Ha, Lady *Lucy* ! is your Ladyship reconcil'd to *Basset* yet? Will you give me leave to lose this Purse to you, Madam?

L. Lucy. I thank Fortune, I neither wish, nor need it, Sir *James* ; I presume the next Room is furnish'd with Avarice enough to serve you in that Affair, if it is a Burthen to you ; or Mrs. *Sago's* ill Luck may give you an Opportunity of returning some of the Obligations you lie under.

Sir James. Your Sex, Madam, extorts a Duty from ours, and a well bred Man can no more refuse his Money to a Lady, than a Sword to his Friend.

L. Lucy. That Superfluity of good Manners, Sir *James*, would do better converted into Charity ; this Town abounds with Objects,——wou'd it not leave a more glorious Fame behind you to be the Founder of some pious Work, when all the Poor, at mention of your Name, shall bless your Memory, than that Posterity shou'd say you wasted your Estate on Cards and Women.

Sir James. Humph, 'tis pity she were not a Man, she preaches so emphatically. [*Aside.*] Faith Madam, you have a very good Notion, but something too early ;—when I am old, I may put your Principles in Practice, but Youth for Pleasure was design'd.—

L. Lucy. The truest Pleasure must consist in doing good, which cannot be in Gaming.

Sir James. Every Thing is good in its Kind, Madam ; Cards are harmless Bits of Paper, Dice insipid Bones—and Women made for Men.

L. Lucy. Right, Sir *James*,—but all these Things may be perverted,——Cards are harmless Bits of Paper in themselves, yet through them, what Mischiefs have been done ! What Orphans wrong'd? What Tradesmen ruin'd! What Coaches and Equipage dismiss'd for them?

Sir

Sir *Jam.* But then, how many fine Coaches and Equipages have they set up, Madam?

L. *Lucy.* Is it the more honourable for that? How many Misses keep Coaches too? Which Arrogance in my Opinion only makes them more eminently scandalous—

Sir *Jam.* Oh! those are such as have a Mind to be damn'd in this State, Madam; but I hope your Ladyship don't rank them amongst us Gamesters.

L. *Lucy.* They are inseparable, Sir *James*; Madam's Grandeur must be upheld—tho' the Baker and Butcher shut up Shop.

Sir *Jam.* Oh! Your Ladyship wrongs us middling Gentlemen there; to ruin Tradefmen is the Quality's Prerogative only; and none beneath a Lord can pretend to do't with an honourable Air, ha, ha.

L. *Lucy.* Their Example sways the meaner Sort; I grieve to think that Fortune shou'd exalt such vain, such vicious Souls,——whilst Virtue's cloath'd in Rags.

Sir *Jam.* Ah! Faith, she'd make but a scurvy Figure at Court, Madam; the Statesmen and Politicians wou'd suppress her quickly; but whilst she remains in your Breast she's safe,——and makes us all in love with that fair Covering.

L. *Lucy.* Oh! Fie, fie, Sir *James*, you could not love one that hates your chief Diversion.

Sir *Jam.* I shou'd hate it too, Madam, on some Terms that I cou'd name.

L. *Lucy.* What wou'd make that Conversion, pray?

Sir *Jam.* Your Heart.

L. *Lucy.* I cou'd pay that Price—but dare not venture upon one so wild—[*Aside.*] First let me see the Fruit, e'er I take a Lease of the Garden, Sir *James*.

Sir *Jam.* Oh! Madam, the best Way is to secure the Ground, and then you may manure and cultivate it as you please.

L. *Lucy.* That's a certain Trouble, and uncertain Profit, and in this Affair, I prefer the Theory before the Practice: But I detain you from the Table, Sir *James*,—you are wanted to Tally—your Servant.—[*Exit.*]

Sir *Jam.* Nay, if you leave me, Madam, the Devil
M 2 will

will tempt me,——She's gone, and now can't I shake off the Thought of seven Wins, eight Loses——for the Blood of me,——and all this grave Advice of her's is lost,——Faith,——tho' I do love her above the rest of her Sex ;——she's an exact Model of what all Women ought to be,——and yet your merry little coquettish Tits are very diverting ;——well, now for *Basset* ; let me see what Money have I about me.—Humph ! about a hundred Guineas,——half of which will set the Ladies to cheating——false Parolies in abundance.

*Each trifling Toy wou'd tempt in Times of Old,
Now nothing melts a Woman's Heart like Gold.
Some Bargains drive, others more nice than they,
Who'd have you think they scorn to kiss for pay;
To purchase them you must lose deep at Play.
With several Women, several Ways prevail;
But Gold's a certain Way that cannot fail.* } [Exit.

The SCENE draws, and discovers Lady Reveller, Mrs. Sago, and several Gentlemen and Ladies round a Table at Basset.

Enter Sir James.

L. Revel. Oh ! Sir James, are you come ? We want you to tally for us.

Sir Jam. What Luck, Ladies ?

L. Revel. I have only won a *Sept & leva*.

Mrs. Sago. And I have lost a *Trante & leva*,——my ill Fortune has not forsook me yet I see.

Sir Jam. I go a Guinea upon that Card.

L. Revel. You lose that card.

Mrs. Sago. I make Sir James's Card double.

Banker. Seven wins, and five loses ; you have lost it Madam.

Mrs. Sago. Again ?——sure never was Woman so unlucky——

Banker. Knave wins, and ten loses ; you have won, Sir James.

L. Revel. Clean Cards here.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sago. Burn this Book, 't has an unlucky Air,
[Tears them.] Bring some more Books.

Enter Captain.

L. Revel. Oh ! Captain,——here set a Chair ; come,
Captain, you shall sit by me—now if we can but strip
this Tarr. [Aside.

Capt. With all my Heart, Madam ;——come, what
do you play Gold?—that's something high tho' ;—well,
a Guinea upon this honest Knave of Clubs.

L. Revel. You lose it for a Guinea more.

Capt. Done, Madam.

Banker. The Five wins, and the Knave loses.

L. Revel. You have lost it, Captain.

Sir Jam. The Knave wins for two Guineas more,
Madam.

L. Revel. Done, Sir James.

Banker. Six wins,—Knave loses.

Sir Jam. Oh ! the Devil, I fac'd, I had rather have
lost all.

Banker. Nine wins, Queen loses,—you have won.

Mrs. Sago. I'll make a Paroli,—I make as much more ;
your Card loses, Sir James, for two Guineas, yours,
Captain, loses for a Guinea more.

Banker. Four wins. Nine loses ; —— you have lost,
Madam.

Mrs. Sago. Oh ? I could tear my Flesh—as I tear these
Cards ;—Confusion !—I can never win above a wretched
Paroli ; for if I push to *Sept & Leva*, 'tis gone.

[Walks about disorderly.

Banker. Ace wins, Knave loses.

Capt. Sink the Knave, I'll set no more on't.

L. Revel. Fac't again ;—what's the Meaning of this
ill Luck to Night ; Bring me a Book of Hearts, I'll try
if they are more successful, that on the Queen ; yours
and your Card loses.

Mrs. Sago. Bring me a fresh Book ; bring me another
Book ; bring me all Diamonds.

[Looks upon them One by One, then throws them over
her Shoulders.

L. Revel. That can never be lucky ; the Name of
Jewels don't become a Citizen's Wife. [Aside.

Banker. King wins, the Tray loses.

Sir *Jam.* You have great Luck to Night, Mr. *Sharper.*

Sharper. So I have, Sir *James*,—I have won *Sonoca* every Time.

L. *Revel.* But if he has got the knack of winning thus, he shall sharp no more here, I promise him. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. *Sago.* I mase that.

L. *Revel.* Sir *James*, pray will you Tally.

Sir *Jam.* With all my Heart, Madam.

[*Takes the Cards and shuffles them.*]

Mrs. *Sago.* Pray give me the Cards, Sir.

[*Takes 'em and shuffles 'em, and gives 'em to him again.*]

Capt. I set that.

L. *Revel.* I set Five Guineas upon this Card, Sir *James.*

Sir *Jam.* Done Madam,——Five wins,—Six loses.

Mrs. *Sago.* I set that.

Sir *Jam.* Five don't go, and Seven loses.

Capt. I mase double.

L. *Revel.* I mase that.

Sir *Jam.* Three wins, Six loses.

Mrs. *Sago.* I mase, I mase double, and that—Oh ye malicious Stars!——again.

Sir *Jam.* Eight wins, Seven loses.

Capt. So, this *Trante & leva* makes some amends ;—Adsbud, I hate cheating—What's that false Cock made for now? Ha, Madam?

L. *Revel.* Nay, Mrs. *Sago*, if you begin to play foul.

Mrs. *Sago.* Rude Brute, to take Notice of the Slight of Hand in our Sex ;—I protest he wrongs me, Madam,—there's the *Dernier* Stake, and I'll set it all,——now Fortune favour me, or this Moment is my last.

L. *Revel.* There's the last of fifty Pounds,—what's the meaning of this?

Sir *Jam.* Now for my Plot ; her Stock is low I perceive. [*Slips a Purse of Gold into the Furbelows of Lady Reveller's Apron.*]

L. *Revel.* I never had such ill Luck,——I must fetch more Money : Ha, from whence came this? This is the genteelest Piece of Gallantry ; the Action is Sir *Harry's*, I see by his Eyes.

[*Discovers a Purse in the Furbelows of her Apron.*]
Sir

Sir Jam. Nine wins, Six loses.

Mrs. Sago. I am ruin'd and undone for ever ; Oh, oh, oh, to lose every Card, Oh, oh, oh. [*Bursts out a crying.*]

Capt. So, there's one Vessel sprung a-Leak, and I am almost ashore ;—if I go on at this Rate, I shall make but a lame Voyage on't I doubt.

Sir Jam. Duce wins, King loses.

Capt. I mase again,—I mase double, I mase again ;—now the Devil blow my Head off if ever I saw Cards run so ; damn 'em. [*Tears the Cards, and stamps on 'em.*]

Sir Jam. Fie, Captain, this Concern among the Ladies is indecent.

Capt. Damn the Ladies,—mayn't I swear,—or tear my Cards, if I please ; I'm sure I have paid for them : Pray count the Cards, I believe there's a false Tally.

Sir Jam. No, they are right, Sir. [*Sir James counts 'em.*]

Mrs. Sago. Not to turn one Card ! Oh, oh, oh.

[*Stamps up and down.*]

L. Revel. Madam, if you play no longer, pray don't disturb those that do.—Come, Courage, Captain, Sir James's Gold was very lucky.—Who cou'd endure these Men, did they not lose their Money ? [*Aside.*]

Capt. Bring another Book here ;—that upon Ten,—and I mase that.—[*Puts down a Card, and turns another.*]

Sir Jam. King fac't, Eight wins, Ten loses.

Capt. Fire and Gunpowder.

[*Exit.*]

L. Revel. Ha, ha, ha, what is the Captain vanish'd in his own Smoke ?—Come, I bett it with you, Mr. Sharper ; your Card loses.

Re-enter Captain, pulling in a Stranger, which he had fetch'd out of the Street.

Capt. Sir, do you think it possible to lose a *Trante & leva*, a *Quinze-leva*,—and a *Sept leva*,—and never turn once.

Stranger. No sure, 'tis impossible.

Capt. Ounds you lye, I did Sir.

[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*]

All the Women. Ah, ha, ah, ha. [*Shriek and run off.*]

Capt. What the Devil had I to do among these Land-Rats ?—Zounds, to lose forty Pounds for nothing, not so

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much as a Wench for it; Ladies, quotha,—a Man had as good be acquainted with Pick-pockets. *[Exit.*

Sir *Jam.* Ha, ha, ha, the Captain has frightened the Women out of their Wits,—now to keep my Promise with my Lord, tho' the Thing has but an ill Face, no Matter.

*They join together to enslave us Men,
And why not we to conquer them again.*



A C T V.

Enter Sir James on one Side, and Lady Reveller on the other.

L. *Revel.* SIR *James*, what have you done with the rude Porpoise?

Sir *Jam.* He is gone to your Uncle's Apartment, Madam, I suppose.—I was in Pain till I knew how your Ladyship did after your Fright.

L. *Revel.* Really, Sir *James*, the Fellow has put me into the Spleen by his ill Manners. Oh, my Stars! that there should be such an unpolish'd Piece of Humanity, to be in that Disorder for losing his Money to us Women.—I was apprehensive he would have beat me, ha, ha.

Sir *Jam.* Ha, ha, your Ladyship must impute his ill Breeding to the Want of Conversation with your Sex; but he is a Man of Honour with his own, I assure you.

L. *Revel.* I hate out of fashion'd Honour.—But where's the Company, Sir *James*? Shan't we play again?

Sir *Jam.* All dispers'd, Madam.

L. *Revel.* Come, you and I will go to Picquet then.

Sir *Jam.* Oh, I'm tir'd with Cards, Madam, can't you think of some other Diversion to pass a chearful Hour?—I cou'd tell you one, if you'd give me leave.

L. *Revel.* Of your own Invention? Then it must be a pleasant One

Sir *Jam.* Oh, 'he pleasanterest one in the World.

L. *Revel.* What 's it, I pray?

Sir *Jam.* Love, Love, my dear Charmer.

[Approaches her.

L.

L. Revel. Oh, *Cupid!* How came that in your Head?

Sir Jam. Nay, 'tis in my Heart, and except you pity me, the Wound is mortal.

L. Revel. Ha, ha, ha, is *Sir James* got into Lord *Worthy's* Clafs?—You that could tell me I should not have so large a Theme for my Diversion, were you in his Place, ha, ha, ha: What, and is the gay, the airy, the witty, inconstant *Sir James* overtaken? ha, ha.

Sir Jam. Very true, Madam,—you see there is no jesting with Fire.—Will you be kind?

[*Gets between her and the Door.*

L. Revel. Kind? What a dismal Sound was there?—I'm afraid your Fever's high, *Sir James*, ha, ha.

Sir Jam. If you think so, Madam, 'tis time to apply cooling Medicines.

[*Locks the Door.*

L. Revel. Ha, what Insolence is this? The Door lock'd! What do you mean, *Sir James*?

Sir Jam. Oh, 'tis something indecent to name it, Madam, but I intend to shew you.

[*Lays hold on her.*

L. Revel. Unhand me, Villain, or I'll cry out—

Sir Jam. Do, and make yourself the Jest of Servants, expose your Reputation to their vile Tongues,—which, if you please, shall remain safe within my Breast; but if with your own Noise you blast it, here I bid Defiance to all Honour and Secresy,—and the first Man that enters, dies.

[*Struggles with her.*

L. Revel. What shall I do? Instruct me Heaven.—Monster! is this your Friendship to my Lord? And can you wrong the Woman he adores?

Sir Jam. Ay, but the Woman does not care a Soufe for him; and therefore he has no Right above me; I love you as much, and will possess.

L. Revel. Oh! Hold—Kill me rather than destroy my Honour;—what Devil has debauch'd your Temper? Or, how has my Carriage drawn this Curse upon me? What have I done to give you Cause to think you ever should succeed this hated Way?

[*Weeps.*

Sir Jam. Why this Question, Madam? Can a Lady that loves Play so passionately as you do,—that takes as much Pains to draw Men in to lose their Money, as a Town Mifs to their Destruction,—that cares for all

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Sorts of People for your Interest, that divides your Time between your Toilet and *Basset-Table* ; can you, I say, boast of innate Virtue?—Fye, fye, I am sure you must have guess'd for what I play'd so deep ;——we never part with our Money without Design,—or writing Fool upon our Foreheads ;——therefore no more of this Resistance, except you would have more Money.

L. Revel. Oh ! horrid.

Sir Jam. There was fifty Guineas in that Purse, Madam,—here's fifty more ; Money shall be no Dispute.

[*Offers her Money.*]

L. Revel. [*Strikes it down.*] Perish your Money with yourself——you Villain——there, there ; take your boasted Favours, which I resolv'd before to have paid in *Specie* ; basest of Men, I'll have your Life for this Affront——what ho, within there.

Sir Jam. Hush !——'Faith, you'll raise the House. [*Lays hold on her.*] And 'tis in vain—you're mine ; nor will I quit this Room 'till I'm possess'd. [*Struggles.*]

L. Revel. Raise the House ! I'll raise the World in my Defence ; help, Murder ! Murder——a Rape, a Rape——

Enter Lord Worthy from another Room with his Sword drawn.

Lord. Ha ! Villain, unhand the Lady——or this Moment is thy last.

Sir Jam. Villain, back my Lord——follow me.

[*Exit.*]

L. Revel. By the bright Sun that shines, you shall not go—no, you've sav'd my Virtue, and I will preserve your Life—let the vile Wretch be punish'd by viler Hands—yours shall not be prophan'd with Blood so base, if I have any Power——

Lord. Shall the Traytor live?—Tho' your barbarous Usage does not merit this from me, yet in Consideration that I lov'd you once—I will chastise his Insolence.

L. Revel. Once——Oh ! say not once ; do you not love me still ? Oh ! how pure your Soul appears to me above that detested Wretch. [*Weeps.*]

Sir Jam. [*Peeping.*] It takes as I could wish—

Lord.

Lord. Yet how have I been flighted ; every Fop preferr'd to me—Now you difcover what Inconveniency your Gaming has brought you into——this from me would have been unpardonable Advice—now you have prov'd it at your own Expence.

L. Revel. I have, and hate myfelf for all my Folly—Oh ! forgive me—and if ftill you think me worthy of your Heart—I here return you mine——and will this Hour fign it with my Hand.

Sir Jam. How I applaud myfelf for this Contrivance.

Lord. Oh the tranfporting Joy, it is the only Happinefs I covet here.

*Hafte then my Charmer, hafte the long'd-for Blifs,
The happieft Minute of my Life is this.* [Exit.

Sir Jam. Ha, ha, ha, ha ; how am I cenfur'd now for doing this Lady a Piece of Service, in forcing that upon her, which only her Vanity and Pride refrain'd.

*So blufhing Maids refuse the courted Joy,
Tho' wifhing Eyes, and preffing Hands comply ;
Till by fome Stratagem the Lover gains,
What fhe deny'd to all his amorous Pains.*

As Sir James is going off, enter Lady Lucy meeting him.

Sir Jam. Ha, Lady Lucy !—Having fucceeded for my Friend, who knows but this may be my lucky Minute too ?——Madam, you come opportunely to hear.

[Takes her by the Hand.

L. Lucy. Stand off, bafeft of Men, I have heard too much ; could'ft thou chufe no Houfe but this, to act thy Villanies in ? And could'ft thou offer Vows to me, when thy Heart, poison'd with vicious Thoughts, harbour'd this Defign againft my Family ?

Sir Jam. Very fine, 'Faith, this is like to be my lucky Minute with a Witnefs ; but Madam—

L. Lucy. Offer no Excufe, 'tis height of Impudence to look me in the Face.

Sir Jam. 'Egad fhe loves me——Oh ! happy Rogue——this Concern can proceed from nothing elfe. [Aside.

L. Lucy. My Heart till now unus'd to Paffion fwells with this Affront ; wou'd reproach thee——wou'd reproach myfelf, for having harbour'd one favourable Thought of thee.

Sir *Jam.* Why did you, Madam?—'Egad I owe more to her Anger than ever I did to her Morals.

L. *Lucy.* Ha! What have I said?

Sir *Jam.* The only kind Word you ever utter'd.

L. *Lucy.* Yes, Impostor; know to thy Confusion, that I did love thee, and fancy'd I discover'd some Seeds of Virtue amongst that Heap of Wickedness; but this last Action has betray'd the fond Mistake, and shew'd thou art all o'er Fiend.

Sir *Jam.* Give me leave, Madam——

L. *Lucy.* Think not this Confession meant to advance thy impious Love, but hear my final Resolution.

Sir *Jam.* 'Egad I must hear it—I find; for there's no stopping her.

L. *Lucy.* From this Moment I'll never——

Sir *Jam.* [*Clapping his Hand before her Mouth.*] Nay, nay, nay, after Sentence no Criminal is allow'd to Plead; therefore I will be heard—not Guilty, not Guilty, Madam, by—if I don't prove that this is all a Stratagem, contriv'd, study'd, design'd, prosecuted, and put in Execution, to reclaim your Cousin, and give my Lord Possession—may you finish your Curse, and I be doom'd to everlasting Absence—'Egad I'm out of Breath——

L. *Lucy.* Oh! Could'st thou prove this?

Sir *Jam.* I can, if by the Proof you'll make me happy; my Lord shall convince you.

L. *Lucy.* To him I will refer it, on this Truth your Hopes depend.

*In vain we strive our Passions to conceal,
Our very Passions do our Loves reveal;
When once the Heart yields to the Tyrant's Sway,
The Eyes our Tongue will soon the Flame betray.* [Exit.

Sir *Jam.* I was never out at a critical Minute in my Life.

Enter Mr. Sago and two Bailiffs meeting Alpieu.

Sago. Hark ye, Mistress, is my Wife here?

Alp. Truly, I shan't give myself the Trouble of seeking her for him, now she has lost all her Money—your Wife is a very indiscreet Person, Sir.

Sago. I'm afraid I shall find it so to my Cost.

Bailiffs.

Bailiffs. Come, come, Sir, we can't wait all Day—the Actions are a thousand Pounds—You shall have Time to fend for Bail, and what Friends you please.

Sago. A thousand Pounds ! [*Enter Mrs. Sago.*] Oh Lambkin ! have you spent me a thousand Pounds ?

Mrs. Sago. Who, I Pudd ? Oh ! undone for ever——

Sago. Pudd me no Pudd—Do you owe Mr. *Taby*, the Mercer two hundred Pounds, ha ?

Mrs. Sago. I, I, I don't know the Sum, dear Pudd—but, but, but, I do owe him something ; but I believe he made me pay too dear.

Sago. Oh ! thou Wolfkin, instead of Lambkin——for thou hast devour'd my Substance ; and do'st thou owe Mr. *Dollar* the Goldsmith, three hundred Pounds ? Do'st thou ? Ha, speak Tygres.

Mrs. Sago. Sure it can't be quite three hundred Pounds.

Sago. Thou Island Crocodile thou——and do'st thou owe *Ratsbane* the Vintner an hundred Pounds ! And were those Hampers of Wine which I receiv'd so joyfully, sent by thyself to thyself, ha ?

Mrs. Sago. Yes, indeed, Puddy——I, I, I beg your Pardon.

Sago. And why did'st not thou tell me of them, thou Rattle-Snake ?——for they say they have sent a hundred Times for their Money—else I had not been arrested in my Shop.

Mrs. Sago. Be, be, be because I, I, I was afraid, dear Puddy.

Sago. But wer't thou not afraid to ruin me tho', dear Pudd ? Ah ! I need ask thee no more Questions, thou Serpent in Petticoats ; did I doat upon thee for this ? Here's a Bill from *Callico* the Linen-Draper ; another from *Setwell* the Jeweller——from *Coupler* a Mantua-maker, and *Pimpwell* the Milliner ; a Tribe of Locusts enough to undo a Lord-Mayor.

Mrs. Sago. I hope not, truly, Dear, Deary I'm sure that's all.

Sago. All, with a Pox——No Mrs. *Jezebel*, that's not all ; there's two hundred Pounds due to myself for Tea, Coffee, and Chocolate, which my Journeyman has confess'd,

confess'd since your Roguery came out—that you have embezzled, Huffy, you have ; so this comes of your keeping Quality Company——e'en let them keep you now, for I have done with you, you shall come no more within my Doors, I promise you.

Mrs. *Sago*. Oh ! Kill me rather ; I never did it with Design to part with you, indeed, Puddy. [*Sobbing.*]

Sago. No, no, I believe not, whilst I was worth a Groat. Oh !

Enter Sir James.

Sir *Jam*. How ! Mrs. *Sago* in Tears, and my honest Friend in Ruffians Hands ; the Meaning of this ?

Sago. Oh ! Sir *James*—my hypocritical Wife is as much a Wife as any Wife in the City—I'm arrested here in an Action of a thousand Pounds, that she has taken up Goods for, and gam'd away ; get out of my Sight, get out of my Sight, I say.

Mrs. *Sago*. Indeed, and indeed, [*Sobbing.*] dear Puddy, but I cannot—no, here I will hang for ever on this Neck. [*Flies about his Neck.*]

Sago. Help, Murder, Murder ; why, why, what will you collar me ?

Sir *Jam*. Right, Woman ; I must try to make up this Breach—Oh ! Mr. *Sago*, you are unkind—'tis pure Love that thus transports your Wife, and not such base Designs as you complain of.

Sago. Yes, yes ; and she run me in Debt out of pure Love too, no doubt.

Mrs. *Sago*. So, it was, Pudd.

Sago. What was it, ha, Mistrefs, out of Love to me that you have undone me ? Thou, thou, thou, I don't know what to call thee bad enough.

Mrs. *Sago*. You won't hear your Keecky out, dear Pudd ; it was not out of Love for Play—but for Lo, Lo, Love to you, dear Pudd ; if you'll forgive me, I'll ne'er play again. [*Crying and Sobbing all the while.*]

Sir *Jam*. Nay, now, Sir, you must forgive her.

Sago. What ! Forgive her that would send me to Jail ?

Sir *Jam*. No, no, there's no Danger of that, I'll bail you, Mr. *Sago*, and try to compound those Debts——You know me, Officers.

Officers.

Officers. Very well, Sir *James*, your Worship's Word is sufficient.

Sir *Jam.* There's your Fees then, leave here your Prisoner, I'll see him forth-coming.

Officers. With all our Hearts ; your Servant, Sir. [*Exit.*

Sago. Ah thou wicked Woman, how have I doated on those Eyes ! How often have I kneel'd to kifs that Hand ! Ha, is not this true, Keecky ?

Mrs. *Sago.* Yes, Deary, I, I, I, I do confes it.

Sago. Did ever I refufe to grant whatever thou ask'd me ?

Mrs. *Sago.* No, never Pudd— [*Weeps still.*

Sago. Might'ft not thou have eaten Gold, as the Saying is, ha ?—Oh Keecky, Keecky ! [*Ready to weep.*

Sir *Jam.* Leave crying, and wheedle him, Madam, wheedle him.

Mrs. *Sago.* I do confes it ; and can't you forgive your Keecky then, that you have been so tender of, that you so often confest your Heart has jump'd up to your Mouth when you have heard my Beauty prais'd.

Sago. So it has I profess, Sir *James*,—I begin to melt—I do ; I am a good-natur'd Fool, that's the Truth on't : But if I should forgive you, what would you do to make me amends ! For that fair Face, if I turn you out of Doors, will quickly be a cheaper Drug than any in my Shop.

Sir *Jam.* And not maintain her half so well—promise largely, Madam. [*To Mrs. Sago.*

Mrs. *Sago.* I'll love you for ever, Deary.

Sago. But you'll jig to *Covent-Garden* again.

Mrs. *Sago.* No, indeed, I won't come within the Air on't, but take up with City Acquaintance, rail at the Court, and go twice a Week with Mrs. *Outside* to *Pin-makers-hall*.

Sago. That would rejoice my Heart. [*Ready to weep.*

Sir *Jam.* See, if the good Man is not ready to weep ; your last Promise has conquer'd—Come, come, bufs and be Friends, and end the Matter—I'm glad the Quarrel is made up, or I had had her upon my Hands. [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Sago.* Pudd, don't you hear Sir *James*, Pudd ?

Sago. I can hold no longer.—Yes, I do hear him, —come then to the Arms of thy own Pudd.

[*Run into one another's Arms.*
Six

Sir *Jam.* Now all's well ; and for your Comfort, Lady *Reveller* is by this Time married to my Lord *Worthy*, and there will be no more Gaming, I assure you, in that House.

Sago. Joys upon Joys. Now if these Debts were but accommodated, I should be happier than ever ; I should indeed, *Keecky*.

Sir *Jam.* Leave that to me, Mr. *Sago*, I have won Part of your Wife's Money ; and will that Way restore it you.

Sago. I thank you, good Sir *James*, I believe you are the first Gamester that ever refunded.

Mrs. *Sago.* Generously done,——Fortune has brought me off this Time, and I'll never trust her more.

Sir *Jam.* But see the Bride and Bridegroom.

Enter Lord Worthy and Lady Reveller, Lady Lucy, Buckle and Alpiew.

L. *Lucy.* This Match which I have now been Witness to, is what I long have wish'd ; your Course of Life must of Necessity be chang'd.

L. *Revel.* Ha, Sir *James* here !—Oh if you love me, my Lord, let us avoid that Brute ; you must not meet him.

Sir *Jam.* Oh, there's no Danger, Madam——My Lord, I wish you Joy with all my Heart ; we only quarrel'd to make you Friends, Madam, ha, ha, ha.

L. *Revel.* What, am I trick'd into a Marriage then ?

Lord. Not against your Will, I hope.

L. *Revel.* No, I forgive you ; tho' had I been aware of it, it should have cost you a little more Pains.

Lord. I wish I could return thy Plot, and make this Lady thine, Sir *James*.

Sir *Jam.* Then I should be paid with Interest, my Lord.

L. *Lucy.* My Fault is Consideration you know, I must think a little longer on't.

Sir *Jam.* And my whole Study shall be to improve those Thoughts to my own Advantage.

Sago. I wish your Ladyship Joy, and hope I shall keep my *Keecky* to myself now.

Lady.

Lady. With all my Heart, Mr. *Sago*, she has had ill Luck of late, which I am sorry for.

Mrs. Sago. My Lord *Worthy* will confine your Ladyship from Play as well as I, and my Injunction will be more easy when I have your Example.

Buck. Nay, 'tis Time to throw up the Cards when the Game's out.

Enter Sir Richard, Captain Hearty, Lovely, and Valeria.

Capt. Well, Sir *James*, the Danger's over; we have doubled the Cape, and my Kinsman is sailing directly to the Port.

Sir Jam. A boon Voyage.

Sir Rich. 'Tis done, and my Heart is at Ease.—Did you ever see such a perverse Baggage? Look in his Face, I say, and thank your Stars; for their best Influences gave you this Husband.

Lov. Will not *Valeria* look upon me? She us'd to be more kind when we have fish'd for Eels in Vinegar.

Val. My *Lovely*, is it thee! And has natural Sympathy forbore to inform my Sense thus long? [*Flies to him.*]

Sir Rich. How! how! This *Lovely*? What, does it prove the Ensign I have so carefully avoided?

Lov. Yes, Sir, the same; I hope you may be brought to like a Land-Soldier, as well as a Seaman.

Sir Rich. And, Captain, have you done this?

Capt. Yes 'Faith, she was too whimsical for our Element; her hard Words might have conjur'd up a Storm for ought I know,——so I have set her ashore.

L. Revel. What, my Uncle deceiv'd with his Stock of Wisdom? ha, ha, ha.

Buck. Here's such a Coupling, Mrs. *Alpiew*, han't you a Month's Mind?

Alp. Not to you, I assure you.

Buck. I was but in Jest, Child; say nay, when you're ask'd.

Sir Jam. The principal Part of this Plot was mine,
Sir Richard.

Sir Rich. Wou'd 'twas in my Power to hang you for't.
[*Aside.*]

Sir

Sir *Jam.* And I have no Reason to doubt you should repent it ; he is a Gentleman, tho' a younger Brother ; he loves your Daughter, and she him, which has the best Face of Happinefs in a marry'd State ; you like a Man of Honour, and he has as much as any one, that I assure you, Sir *Richard.*

Sir *Rich.* Well, since what's past is past Recal, I had as good be satisfied as not ; therefore take her, and bless ye together.

Lord. So now each Man's Wish is crown'd, but mine with double Joy.

Capt. Well said, Sir *Richard*, let's have a Bowl of Punch, and drink to the Bridegroom's good Voyage to Night—steady, steady, ha, ha.

Sago. I'll take a Glafs with you, Captain,—I reckon myself a Bridegroom too.

Buck. I doubt *Keecky* won't find him such. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Sago. Well,—poor *Keecky's* bound to good Behaviour,

Or she had quite lost her Puddy's Favour.

*Shall I for this repine at Fortune ?——No,
I'm glad at Heart that I'm forgiven so.
Some Neighbours Wives have but too lately shewn,
When Spouse had left'em, all their Friends were flown.
Then all you Wives that wou'd avoid my Fate,
Remain contented with your present State.*





Love at a Venture.

A

C O M E D Y.



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 THE

 PROLOGUE.

*LEST any here shou'd blame our Author's Toil,
 For strolling with her Brat a Hundred Mile,
 By me to such, She does this Reason give,
 Seeing how many Men by Ventures live.
 She straight embark'd, and hoisted Sail to try,
 What pure good Nature in these Bottoms lye.
 Beside, she hop'd, she might divert you too,
 By adding to your Pleasures something new.
 The Virtue of these Baths had ne're been known,
 If or'e these Hills, no Man had ventur'd down.
 Here Doctors Venturing, come in Hopes of Fees,
 And Patients Venture, on their Skill for Ease,
 For Wealth, the Merchant Ventures on the Seas. }
 The Lawyer Ventures upon any Cause,
 The Venturing Client's beggar'd by the Laws.
 The Lover Ventures, to Address the Fair, }
 With broken Speeches, and dejected Air,
 She runs a Venture, who relieves his Care. }
 The Gamester Ventures, to improve his Store,
 And having lost, he Ventures on for more.
 The London Punk, in Garret shut all Day,
 At Night, with last Half-crown she Ventures to the Play.
 The Amorous Cully meeting with the Mifs,
 Ventures at Water-Gruel for a Kifs.
 Since every Man, Adventures in his Way,
 Hither our Author Ventur'd with her Play.
 And hopes her Profits will her Charge defray,
 If that bright Circle Ventures to adorn her Day.*

THE



THE EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miss JACOBELLA POWER.

I*N Spight of dull insipid Rules, I'm come
To learn what Fate attends my Virgin Bloom.
Strange Things I've heard this Night, that makes me fear,
Least I shou'd find such Entertainment here.
You Men are grown so witty in Deceit,
That We, poor Girls, are often ruin'd by't.
'Tis Pity—but I hope to cross this Play,
And be reveng'd on you some other Way.
Well—but consider, We are tender Things,
That Innocence, and sprightly Beauty brings.
Soft Accents, broken Words, and yielding Air,
Are all the Weapons, that attend the Fair.
And can you long resist, the sweet Temptation,
Give us at least a Bill of Reformation.
That the succeeding Age may say of you,
You dare be Civil, tho' you can't be true.
But if at last no Charms have Power to win ye,
You're past Repentance—or the Devil's in ye.*

[Runs off.]

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Belair, a Gentleman just come from Travel, an Airy Spark.

Sir William Freelove, Friend to Belair, in Love with Beliza.

Sir Thomas Belair, Father to Belair.

Sir Paul Cautious, a Whimsical, Desponding, Old Fellow.

Ned Freelove, younger Brother to Sir William.

Wou'dbe, a Silly, Projecting Coxcomb.

Positive, Father to Camilla.

Robin, Servant to Belair.

W O M E N.

Lady Cautious, Wife to Sir Paul, and Sister to Sir William.
Beliza.

Camilla, Cousin to Beliza, a great Fortune.

Patch, Maid to Beliza.

Flora, Maid to Camilla.



LOVE AT A VENTURE.

A C T I.

SCENE *Sir Paul Cautious's House. Sir William Freelove's Apartment.*

Enter Belair and Robin, meeting Sir William.

Belair.

OH Sir *William*, I am so transported, I cannot speak in the common Strain of Mankind.

Sir *Will.* And pry'thee, *Belair*, What occasions this Transport?

Bel. Had'st thou been my profest Enemy all thy Life, and done me as much Mischief as the *Turk* in *Hungary*, or the *French* in *Flanders*; if thou'lt but help me now, thou woud'st make Amends for all—such a Creature! such an Angel!

Sir *Will.* What Visions! Apparitions?

Bel. Cou'd I but hope to see her once more, I'd change the happiest half of my Life for that one Moment.

Sir *Will.* If you please to descend from your high-flown Raptures, and walk Hand in Hand with my Understanding.

Bel. You'll lead me to her.

[*Hastily.*

Sir *Will.* Ha, ha, ha, what, before I know where she
is

is—you wou'd be landed at your Port before you have taken Shipping, or told the Place you design for.

Bel. Pho ; you know all my Designs.

Robin. When a Woman's concern'd.

[*Aside.*

Sir Will. Are extravagant—you have more Intrigues upon your Hands, than a handsome young Poet on the Success of his first Play—like a Dog in a Herd, you run at all, and catch none, because you run with such ungovern'd Heat, you spring the Quarry before you can draw your Net.

Bel. But if I miss Sitting, I commonly hit 'em Flying—but this is nothing to the Purpose ; the Lady, Man, the Lady——

Sir Will. Ay, the Lady ; what of her ?

Bel. Which I saw last Night—Oh, such a Creature !

Sir Will. At what Window ?

Bel. Such a charming Air.——

Sir Will. What House was it at ?

Bel. As much Youth as wou'd serve to recover half the decay'd Faces in the Town.

Sir Will. What Street ?

Bel. Wanton as a Nun, yet look'd demure as a Quaker——

Sir Will. Z'dearth, where, where, is this rare Creature to be seen ?

Bel. Then her Features, *Sir William* ! Oh, such Features : she is the most perfect Piece in the World——her Shape clean and easy——a profuse Quantity of dark brown Hair—and such a Complexion, as the Gods form when they design a Miracle of Beauty.

Sir Will. Nay, since you will have your own Way, I'll strike in with you——a charming high Forehead.

Bel. Ay, and such a Mouth——

Sir Will. Sparkling black Eyes——

Bel. And such a Cast——

Sir Will. Such Dimples in her Cheeks——

Bel. Ay, ay, Rapture, Rapture.

Sir Will. Ah, he's got above the Clouds already—when you have recover'd your Senses, *Belair*, you may be fit for Conversation ; I have a little Business to dispatch——and must beg your Pardon——

Bel. Thou wilt not leave me.

Sir

Sir Will. Why, what Service can I do you?

Bel. You must assist me in the Management of this Affair.

Sir Will. What Affair? Who is she? Where did you see her?

Bel. Why, when I left you last Night, I took a Boat resolving to go up the River for a little Air, when the luckiest Occasion presented to make me the happiest Man living.

Rob. I have known a hundred of these lucky Occasions; in a Month's Time the most unlucky Occasions, that ever Man had. [Aside.

Sir Will. What was it?

Bel. A Lady designing to land at *Whitehall* Stairs, stepping short from the Boat, fell into the Water, I jump'd in after her, caught her in my Arms, and brought her safe ashore.

Rob. Who cou'd have believ'd he shou'd be burnt in the Middle of the *Thames* now.

Sir Will. What's her Name?

Bel. I know not, she enquir'd mine, and where I liv'd; gave me a thousand Thanks, and promis'd I shou'd hear from her.

Sir Will. Well, and what can I do for you?

Bel. I'll tell you, I must have Lodgings in this House, for here I directed her; told her my Name was *Constant*, tho', Faith, *Belair* was at my Tongue's End; but you know my Reasons for concealing my Name, least my Father hear I'm in *England*, before I'd have him, and force me to marry the Woman he commanded me Home for, which, for ought I know, may be ugly, old, ill-natur'd, foolish, conceited, vain, and so forth—at least, I shall think her such, because of his chusing—I like no Caterer in Love's Market—

Sir Will. You shall have these Lodgings to oblige you, good Mr. *Constant*—but what have you done with the other Lady you told me of Yesterday; you was then dying for her?

Bel. Faith, I like her still—but t'other, t'other, is a perfect Venus—

Rob. Pray, Sir, what is your Name to her? I shall certainly forget all these Names.

Bel. Colonel *Revel*, you Sot.

Rob. Just come from where, Sir?

Bel. From *Portugal*, Blockhead.

Rob. And——are you an——Officer too in t'other Place with your new Amour; Co, co, co, con, pray, Sir, do me the Favour to tell me your Name to this Incognita once more?

Bel. *Constant*, Coxcomb.

Rob. And what are you, Sir, pray, what are you?

Bell. An *Oxfordshire* Gentleman: remember that, Sirrah, come up to Town about a Law-Suit.

Rob. Yes, Sir—Colonel *Revel* just come from *Portugal*, —Mr. *Constant*, an *Oxfordshire* Gentleman, come up to Town about a Law-Suit.——Very well, I have it now, Sir, I warrant you.

Sir Will. Well but do you think to manage both these Intrigues with Secresy.

Bel. I do; and in order to't, I'll keep my own Lodgings, that are known to the other, and these for my Incognita, and I'll engage to play my Part with both.

Sir Will. To what Purpose?

Bel. Why, since my old Dad will have me marry, I would willingly chuse for my self; now, you must know, I design to take my swing of Love and Liberty——if, in the Chase, I chance to meet one that can fix me, her I'll marry; till when I'll, like the Bee, kifs every Plant, and gather Sweetness from every Flower——Youth is the Harvest of our Lives, Sir *William*.

Sir Will. Well, in my Conscience, Travel has given thee a large Assurance.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Here is Mr. *Wou'dbe* to wait on you.

Bel. Who's he?

Sir Will. The Projecting Coxcomb, I told you of Yesterday.

Bel. What, he that mimicks thee in his Cloaths?

Sir Will. The same——now, for hard Words, and soft Sense; bring him up. *[Exit Servant.]*

Bel. I'll not stay——I expect a Message from my t'other Mistress at my Lodgings; I'll send a Night-Gown, and

and a Suit of Cloaths hither ; and *Robin* shall wait to call me, if my Fair unknown sends——Oh the Pleasure of Intrigue ; it finds Employment for every Sense, sharpens the Wit, and gives a Life to all our Faculties.

*When pal'd with one, another still supplies,
Thus different Women give us different Joys.
Beauty in one ; in t'other Wit we find ;
In this a Shape, in that a spacious Mind ;
But Change, dear Change, thou Life of human Kind.* }
[Exit.

Enter Wou'dbe.

Wou'd. Dear, Sir *William*, my Stars are superabundantly propitious, in administering the seraphick Felicity of finding you alone.

Sir *Will.* Oh, Mr. *Wou'dbe*——spare me, I beseech you——

Wou'd. My Soul's inhabited ; or, rather canoniz'd, with an Alacrity to see you.

Sir *Will.* I know not how his Soul's inhabited ; but his Head might pass for a Colony, in *Greenland*, it is so thinly Peopled. [Aside.

Enter Ned Free-Love.

Ned. Brother, good Morrow ; Mr. *Wou'dbe*, yours.

Wou'd. Sir, I am most obsequiously your Servant.

Ned. What Gentleman was that I saw go out just now ?

Sir *Wil.* A Friend of mine, who, for some Reasons, I have promis'd this Apartment to ; I hope Sir *Paul* won't be alarm'd ; I think 'tis best not to let him know it, if he does not find it out.

Ned. Much the best, for he'll ask so many impertinent Questions about him, and be in such a Fright, he'll call in half the Parish to watch with him——Who is the Gentleman ?

Sir *Will.* If you remember, I told you, when I was in *Spain*, a Gentleman rescu'd me from the Hands of Ruffians, when I was set upon in the Night ; this is he, and ever since we have held a strict Friendship——Perhaps he may have kill'd his Man, I know not ; he desires Privacy——and I am bound, in Honour, to give it.

Ned. Doubtless——What's his Name?

Sir Will. Constant.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Taylor has brought home your Cloaths.

Sir Will. Bring him in.

Wou'd. But, *Sir William*, pray, how do you like my Way of greeting—I never want Words, you see—I hate those dull Rogues, that have no better Expressions at meeting their Friends than, dear *Jack*, how is't?

Enter Taylor, and Sir William dresses.

Meer Fustian——ha! What do I see? Another Suit——and, upon my Veracity, a charming one—I must put down the Trimming exactly, I shall obliterate half else.

[*Takes out a Book and writes.*]

Ned. Our *English* Tongue is much oblig'd to you, *Mr. Wou'dbe*.

Sir Will. Is it not too short *Mr. Measure*?

[*To the Taylor.*]

Tayl. Not at all, Sir.

Wou'd. The Suit my Taylor is making, is the very same Colour; I'll fend, and have it trimm'd exactly like that.

[*Aside.*]

Sir Will. How do you like my Fancy in this Suit, *Mr. Wou'dbe*?

Wou'd. *Sir William*, I reverence the Sublimity of your Fancy——If mine be not done by Play-time, I'll break my Taylor's Head, and never pay the Bill.

[*Aside.*]

Ned. But what new Discoveries have you made lately, *Mr. Wou'dbe*; Never a Project, ha!

Wou'd. Yes, Sir, I am going to erect an Office for Poetry.

Ned. How! An Office for Poetry?

Wou'd. Ay, Sir, where all Poets may have free Access, paying such a Moiety of their Profits, and be furnish'd with all Sorts of refin'd Words adapted to their several Characters.

Sir Will. The Poets will be very much oblig'd to you truly, Sir.

Wou'd. I think so——hark ye, I'm upon another Project, which you'll not guess for a Wager?

.Sir

Sir Will. No, really, Mr. *Wou'dbe*; 'tis not in my shallow Capacity, to fathom the Profundity of your Wit.

Wou'd. Oh, Sir *William*, such accumulated Kindness will bankrupt my poor Acknowledgements——Profundity of your Wit——spoke like a Gentleman, and a Scholar——thou art expensively obliging, therefore I will communicate——tho' it is not grown to a full Maturity, yet——'tis this——for the Good of the Public, I am contriving how to save the Charges of Hackney-Coaches; the Rascals are so faucy, especially to Ladies, there's no enduring them; I resolve to destroy their Constitution.

Ned. As how, pry'thee?

Sir Will. They are the most necessary Things in the World; a Hackney-Coach carries us from one End of the Town to the other in a Trice.

Wou'd. Ay, Sir *William*——but my Project carries 'em quicker——and without going out of their Houses.

Ned. That's a Stratagem, indeed, beyond my Comprehension.

Sir Will. If you can do that, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, you need not fear a Patent; the Ladies will be all of your Side.

Wou'dbe. They will have Reason, Sir, for they may drefs, patch, paint, drink Tea, or play at Piquet, all the while they are going to the Play-house——Is not this an excellent Project?

Sir Will. Excellent, indeed; but, pry'thee, how is it?

Ned. Ay, ay, how is it, you must deal with the Devil certainly.

Wou'd. No, without his Help, I assure you, 'tis all my own——this individual Brain contriv'd it——were I known at Court, I shou'd be a great Man——a most magnificent Man.

Sir Will. Oh, this Project, Sir, will do your Business.

Wou'd. I know you are impatient for the Secret; you are my Friends, or I'd not impart a Matter of this Consequence.

Sir Will. I hope you don't doubt our Secrefy?

Wou'd. Not in the least——to convince you, 'tis this, I'll make the Streets to move.

Ned. Ha, ha, the Streets move! Pry'thee, how wilt thou do that?

Wou'd. Oh, by Clock-work, Sir.

Sir *Will.* By Clock-work? What make the solid Earth move by Clock-work?

Wou'd. Ay, Sir——I affirm that's possible——You mistake, the Earth is not solid; read but *Baker's Chronicle*, and you'll find a whole Field walk'd ten Mile in Queen *Bejs's* Days.

Ned. But not by Clock-work, Mr. *Wou'dbe.*

Wou'd. Humph——ha——I can't be positive in that, but——if it can walk at all——why can't it be made walk by Clock-work——but in a Month's Time I shall be able to answer that, and all other Objections——For, you must know, Yesterday I began my Study, in order to search out the Curiosity of every Country, Language, Art and Science——you shall hear how I have canton'd out the Day——I rise about five, my first Hour is laid out upon Law——'tis fit a Gentleman shou'd understand the Laws of his Country, tho' I hate the confounded Study, 'tis so crabbed——At Six, I read a Lesson of Greek——at Seven, one of Hebrew——Eight, is for Italian——Nine, for Spanish——Ten, for French——Eleven, Astronomy——Twelve, is proper for Geometry, then the Sun Beams are perpendicular——

Ned. Excellent, ha, ha, ha.

Wou'd. At One, I dine——then repose an Hour for Digestion——at Three, I study Phyfic——, that, if I'm poison'd by the Vintners, I may not be kill'd by the Doctors——at Four, Logic——at Five, Philosophy——at Six, Husbandry——that when my Father dies, my Steward and Tenants mayn't cheat me.

Sir *Will.* A politic Thought——

Wou'd. Hawking, hunting, fishing, fowling, at Seven——Architecture, at Eight——for to understand the Art of Building, is of mighty Consequence towards raising a Man's Fortune, you know,——Nine, for Poetry, in Honour of the Nine Muses——because I love the Ladies Company towards Bed-time——Thus, in a Month, I hope to become Master of all these Things; how like you my Rules, Gentlemen, ha?

Ned. Oh, wonderfully, ha, ha.

Wou'd.

Wou'd. Well, Poetry is one of the noblest Parts of the Mathematics—but we have such Factions now on Foot, that Music has put Poetry quite out of Tune—but that Suit—I must to my Taylor immediately. [*Aside.*]

Ned. But, Mr. *Wou'd'be*, the Town say you are much in *Beliza's* Favour—you won't rival my Brother, will you?

Wou'd. Not I, upon my Soul—but does the Town really say so?

Ned. Why shou'd I tell you so else?

Wou'd. Nay, the Elegance of my Fabric, has titulated the Imagination of many a fine Lady, I assure you.

Sir Will. Ha, ha, ha, the Fool believes you.

Wou'd. Where do you dine, Sir *William*?

Sir Will. With my Sister *Cautious*.

Wou'd. If *Beliza* likes me—I'm a happy Mortal; I'll make some Advance, and give her to understand I'm not inexorable. [*Aside.* I'll rendezvous you at the Portal of her Apartment after Dinner; your most obsequious—
[*Exit.*]

Ned. He took particular Notice of your Cloths, Brother; I'll venture a Guinea, the next Time he appears, he's equipt to a Hair, if either Money or Credit be in his Power; ha, ha, ha.

Sir Will. I believe that, but I'll give him enough on't if he is—'tis the most whimsical Coxcomb I ever saw.—

Ned. Well, but how goes it between you and *Beliza*, Brother?

Sir Will. I begin to doubt a Rival there, but who, I can't find out—She is grown indifferent of late, often abroad, and seldom in Humour, when at Home; if there be a Favourite in reserve, let her take Care to conceal him, for Faith, I have suck'd in the *Spaniard's* Jealousy with their Air, and shou'd breath a Vein without Scruple—

Ned. Well, if ever I be in Love——of all Passions which agitate the Mind of Man——grant I may never be infected with Jealousy.

Sir Will. Thou prayest against the only Thing that gives Love a Relish.

*Love like to luscious Meat will Surfeits breed,
And hurt the Stomach which they're sent to feed.
Without a Grain of Jealousy apply'd,
Your Appetite, your Health, and Life's destroy'd.* [Exit.

The SCENE changes to Belair's Lodgings.

Enter Belair meeting Mrs. Patch.

Bel. I foresee this Day, Mrs. Patch, will be a lucky Day——the Sight of thee——

Patch. Will not please you, I dare be positive, my Lady can't see you to-day, being oblig'd to go abroad.

Bel. Oh, propitious Disengagement——Now, if my Incognita does but send——[*Aside.*] I'll wait for her return, let it be never so late——

Patch. Not to Day, sweet Sir——your Love runs on Wheels——Pray, more softly, Sir.

Bel. This Girl's very pretty, I never minded her so much before——Harkye, Child, I will come, if I miss thy Lady, thou shalt keep me Company.

Patch. You are merry, Sir.

Bel. I must be so, when I am near any Thing——belonging to *Beliza*——Methinks I entertain her whilst thou art near me.

Patch. I can't tell how you mean it, Sir——but I assure you, as fine Gentlemen as yourself, have paid their Devotions to me, before now——

Bel. Why not? he must be insensible, that so much Beauty cannot warm. [*Kisses her.*]

Enter Robin.

Rob. Why, the Devil's in my Master——egad, I shall starve with him in Love's Kitchen, for he engrosses all Sorts of Flesh, I find. [*Aside.*]

Patch. Not so close, I beseech you, Sir.

[*Pushing him away.*]

Bel. I protest my Heart feels a thousand Emotions for thee——

Patch. Pray stop your Emotions, Sir——and don't load me with your Heart, for I have so many already I don't

don't know where to put 'em, without choaking one another.

Rob. She need never fear that, he'll not stay so long. —

Bel. I protest it is a Pleasure to look on thee——

Rob. He does not love to be idle, I'll say that for him ; but I bring him Employment and must disturb him—Sir.

Patch. I am not surpriz'd at that—for I take Pleasure to look on my self, and generally do it a thousand Times a Day.

Rob. Sir,—Sir,—Sir.

Bel. Ha ! has she sent ? [*Aside to Robin.*

Rob. The Maid stays for you, Sir.

Bel. Oh ! Transport—run—fly, let every Thing be ready for my Change of Drefs, I'll be there in an Instant—I wish this Girl were gone.

Rob. So, the Tide's turn'd already—Why, what a hurrying Life's this I lead. [*Exit.*

Patch. Well, what more fine Things, Sir.

Bel. Nay, I see you don't believe what I have said already—and an, an——pish pox——how shall I get rid of her——

Patch. You are out of Humour, Sir, I hope, I——

Bel. No, no, no, no, Child, I, I, I,—what the Devil shall I say—this is the most unlucky Accident.

Patch. What is, Sir ?

Bel. A good Hint—why, my Man tells me there is a Friend of mine wounded in a Duel, and desires me to bring a Surgeon immediately—so dear little Rogue, excuse me, this Kifs to thy Lady, and tell her *Revel* lives not in her Absence—if this don't do't, I shall go distracted, that's certain—— [*Aside.*

Patch. Nay, I have done my Message, so your Servant. [*Exit.*

Bel. So, now for my dear unknown——Let me see, what am I ?—ho, a Country Gentleman—I must restrain my Humour—a little Gravity will be necessary to adorn that Character—besides, the Invention's new, and gives the Intrigue the greater Gusto——

*To gain my Point, I'll every Art improve,
All Policy's allow'd in War and Love,*

[*Exit.*

A C T II.

*Beliza's Lodgings.**Beliza and Camilla.*

Beliz. A N D you are really in Love with this Stranger, Cousin?

Cam. I fear so, *Beliza*.

Beliz. To what Purpose?

Cam. To no Purpose at all, without thy Help.

Beliz. You are assur'd of me—but pr'ythee, in what can I help thee? You neither know who he is, nor what he is—he may, for ought you know, be a Wretch unworthy of your Esteem.

Cam. Impossible—I tell thee he's a Country Gentleman, which the Term brought up to Town on Business.

Beliz. Then how are you sure he is not married in the Country?

Cam. Start no Objections, I beseech you—I am sure he is not married—he did not look as if he was.

Beliz. Well, suppose he is what you'd have him be, you know your Father has dispos'd of you, and I'm afraid won't be prevail'd upon to alter his Mind.

Cam. Ay, there's the only bar to all my Wishes; why shou'd our Parents impose upon our Inclinations, in that one Choice which makes us ever happy, or ever miserable?

Beliz. 'Tis an unjust Prerogative Parents have got, from whence I see no Deliverance without an Act of Parliament.

Cam. If thou art my Friend, *Beliza*, I may chance to cross my Father's Design, without the Help of the Senate.

Beliz. I confess I am a Well-wisher to Disobedience in Love Affairs—there's my Hand, instruct me how I may be serviceable.

Cam. Thus: I have sent *Flora* to give him an Invitation hither.—

Beliz. Hither!—to my Lodgings; 'tis well I sent Colonel *Revel* Word I shou'd not be at home. [*Aside.*

Cam.

Cam. Yes, I hope you'll forgive the Liberty I have taken, I was not willing he shou'd know mine, till I had your Approbation of him.

Beliz. But how if my Lover, Sir *William*, shou'd happen to come, who is grown a perfect *Spaniard* since his Travels, and has of late been apprehensive of a Rival, tho' from what Cause I know not—the Country Gentleman wou'd be in Danger, I assure you.

Cam. To prevent his being seen, I have order'd him to be brought in the Back-way—he is yet a Stranger to every Thing that concerns me—he neither knows my Name nor Family—nor shall he, if you approve him not; therefore, after I have thank'd him for the Service he did me, I'll give him to understand I have a Relation whose Judgment I rely on—and from her Mouth he must receive his Hopes, then I'll call you in and retire.

Beliz. You have a very good Opinion of me, Cousin.

Cam. I have so.

Enter Flora.

Flo. He waits your Pleasure, Madam.

Cam. Bring him in——Cousin, you'll be at Hand.

Beliz. In the next Room. [Exit Beliza.]

Enter Belair, gravely dress'd.

Bel. This is an Honour so much above my Merit, Madam——that I receive it with Confusion, and shall be uneasy till you inform me how I may return this wonderful Favour——I am caught by *Venus*: What Eyes are there.

Cam. Rather instruct me, Sir, how I may return the Obligations I have to you; they are no common Ones—you purchas'd my Life at the Hazard of your own, and it shall be the Business of that Life you sav'd (if ever ought falls within my Power) to serve you.—Oh, my Heart. [Aside.]

Bel. On that kind Promise will I build my Hopes; nay, I will rely upon it—and now, Madam, I must declare that it is in your Power to over-pay the Hazard you have mention'd; the only Woman I could be content to take, for Better for Worse, I ever saw; egad, I'm upon the very Precipice of Matrimony, if she consents. [Aside.]

Cam.

Cam. Gratitude obliges generous Souls——then be assur'd, and ask——pray Heaven his Designs be honourable——that he asks the Right. [*Aside.*]

Bel. 'Tis done, faith, [*Aside.*] your Heart—I fear you'll think I am too bold in my Desires——but you commanded me to speak——and I durst not tell you a Lye——yourself wou'd have discover'd it, for your beautiful Image is drawn so lively in my Breast, that you are Mistress of every Thought, and every Wish about it.

Cam. My Soul tells him, thro' my Eyes, (I fear) that his Request is granted, [*Aside.*] I confess you have surpriz'd me, Sir, and I know not well what to answer you; only this——were I free to dispose of my Person, with my Heart, your Services shou'd not go unrewarded.

Bel. Ha! what say you, Madam! your Words shake me like an Ague Fit—you are not——(forbid it Heaven) married?

Cam. Not married.

Bel. Nor vow'd against it?

Cam. Neither—but I've a Father to whom my Duty must submit, without his Leave I measure not a Foot of his Estate, tho' I'm his only Child.

Bel. Let him keep it then,—if Love had any Power o'er your Soul——or had I Charms to wound like you, this wou'd be no Obstacle.

Cam. You have too many, and I find my Heart but too inclining——were it possible, but my Duty——

Bel. Oh, Extasy! I shan't contain myself [*Aside.*] it is, it shall be possible——give me to understand your Father, Madam, that I may apply myself to him; if Avarice affects him, and Wealth be his only Aim, I am Heir to an Estate, perhaps, as large as he can wish.

Cam. But how are you sure your Father will consent; and why wou'd you hazard his Displeasure for a Stranger, Sir?

Bel. The Estate's intail'd, he cannot hurt me there, and here I must be happy, or not at all——may I not know your Family?

Cam. Yet you must not.

Bel. Why shou'd you deny me——Is it not in my Power to know——Can I not enquire when I go out, whose House this is?

Cam.

Cam. Without any Benefit by it—for these are a Friend's Lodgings, whose Judgment I esteem, you shall consult her ; if she approves it, perhaps, you may know mine before Night—Who's there?

Enter Flora.

Desire *Beliza* to walk in——

Bel. Ha ! Did she not name *Beliza* ? I hope it is not that *Beliza* I know—if it shou'd, I'm in a fine Condition—— [*Enter Beliza and Patch.*] by ill Luck—the very She—what the Devil shall I do? [*Aside.*]

Cam. Cousin, this is the Gentleman I'm so much oblig'd to——Mr. *Constant*, this is a Relation of mine.

Beliz. What do I see ? Colonel *Revel* here——

Pat. Ay, 'tis even he.

Bel. There is no Excuse to be made now—thou never failing Power of Impudence assist me. [*Aside.*] I must honour every Thing that's related to you, Madam.

[*Salutes her.*]

Beliz. How grave he is in this Disguise—picques me, methinks, tho' I had no Design upon him.

Pat. How sober he looks——

Cam. This is the Friend I refer you to, Mr. *Constant*.

Pat. *Constant* !—Yes, he is constant with a Witnefs.

Cam. What she promises, I'll confirm. [*Exit.*]

Bel. I'm in a hopeful Way, faith——Egad I'm so confounded, I know not how to look—but I'm resolv'd to carry it off, and persuade her I'm not the Man. [*Aside.* Madam, I'm oblig'd to my Stars, however, tho' they conceal the Family, and Name of her I adore, they give me an Opportunity of knowing her second Self, you being made so by the strictest Bonds of Friendship——This is the hardest Task I ever went thro', by *Jupiter*. [*Aside.*]

Beliz. I don't wonder that you know me—but I am surpriz'd at your Impudence.

Bel. This is the first Time I was ever accus'd of that by a fair Lady : Wherein have I incurr'd your Displeasure?

Beliz. Pray, Sir, do you act this Part upon a Wager, or do you think I have lost my Senses—very pretty, truly—

Bel. A Wager.—Part—and Senses——What do you mean, Madam?—Oh, mischievous Encounter. [*Aside.*]

¹⁹ VOL. I.

Beliz.

Beliz. Colonel *Revel* can inform Mr. *Constant* of my Meaning.

Bel. Colonel *Revel*! Who's he?—A Pox of the Name. [*Aside.*]

Pat. So he don't know himself——

Beliz. You don't know such a Man as Colonel *Revel*?

Bel. Not I, upon my Word, Madam——

Beliz. Well, such an Assurance I never saw, and do you think this will pass upon me?

Bel. I hope so, [*Aside.*] I protest, Madam, I can't guess what you aim at——

Pat. Were I in your Place, Madam, I'd have him toft in a Blanket.

Bel. Well said, Mrs. *Patch*: Egad, wou'd I were well out of their Hands. [*Aside.*]

Beliz. Lookye, Sir, your Declaration for my Cousin concerns me not; for from the First, to me you appear'd as indifferent as now——But if you think to impose upon my Understanding, you'll draw my utmost Malice on your Head.

Bel. And I need no more—for the Malice of a Woman exceeds the Devil's. [*Aside.*] Your Rallery is very pleasant, Madam, but very different from what I expected—for I confess I am a Stranger to your Meaning.

Beliz. Oh, you shift your Shape so often, you may easily forget—an excellent Contrivance, to take as many Names as you make Mistresses.

Pat. Consult your Pocket-Book, Sir; and you'll find your name was *Revel* two Hours ago——

Bel. This is a new Way of treating Strangers, Madam; Do you call this telling me the Secrets of the unknown Fair? This will make the prettiest Novel in the World—— [*Aside.*]

Beliz. The Secrets of the unknown Fair; yes, she shall know your Secrets, I promise you, and who you are—believe me, your Affairs are done with her; you shall neither know her Name, nor Quality.

Bel. Recall that Sentence, Madam; or, let me fall a Sacrifice, to your supposed Repentments——never to know my lovely, dear Incognita is Death, with all the additional Racks *Barbarians* e'er invented, to separate
Soul

Soul and Body. I begin to grow perfect in my double Art, I find. *[Aside.]*

Beliz. This is the most bare-fac'd Impostor I ever saw. *[Aside.]* Really, now in my Opinion, Colonel, you act the same Person too long—Come, come, pull off the Mask, and I'll forgive you, ha, ha.

Bel. That Wheedle shan't take, I'm in, and must go thro' it. *[Aside.]* Mask, Madam! by all the Pangs of Love I feel for your beauteous Friend, I wou'd wear no Disguise to any Thing that belongs to her—

Pat. Well, was I my Lady, I'd have that Tongue pull'd out of your Head.

Bel. Pray, Madam, who is that pretty Enemy? is she Friend, or some Relation?

Pat. Do, do, seem ignorant, poor Devil—you don't know me; not long since, you knew me for this Lady's Maid, and lik'd me well enough, to think me worth a Compliment.

Beliz. Make Love to my Woman! Pray, Sir, what Name wou'd you have taken to her, ha, ha.

Bel. You are in a pleasant Humour, Ladies, I hope I shall find the Benefit of it; to my Knowledge, I never saw any of you till this Hour—This is a Master-piece of Art, to face down two Women at once. *[Aside.]*

Pat. Nay, if I had believ'd all he said to me, I shou'd have registered him amongst my Lovers. That is not true neither.

Bel. As the rest—Poor Gentlewoman, I pity thee; pr'ythee get Advice, before thy Frenzy increase too much.

Beliz. So, you'll persuade us we are mad by and by—and you don't bear a Colonel's Commission, and have not been in *Portugal* with *Charles* the Third?

Bel. No, upon my Honour, Madam—My Name is *Constant*, born in *Oxfordshire*, and come up about a Suit in *Chancery*; and know this Colonel no more than you know me; if you please, I'll give you my Oath on't—which I can do without Perjury, that's my Comfort.

[Aside.]

Beliz. A pleasant Quibble, ha, ha.

Pat. This Story has cost you some Pains——

Bel.

Bel. I wish I cou'd see this Gentleman which you take me for : Can you believe I cou'd be so base to make Love to another, if once I had prefum'd to mention it to you—your Charms are full Security against such Proceedings ; I am concern'd, that Nature has made any Resemblance between us : I shall hate myself for being like him.

Beliz. Well, whether you will, or you will not be him, it is the same Thing—provided you'll tell him, that I suffer'd his Addresses only for my Diversion, and that I never had any Passion for him, but loath, detest, and hate him.

Bel. Tell him——where shall I find him ?

Beliz. I have done, and desire you'd know your Way out.

Bel. I wou'd not willingly disobey a Lady ; but here, Madam, you must pardon me, since my future good or ill depends on you ; I cannot stir from hence, till I obtain your Promise to assist my Suit, and give me hopes that I, at last may know my beauteous Fair.

Beliz. Ha, ha, ha, all that I can say, Colonel, is, that you are very unlucky in this Affair, not but you counterfeit to a Miracle ; but the Mischief is, that I have all my Senses, can see Colonel *Revel*, hear Colonel *Revel*, and understand Colonel *Revel* too well to solicit his Cause, I assure you.

Pat. There's your Answer, Sir, ——and if you please to follow me, I'll shew you 'a Way out better known to you than that you came in by.

Bel. Pray, good Mrs. *Civility*, be not so hasty—give me leave, at least, to see your Cousin before I go Madam.

Beliz. To what End, pray ?

Bel. To convince you of your Error.

Beliz. That's the hardest Task that you ever undertook, Colonel, and not to be effected ; therefore, once more I tell you, you have seen your last of her, and your Absence wou'd oblige me.

Bel. 'Tis very hard, Madam, that because Nature has made me resemble another Person, who may, for ought I know, be a Man of Honour too, tho' unhappily under
your

your Displeasure, I shou'd have the ill Fortune to suffer for Nature's Fault.

Beliz. That wou'd, indeed, be unjust—but I shall not be prevail'd upon to believe Nature in the Fault here ; therefore pray retire, the Scene is long enough, 'tis time to change it ; good Colonel don't oblige one to treat you below your Title.

Pat. Don't you understand my Lady, Sir ?

Bel. Yes, yes, Madam, but too well ; and if I must go without the Satisfaction I expected, let me implore this Favour ; tell her, I die hers. [*Exit.*]

Pat. And every Body's, I dare swear, in his turn.

Beliz. This Man is the very Epitome of his Sex ; the compleatest Juggler I ever saw : I protest his Assurance has put me quite out of Countenance.

Re-enter Camilla.

Cam. Well, how do you like him, Cousin : Is he not a charming Fellow ?

Beliz. I think not.

Cam. Pish ! I know you do.

Bel. Indeed I don't ; and if you knew as much as I, you wou'd think him as ugly as I do.

Cam. Ugly ! Can any Mortal think that Man ugly ? But pr'ythee, what have you discover'd—won't you tell me ?

Beliz. Yes, if you promise to make right use on't.

Cam. What do you mean ?

Beliz. That your pretended Lover is a Villain.

Cam. How ! Pray, Cousin, explain yourself within the Rules of good Manners.

Beliz. He deserves it not.

Cam. I don't understand you—and the Introduction grows tedious—of what do you accuse Mr. *Constant* ?

Bel. In the first Place, his Name is not *Constant*, but *Revel*.

Cam. How know you that ?

Beliz. From his own Mouth.

Cam. When ?

Beliz. A Week ago.

Cam. Where ?

Beliz.

Beliz. Here in this House.

Cam. In this House, how came he hither?

Beliz. Upon his Legs, I think.

Cam. On what Business, pray?

Beliz. Much upon the same Errand—Love.

Cam. Love! to whom?

Beliz. To your Friend and Servant.

Cam. Ha, ha, ha, now I find your Drift—you li him yourself, and this is an Artifice to blast my go Opinion—'tis poorly done, *Beliza*.

Beliz. No, my Constitution is not so warm as yours remember you took Fire in the middle of Water; I d spise him.

Cam. We never despise indifferent Things—I lit expected this from a Friend.

Beliz. If you'd have the Friend continu'd, don't pvoke me to return Suspitions, Cousin.

Cam. Don't you provoke me, by traducing of the M I love—he has not been in Town two Days, and you persuade me he has made Overtures of Love to you Week ago.

Beliz. If I don't prove this is Colonel *Revel*, lat come from *Portugal*, and been in Town this Fortnigh and made me several Visits under Pretence of Courtsh *A-la Mode*, I'm content to forfeit both Friendship a Estate.

Cam. How shall it be prov'd? 'Tis sure impossible.

Beliz. Write to him, and tell him what I have cc firm'd; desire him to come hither to justify himself, if expects any farther Favours from you—at the same Tir I'll send for him by the Name of *Revel*, and appoint hi here also, if there appear two Men exactly the same, (I am sure they are) then I'll own myself in the Wron and ask your Pardon; if not, you shall mine.

Cam. Agreed, I'll in, and write to him this Momen pray Heaven there be two Socia's. [Ea

Enter Sir William.

Sir Will. I am pleas'd.

Beliz. That's more than I am, I assure you, *Sir Willia*
Sir Will. To find you alone, I meant, Madam; I ;

not surpriz'd at your being out of Humour, for I have feldom found you in it of late, the Reason of which I'm yet to learn, not being conscious of having given you any Cause, except the truest Passion that e'er possess'd the Heart of Man be one.

Beliz. Sometimes, and in some Persons it is so ; but from whence you derive your Suspicions, I can't imagine.

Sir Will. From your excessive Coldness—for some Days past, I have beheld such a Reserve in all your Carriage to me, very different from what it us'd to be, and I begun to fear your Heart had entertain'd some new Amour.

Bel. I hope he has not discover'd this Impostor, he could not meet him, sure. [*Aside.*] You have no Reason to doubt my Sincerity, *Sir William* ; I am not subject to fall in Love, I may venture to say, you hold the greatest Share in my Heart.

Sir Will. That's kind—but this thin airy Diet of Hope and Expectation, *Beliza*, starve those which feed on't—will you not admit me to the Banquet of Possession—when shall I receive from this Hand the Confirmation of those Lips. [*Kisses her Hand.*]

Beliz. When I can bring my Heart to a Resolution, *Sir William*, of quitting all these little innocent Pleasures a single Life permits, you shall have timely Notice for a License.

Enter Patch.

Pat. Madam, your Cousin *Camilla* desires one Word with you.

Beliz. Pardon my leaving you in my own Lodgings, *Sir William*, some Affairs of my Cousins, who is lately come to Town, prels me at present ; I shall come to Cards at Lady *Cautious's* in the Evening. [*Exit.*]

Sir Will. I'll not fail being at home—there's something more in this than I can fathom ; I resolve to watch her narrowly, if I have a Rival, and 'scapes me, I forgive him. [*Exit.*]

A C T III.

*Sir William's Lodgings.**Sir William meeting Lady Cautious.**Sir Will.* I N Tears, Sister, what's the Matter?*Lady.* What shou'd be the Matter, but my Husband? that doating, old, disponding Wretch, whose Fears, Mistrusts and Jealousies, is enough to distract any Body, still doubting Providence, and fearing every Wind — yet you are so far from pitying my Condition, you add to my Misfortunes, by making my Confinement stricter, under Pretence of the Honour of our Family—I hope I'm of Age to know how far that concerns me.*Sir Will.* Ay, Sister, but the Wife that is displeas'd with the Husband—and the Husband that does not please the Wife, are always in Danger—the of liking some Body else—and he of being a Cuckold—now, while there is such a Probability, the Honour of our Family requires a Guard.*Lady.* Why was I marry'd then to that I cannot love?*Sir Will.* My Father knew his Reasons, doubtless, Sister.*Lady.* Yes, and I know 'em too—*Sir Paul* took me without a Fortune, by which yours is the greater, yet the Consideration has no Weight with you; it pleases you to see your Sister condemn'd to the idle Fancies, and whimsical Mistrusts of this impertinent Dotard; he is so apprehensive of Death, that he allows a Surgeon a Hundred a Year perpetually to attend him, and wou'd not set a Step without him for a Thousand—nay, he lays in the same Chamber——just now he fancied himself call'd three Times, which he takes for an Omen of his Death, pray Heaven it prove so—and has sent for twenty People to watch by him.*Sir Will.* Ridiculous Folly—but you must bear with it, Sister; he is old——*Lady.* That's the worst Argument under the Sun, for a young Woman to bear with. [*Aside.*] Pray, Brother, what Gentleman is that which you have oblig'd with these Lodgings?

Sir

Sir *Will.* Ha ! has she seen him—Why do you ask ?

Lady. Is it a Crime to ask who is in my own House ?

Sir *Will.* Yes, if they are not in your own Apartment—'tis not Modesty in your Sex to inquire after ours—now I foresee my Error too late, in letting him have these Lodgings—How came you to know there was a Man here ?

Lady. I must not say, I have seen him— [*Aside.*] my Woman brought me Word, there was a Stranger dressing himself, when I sent her this Morning, to ask if you would not drink some Chocolate with me.

Sir *Will.* Then you did not see him yourself ?

Lady. No.

Sir *Will.* I'm glad to hear that, for he is Libertine enough to engage her.

Lady. But suppose I had, where had been the Crime ?

Sir *Will.* Nay, no Crime, Sister———only I would not have you affronted ; therefore, pray take care not to come near this Apartment, for he hates the Sight of Women.

Lady. That's false, to my Knowledge—for he said the softest Things to me that Love could form ; [*Aside.*] say you so, Brother ? an unpolished Brute, I hope he is not to continue long here ?

Sir *Will.* Only, for two or three Days.—

Lady. Oh, my Heart—so short a Stay. [*Aside.*

Sir *Will.* Ho, here he comes, retire Sister.

Lady. I must see him again——tho' you prevent me now ; if I don't break through this Constraint, say, Woman wants Contrivance. [*Exit.*

Enter Belair and Robin.

Rob. Why then, this prov'd a confounded Mistake, Sir, but were it possible you could not know the House again ?

Bel. How could I, when I was convey'd the back Way into an Apartment, where I never was before ; the cunningest Man alive, might have been deceived, as well as I—but the Gift of Impudence is a wonderful Gift ; ha ! Sir *William*, I did not see thee.

Sir *Will.* I believe not, Love and Variety clouds thy Sight, but what is the Disappointment you speak of ?

Bel

Bel. I am an unlucky Dog, that's all——I fell into the Company of both my Mistresses, at once.

Sir Will. This 'tis to have more Intrigues than one can manage, ha, ha, ha; and how did you behave yourself.

Bel. Faith en'cavalierement—I stuck close to the Name of *Constant*, and my Incognita—for I like her best.

Rob. Till he sees somebody he likes better. [*Aside.*

Bel. And swore I never saw t'other, in my Life, nor never heard of the Name of *Revel*——but was as downright a Country Gentleman, and made Love as gravely, as ever a Squire of 'em all.

Sir Will. And did the Imposition pass?

Bel. Not without Scruple——but I'll undertake to make myself two distinct Persons, as clear as the Sun at Noon-day, if thou'lt assist me.

Sir Will. How? for the Frolick's sake, I care not if I do——

Bel. Then, as I have Occasion, you shall receive Instructions, I want a Messenger in my Interest.

Sir Will. That I can procure you—but to what Purpose.

Bel. You shall know in Time—I shall want thy personal Appearance too.

Sir Will. You shall want nothing, in my Power—but pr'ythee do you like either of 'em well enough to marry?

Bel. In my Conscience I think I cou'd be content with the Noose, if my Incognita's Family be answerable to her Beauty——

Rob. Nay, if he grows honourably in Love, I may hope for some rest at last. [*Aside.*

Sir Will. Why will ye not quit the other then?

Bel. T'other is related, and a Friend—if I deceive her not, she'll maliciously spoil my Intrigue; besides, 'tis a pretty Amusement, and the Design so Novel, that I must pursue it for the Pleasure of Invention, and I think it possible to perform; we have seen two People so very like, that when absent they cou'd not be distinguish'd from one another.

Sir Will. But if the Faces wore Resemblance, the Voice or Shape discover'd it.

Bel.

Bel. But a good Assurance solves all that.

Rob. Why, Sir, if the worst comes to the worst—that they will both have you—why e'en marry them both, keep one for yourself, and t'other to entertain your Friends—or, if you please, Sir,—to do you a Service, I don't care if I take one of 'em off your Hands.

Sir Will. Then you'll venture to rely upon your Master's Choice, ha, ha, ha.

Rob. Ay, Sir, sooner than ere a Man in *England*; my Master has tasted so many of those Dishes—that I dare trust to his Palate.

Bel. You are witty, Rascal, ha ! Who have we here, thy Mimick.

Enter Wou'dbe, dress'd like Sir William, and Ned. Freeloove.

Wou'd. Well, I have surpriz'd some Ladies, strangely, that stop'd their Coach, and call'd out *Sir William, Sir William*; and when I turn'd back, and they discover'd their Mistake, they blush'd intolerably, ha, ha, ha.

[*Aside to Ned.*

Ned. Nay, your Dress is exactly the same with his; the Mistake was very easy.

Sir Will. Mr. *Wou'dbe*, your Servant.

Wou'd. Surprizing ! another Suit !

Bel. Ha, ha, ha, what a Consternation you have put him in ?

Ned. What's the Matter with you, Sir ? This Minute you look'd as gay, and pleasant as the Month of *June*, and now it is *December* at least—he has discover'd you, Brother.

Wou'd. Most beatifically express'd, and worthy of Quotation.

[*Takes out a Pocket-book and writes.*

Bel. I presume, Sir, you are examining, what Assignations fall out this Hour, that you may not disappoint the Ladies.

Wou'd. No, Sir, I am taking Cognizance of the Gentleman's Wit.

Bel. I hope you are not one of those Spungy-brain'd Poets, that suck something from all Companies to squeeze into a Comedy, at acting of which, the Pit and Boxes may laugh at their own Jests.

Ned.

Ned. Where each may claim his Share of Wit.

Bel. And by my Consent, thou'd claim a Share of the Profits too, ha, ha.

Wou'd. This is a Gentleman of an intellectual Sublimity—No, Sir, I condemn the terrene Extraction of those poor Animals, whose barren Intellects thrusts such spurious Brats abroad ; when I write, it shall be all my own I assure you.

Sir Will. Oh, Mr. *Wou'd* be can never want Assistance of that kind.

Wou'd. What shall I do with these Cloths ! I wou'd not give a Farthing for 'em, now he has left 'em off—and that's ten Times the prettier Suit in my Opinion—Well, he is the most genteel Fellow in *Europe*.

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, Sir, the Incognita's Maid, Sir, has brought you this Letter, and stays for an Answer.

[*Gives him a Letter.*]

Bel. Ha ! Reads—*My Cousin has a strange Opinion of you, and nothing but your Personal Appearance immediately can prevent my giving Credit to her Story ; make Haste, if you expect any farther Favours from your Incognita—*any farther Favours ! Yes, I do expect farther Favours, or I'd never take half this Pains—Let me see. [*Pauses.*]

Wou'd. I wish'd I cou'd sell this Coat—I shall never indure the Sight of it, that's certain. [*Aside.*]

Bel. Hark ye, Sirrah, do you tell the Maid, I'll not fail the Summons—and do you hear, follow her at a Distance, till you see her Hous'd ; if she goes to *Beliza's*, do you ask to speak with *Beliza's* Cousin, and tell her you left me in the Street talking to somebody, but that she might not think me long, I sent you before ; be sure you make no Blunders, Sirrah.

Rob. I warrant you, Sir, Lying is become my Vocation ; but, Sir, what Name, Sir ?

Bel. *Constant*, you forgetful Blockhead.

Rob. Ha, I have it, the Country Gentleman, Sir—

Bel. Ay, ay, away. [*Aside to Robin.*] [*Exit Robin.*]

Sir Will. What, another Billet-doux ?

Bel. 'Tis from my unknown—now for thy Assistance.

Wou'd.

Wou'd. What Contrivance shall I have for such a Dress—my Rogue of a Taylor will not trust, that's certain. Let me think—that won't do—nor that—ho, I have it——

[*Takes out his book and writes.*]

Bel. This Messenger must be had immediately, Sir *William.*

Sir Will. I'll procure you one instantly.

Bel. Then I'm Master of my Art.

Wou'd. Sir *William*, I recommend that to your Perusal [*Gives him the Tablets.*] If this Project takes not, I'm undone—— [*Aside.*]

Sir Will. What's this [*Reads.*] *We whose Names are here subscrib'd, do promise to make our Personal Appearance in the Side-Box, the third Day of a new Play, either Tragedy, Comedy, Farce, or Opera, that shall be written by Timothy Wou'dbe, Esq; and play'd at one of the Houses or both, as the Players can agree about that, on Forfeit of a Guinea, which we have deposited in the Hands of the Author.*

Ned. Ha, ha, ha, a pretty Contrivance for another Suit.

Bel. This is new, indeed, ha, ha, ha.

Sir Will. I love to encourage Ingenuity, he has flung away many a Guinea after me, now I'll give him one—pray enter me down Mr. *Wou'dbe.*

Wou'd. Let me intreat your own Hand, for the Encouragement of others. [*Sir William writes.*]

Bel. I'll not be out at a Frolic, there's mine, Sir.

Sir Will. There, Brother, enter your Name too—— [*Gives Ned a Guinea.*]

Ned. Ha, ha, with all my Heart there is *Belvil*, *Loveil*, and *Freewit*—you may depend on Mr. *Wou'dbe.*

Wou'd. I'll wait on 'em incontinently.

Bel. But when is this Play to be writ, Sir?

Wou'd. That I must consider on, Sir; too many Things at once destroy the Thought, and dull the Fancy.

Ned. But suppose it shou'd not live till the third Day, the Town is very capricious.

Wou'd. I know it, Sir, for that Reason I took this Method; when their Gold is at Stake, they'll bring in 'heir Bodies, to save their Bail——egad, I shan't have

Money enough—Let me see—I'll sell these Clothes, to make it up—Gentlemen, I'm your most oblig'd—

[*Exit.*

Ned. Ha, ha, ha, he is upon the Wing, with his Subscription, I'll follow, and see if he goes to their Lodgings.

[*Exit.*

Sir Will. Now, for thy Business, *Belair*, where shall I find you half an Hour hence?

Bel. Here, for I must now dress me.

Sir Will. Very well.

[*Exit.*

Bel. So, thus far I'm right—now for half an Hour's Respite from the Fatigue of Business—egad, I wish the pretty Creature, I saw in the Morning, wou'd fall in my Way—who the duce is she, I wonder—no Matter who, she's handsome—and that's Knowledge enough, to recommend her——Ha ! here she comes by *Jove*.

Enter Lady Cautious.

Lady. Here he is ! a charming handsome Fellow—what Excuse shall I make?—ha—I thought *Sir William* had been here—Sir, I beg your Pardon——

Bel. He's just gone out, Madam, he's a happy Man to have so much Beauty in Quest of him.

Lady. Beauty's an Epithet your Sex never fail to make Use of to raise our Vanity, when present, but the Object once remov'd, you soon recall your Praises.

Bel. Sometimes, Madam, good Manners produce Adulation ; but here Flattery dares not show her Face, your Charms are so conspicuous, they need no Art to inform your Knowledge, nor I no Cunning to inflame myself ; I am chain'd already, your Eyes at first Sight reduc'd me, and the short Moments which we pass'd this Day together, made such an Impression on my Heart, that I have thought of nothing since but how to see you again.

Lady. Oh ! how his Words run thro' my Soul——alas, Sir, to what Purpose shou'd you see me, I am married.

Bel. Good——

Lady. Wretchedly married.

Bel. Better and better—wretchedly married, say you ?

Lady.

Lady. Wretchedly——to an old peevish desponding Wretch.

Bel. As I cou'd wish——her Dislike of her Husband is my first Step to Possession—— [Aside.

Lady. Forc'd by my Friends to wed him, by which all my Happiness in this World is lost.

Bel. Banish that Thought, my charming Creature——'tis a false one; there are Joys, inestimable Joys, in Store, give me but Leave, and I'll inform you where they may be reap'd. [Taking her Hand.

Lady. Not by me without a Crime.

Bel. The Crime be on their Heads that forc'd your Marriage, Nature ne'er design'd these Charms shou'd wither in the Arms of Age, and destin'd only to a Clod——besides your not consenting to the Match makes it invalid, and of no force to hold you——take Pity, then, both of yourself and me, I languish, sigh, despair——nay, e'en die for you.

Lady. Help me, Heaven, I have no Power to speak——

Bel. Oh! do not struggle so, nor dash my rising Hopes, leave me not, except you wish my Death, which I resolve the Moment you depart——

Lady. Forbid that Thought, I cannot see you die——yet must not yield; let me go for Virtue's sake——

Bel. Love forbids it——Oh! I shall faint with Extacy of Pleasure——no Jeffamin nor Rose has half the Sweetness that dwell upon these Lips, 'tis Essence from the Throne of *Jove*——this Neck, this Breast——Oh, every Part about thee is Celestial, Loadstone like, thy Breath attracts and draws my Lips to thine. [Kissing her.

Lady. Oh! the Difference between his Kisses, and my Husband's, what shall I do?——

Bel. Do! Consent to bless the Man that loves you.

Lady. But how long will he do so?

Bel. That's ever the Women's Question——ask not that; can I prove false to so much Beauty, oh, no, faithful as the Needle to its Pole, or Turtle to his Mate, secret as a Priest——and loving as the Vine——give me Possession once, and bind the truest of his Sex for ever.

[Pulling her.

*Sir Paul within.**Sir Paul. Basilicon——**Lady. Ah, [Shrieks.] my Husband's Voice.**Sir Paul. [Within.] Ah, Thieves, Thieves.**Bel. A Curse of all ill Luck—Just in the critical Minute when she was yielding——'Death, what shall I do, Madam, can, can, can, can, you put me no where?**Lady. Impossible, he'll search all the House—now the Duce take me for shrieking—— [Aside.**Bel. Then there's no way—but to cut his Throat.**Lady. Now help me, dear, dear Invention. [Pauses.**Sir Paul. Basilicon, why where's my Surgeon there—I shall be murder'd ; here's Thieves got into my House.**Lady. A lucky Hint, improve it.**Bel. Improve what ?**Enter Sir Paul, and Servants.**Sir Paul. What's here, a Man, a Thief, a Thief, fall on, fall on.**Bel. I shall be apprehended for a Rogue, here—make your Mermidons be civil, Sir, or I shall whip you thro' the Guts, by Hercules. [Lays his Hand on his Sword.**Sir Paul. Basilicon, keep near me Basilicon——**Lady. Oh ! Hold, hold, Sir Paul, What do you do ! Abuse a Gentleman that came to save your Life.**Bel. What the Devil does she mean now—some Turn, to bring me off, if I can but hit her right.**Lady. Tell him you saw the House beset with Rogues, tell him, tell him any Thing. [Aside to Bel.**Bel. Humph, ha, Oh, witty Rogue——**Sir Paul. Ha, how's that ?**Bel. Yes, Sir, I came to do you Service.**Sir Paul. As how, pray, sweet, Sir ? To lye with my Wife, ha !**Bel. No, Sir, coming by your House I saw four Men, and heard 'em say, that's the Door, dog him to some convenient Place, and then secure him.**Sir Paul. Secure me, for what, Sir ? I owe no body nothing, I have no Employment in the State, Sir.**Bel. Your Riches is much talked on, Sir, and People imagine*

imagine you have got that which we call the Philosopher's Stone ; I believe they design to rob and murder you, I heard 'em mutter something of ripping you up, and Dissecting you.

Sir Paul. Oh ! Bloody Villains.

Lady. Excellent Fellow——— [Aside.

Bel. They talk'd as if you swallow'd the Stone every Morning, and kept it in your Body for greater Security all Day.

Sir Paul. Monstrous !

Bel. I find their Design is to search for that Stone, which, if they get it, will make them as rich as Aldermen ever after.

Sir Paul. Barbarous—Sir, if you'l believe me, I don't know what they mean by the Philosopher's Stone, as I hope for long Life——I have no Stone worth a Groat, except the Stone of this Ring.

Bel. Nay, I know nothing of that, Sir, I thought myself bound in Honour, tho' unknown to you, to give you Notice of your Danger.

Sir Paul. Sir, I heartily thank you—My Coachman, indeed, told me there was four Men behind my Coach last Night, which made me not go abroad to Day ; these must be the Rogues.

Lady. It passes as I would have it——but I wish he had been at the Bottom of the Sea, when he interrupted us, for that charming Fellow has got my Heart, I find that. [Aside.

Bel. Pox take him for his unseasonable Intrusion.

[Aside.

Sir Paul. I thought I heard you shriek out, Wife.

Lady. I wish I had been dumb when I did—yes, my Dear, with design to raise the House, to pursue, and take the Rogues, this Gentleman told me of, at least disperse 'em, that my Love might be in no Danger.

Sir Paul. Oh, was it that, very well—come, you and I will retire to my Closet, and return Thanks for this Deliverance, *Basilicon* ; come you along with us, Sir, I thank you. [Exit.

Lady. I never had less Religion about me in my Life.

[Exit.

Bel.

Bel. If thou had'st stay'd but one Quarter of an Hour longer, Old Noll, thou shou'dst have had something to have thank'd me for.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir *William* sends to tell you, that he, and the Gentleman you want, stays for you at the Coffee-house, Sir.

Bel. I come— [*Exit Servant.*] was there ever such a promising Project crost; I must have her—and I find she must have me too——

*What various Hazards do we Rovers run,
To purchase what we slight as soon as won;
And Women know it too, yet long to be undone.* }

The End of the THIRD ACT.



ACT IV.

Robin, solus.

Rob. HERE she went in!—let me see—I am to say— what am I to say?—pox on't, my Master gives me so many different Lessons, one knocks t'other out of my Head—he is doing—doing, no, no, he did not bid me say he was doing—he was stopt in the Street—ay, ay, that's right, and his Name—ads bud, I have forgot his Name now——but here's the Maid, and so 'tis no Matter.

Enter Flora.

Flor. Ha! *Robin!* is your Master come?

Rob. He's coming, Child—a Lawyer, I believe, for he had a swinging Stroke with his Tongue, stopt him in the Street, about his Law-Suit, I suppose, so he sent me Exprefs, fraught with his eager Wishes, to beg thy Lady's Patience for two Minutes only, and then he'll throw himself

self at her Feet——egad, I think I have made as noble a Speech as ever a Courtier of 'em all. [*Aside.*]

Flora. Why don't you come in, and deliver your Message, then?

Rob. Now I have seen thee I dare not.

Flor. Why, what do you fear?

Rob. Those pinking Ogles of thine—But now I think on't, if my Master and your Lady Couple, thou'lt fall to me of Course.

Flor. To you—I believe not, Sir.

Rob. But I believe yes—are not we Perquisites made for one another?—our Station's the same—our Employment alike—you dress your Lady—so do I my Master—you receive and deliver Messages, so do I—and lying is the common Vocation of us both.

Flor. You are very familiar in your Courtship.

Rob. 'Tis my Way—but I know Truth is an out-of-fashion'd Courtship, which your Sex is not us'd to. Ha! my Master. [*Enter Belair dress'd for Revel.*] Sir, I did your Message.

Bel. My Message, Fellow, what Message? This Dog will spoil all by his Blunders; he does not see that I'm *Revel* now; [*Aside.*] do you know who you speak to?

Rob. By my Troth, I don't know—and yet methinks I shou'd know too.

Flor. 'Tis very strange if he shou'd not know his Master.

Rob. Why, Sir, pray are not you my Master, co, co, co.

Bel. I'll tell you Rascal. [*Strikes him a Box on the Ear.*]

Rob. Egad, I'm in the wrong, but where I can't tell—his Fingers are grown plaguy flippant of late.

Bel. Is *Beliza* within, my Dear, dost know?

Flor. I believe she is, Sir—I'll let her know you'd speak with her, if you'll please to signify what Name you'll wear at present——

Bel. Name! Why, my own Name, Child, *Revel*; what Name shou'd I wear? Thou art pleasant, ha, ha, ha.

Rob. There was my Mistake, now.

[*Aside.*]

Flor. Here she comes, Sir.

Enter Beliza.

Bel. So darts the Sun thro' all the thick wrought Clouds, to cheer the labouring Swain. [*Catching her in his Arms.*

Beliza. Hold, Sir! Who are you pray? The Colonel, or the Country Gentleman—the grave, serious, formal Lover, or the gay rakish Soldier?—let me know, I beseech you, that I may square my Conversation to yours.

Bel. Ha, ha, ha, Why these Interrogatories? Madam, do you walk in your Sleep?—now I fancy you are in a Dream; ay, it is so, faith—and I cannot resist the Opportunity for Gloves. [*Kisses her.*

Beliza. Away, thou exquisite Dissembler—How can you look me in the Face?

Bel. Because I don't know a Face in *Europe* that pleases me half so well—but prythee, why this Air of Indifference, or rather, Repentment? Look ye, Madam, if you affect this Quarrel by the Way of poignant Sauce—you have no Need of those little Recourses of your Sex—*Revel* loves as much as ever, and dare promise—

Beliza. More than you perform.—

Bel. Accuse me not before you try me—but why these cross Purposes—ha, my Incognita! now *Belair*, play thy Part. [*Aside.*

Beliza. Here's one will inform you.—

Enter Camila.

Cam. Oh, Mr. *Constant*, are you come?

Bel. *Constant*! Yes, Faith, Madam, I'm as constant as any Man——this Lady can witness for me.

Beliza. Not in the Court of Conscience, Sir.

Bel. Then you have no Conscience at all.

Rob. If my Master took up Lying by the Week, what a confounded Interest 'twou'd come to in a Year. [*Aside.*

Cam. Do you know why I sent for you so soon, Mr. *Constant*?

Bel. No, Madam—nor that you sent for me at all.

Beliz. You mistake, Cousin, this is Colonel *Revel*, ha, ha.

Cam. Colonel fiddle, is it not?—sure I know Mr. *Constant*.

Bel. *Constant*! Who is he, Madam?

Cam. Who's he? Why, are not you he?

Bel. Not that I know of.

Beliza. Ha, ha, ha, you shall be *Revel*, Sir, till *Constant* comes, if my Cousin will give you leave——

Cam.

Cam. I'm surpriz'd at his Impudence—pray, were not you here two Hours ago, Sir?

Bel. Not that I remember—

Cam. Impossible—did not you save me from drowning, yesterday.

Bel. 'Twas in my Sleep, then—for waking I'm sure I did not.

Cam. Distraction—Nor is not your Name *Constant*? And *Oxfordshire*.

Bel. Quite wrong—this is a pretty *Christmas* Game Lady—but, pray let me have some Commands, as well as all Questions.

Cam. Nor don't you know this Footman?

Bel. Again—No, Madam, never saw him in my Life.

Rob. Oh Lord, Oh Lord, who am I now—for he has renounc'd me heartily. [*Aside*]

Beliza. What say you, Friend, don't you know this Gentleman, neither?

Rob. No more than I do the great *Mogul*, Madam.

Cam. Who do you belong to—

Rob. Belong to, Madam! why, why, why, a Pox of his 'tother Name, now I can't think on't, if I were to be hang'd. [*Aside*]

Cam. Ay, who do you belong to, I say, again?

Rob. Why, I belong to my Master, Madam.

Beliza. And what is that Master's Name, pray?

Rob. Name, Madam—his name is—ad, now I think on't, I won't tell his Name—why, sure I'm too big to be catechis'd.

Bel. This Dog will betray me. [*Aside*]

Flor. You challeng'd this for your Master, just now.

Rob. What if I did, Mistrefs, what then? He is not, it seems, without his being double, as you pretend—the Devil shou'd have doubled me too.

Cam. What Business have you here?

Rob. Business! why I brought a Message from my Master to one of you—and so good by—

Cam. Hold, stay, Sir—pray, what was that Message?

Rob. Why, that my Master wou'd be here, presently—

Bel. Oh, I suppose, this is Mr. *Constant's* Man, that you mistake me for—ah, Pox of his Memory. [*Aside*]

Rob. You have hit it, Sir—*Mr. Constant* is my Master, now his Name's out——

Cam. I'm astonish'd ! Cousin, did you ever hear the like ?

Beliza. Yes, the very same——but I traduc'd *Mr. Constant* then, you know——What say you, *Revel*, did I ?

Bel. Hey, Ladies ! do you design to bait me, if so, give me fair Play, at least——hark ye, draw off your Cousin and confess your Plot——or egad I'll humour her Frenzy, take the Name of *Constant*, and make Love to her before your Face.

Beliza. With all my Heart, 'tis not the first Time——and I have no further Services for you, ha, ha, ha.

Rob. So, he's in a fair Way to lose 'em both. [*Aside.*]

Enter Messenger and Attendant.

Mess. I arrest you, Sir, in an Action of High Treason.

Bel. Treason, Sir ! Sure you mistake the Man.

Beliza. Ha ! how's this ?

Mess. Your Name's *Revel*, Sir.

Bel. My name is *Revel*, Sir, but guilty of no such Crime.

Rob. Here's a Turn now—I must second him. [*Aside.*]

Mess. That must be prov'd, 'tis no Business of mine, I am only to execute my Orders.

Cam. I am concern'd for him methinks——won't you take Bail, Sir ?

Mess. In these Cases no Bail is admitted, Madam.

Beliza. My Mind misgives me this is a Trick.

Mess. Come, Sir, I can't stay——

Rob. Hold, hold, Sir, pray enter my Action too, for a Box of the Ear he gave me just now——this is some Comfort, however, I shall see him hang'd.

Bel. Come, Gentlemen, I can easily prove my Innocence—If I stand fair in this Lady's Opinion, I cannot fear the World. [*To Beliza.*] [*Exit with Messengers.*]

Beliza. I wish you a good Deliverance, Colonel—I know not what to think.

Rob. I'll see him lodg'd, I'm resolv'd. [*Exit.*]

Cam. Nor I——to what End can a Man affect these Disguises ?

Beliza. Out of Gallantry, Cousin—I shall hardly be con-

convinc'd without I saw them both together——I pity the Colonel's unhappy Disgrace ; but, believe me, now he is arrested, *Constant* is no more, his Man following him plainly shew'd the Cheat.

Cam. Nay, I confess, they are extremely alike, but observing very narrowly, I think their Features are not exactly the same.

Flor. You are of my Mind, Madam—for methinks, he is half an Inch taller than Mr. *Constant*.

Cam. And something about his Face, I don't know what—

Flor. I fancy his Nose is something longer.

Cam. Thou hast hit it ; it is his Nose, I'm sure.

Enter Belair for Constant.

Beliza. You are both mad, I'm sure——ha, ha, ha,——bless me ! Pray Heaven it ben't the Devil that thus deludes us.

Bel. I am come, Madam, according to your Commands——but if my Reception prove like the last, the Pleasure of seeing you will very much abate—I am first at the Rendezvous, I perceive.

Cam. Now, Cousin, you are convinc'd, I hope.

Beliza. You are, I see.

Flor. Now, Madam, I can tell you the very Difference, his Eyes are a little-little larger.

Cam. Nay, I think they are a great deal larger.

Bel. Why do you survey me so, Madam ? is it possible that you can be deceiv'd too—Where is this Colonel to be found ? Will he not come ?

Cam. He is just gone.

Beliza. He has disengag'd himself, Sir, to leave you Room to act your Part.

Bel. Why did you not keep him, I sent my Man before me to let you know, I would instantly be here.

Beliza. How could we when the Queen's Authority favour'd his Retreat ?

Bel. How say you, Madam ? has the Queen sent for him ?

Beliza. How cunningly you dissemble—but that's not new, Dissimulation seems your natural Gift.

Bel. Still these Reproaches, will nothing that I say convince you?—Why did you consent to let him go?

Cam. Why, do you really think this is still the same?

[*To Beliza.*

Beliza. I do really—the Trap was laid with too much Policy to be prevented, knowing the Messenger I never suspected the Truth of the Action—but I may change to counter-plot you yet.

[*Exit.*

Bel. So, she is gone to the Prison—but she'll return as unsatisfied as she went. [*Aside.*] Why do you take Pleasure to insult the Man, your Beauty has enslav'd? If my Visits be offensive—tho' I die without you—I prefer your peace so much above my own, I'll never disturb you with my Prefence more.

Cam. He looks, methinks, with such an honest Face, it can be only *Constant*; [*Aside.*] you must own, I have Reason to suspect you—but you have a powerful Advocate within, which pleads in your Excuse, and fain wou'd justify you.

Enter Robin.

Rob. At last, I am satisfied—the Spark is Cag'd.

Flo. Did you follow him?

Rob. Do you doubt it?

Bel. Whom, speak.

Rob. Oh, Sir, are you there?—you'll be hang'd in Effigy To-morrow——

Bel. How, Sauce-box!

Rob. Ay, Sir, he did box me, but I shall have a swinging Revenge.

Bel. Revenge, for what?

Rob. Why, Sir, your Likeness—that here has been such a Sputter about—is taken up for Treason, Murder, Robbery, and the Devil and all——

Bel. Oh, Misfortune! to be like such a Rascal.

Rob. Ay, so it is indeed, Sir—I thought he wou'd have been pull'd to-pieces in the Street—there were Girls of Fourteen, and Women of Fourscore, with Actions of Ravishment against him—and Tavern, and Eating-house Bills in abundance.

Bel.

Bel. The Rogue has improv'd the Hint admirably.

[*Aside.*

Rob. ('Tis an ill-bred Scoundrel, he is very like you, Sir, that's the Truth on't) he gave me the damndest Box on the Ear, only because I mistook him for you—he has a swinging Fist, Sir, that was all the Distinction I cou'd make between you—but I shall see him trufs'd up for it, that's my Comfort.

Cam. I am extremely pleas'd to find they are two different Persons.

Enter Sir William.

Sir Will. Constant! I can't believe my Eyes.

Bel. Why, what surprizes thee?

Sir Will. I met thy very Likeness in Custody of a Messenger, and stop'd 'em to examine the Reason—the Spark snapp'd me up short, and told me 'twas none of my Business, bad 'em pass on—I admir'd at the Meaning, for I cou'd have sworn it had been thee—ha! that is *Beliza's* Lodgings certainly.

[*Aside.*

Bel. Was he dress'd like me too?

Sir Will. No, that was the only Distinction I found about him—I wish *Beliza* ben't the other Woman—

Bel. Now, Madam—are you still in Suspence?

Cam. I'm convinc'd, and over-joy'd, to find you what I wish you.

Sir Will. If my Suspicions be true, I have a pretty Kind of an Employment here—serving my Rival against myself.

[*Aside.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, your Father wants you—he talks of having you married to-night—

Rob. How's that, egad, my Master will be fobb'd at last, I fear.

[*Aside.*

Cam. Oh, Unfortunate—

Sir Will. If it be so, 'tis some Pleasure at least to know the Man.

[*Aside.*

Bel. What do I hear? Oh, Madam, if ever Pity touch'd your Soul, exert it now—think where you are going, think too, who you leave—give me some Assurance

ance

ance to support my Hope, that you will disobey your Father—or I am miserable.

Cam. Believe me, my Surprise is as great as yours, I promise to use my utmost Arguments against it; if I fail, you shall then know my Father, and use your own Discretion. *[Exit with Flora.*

Bel. That's all I ask—unexpected Turn of ill Fortune; this News has chang'd the very Countenance.

Sir Will. Why, one wou'd swear thou wer't really in Love.

Bel. And not be forsworn, *Sir William*; for, faith, I do love her heartily, and am ready to capitulate for better for worse, as soon as she pleases.

Sir Will. I'm glad to hear that—one Thing, pray, tell me, without Reserve——

Bel. Most willingly——

Sir Will. What Design have you upon the other? for you can't marry 'em both?

Bel. Humph—faith, no Design at all, if I cou'd come off handsomely; tho' she's very pretty, but too well acquainted with my Incognita, to have any Intrigue with.

Sir Will. Does she love you *Belair*?

Bel. Not that ever I cou'd discover, to say the Truth.

Sir Will. One Thing more——Is not her Name *Beliza*?

Bel. Ha! does he know her—I'm afraid my Plot's spoil'd again. *[Aside.]* Nay, *Sir William*, don't force me to tell Names, especially after the Stratagem I have made Use of.

Sir Will. Nay, nay, I am convinc'd 'tis the same; had I apprehended it sooner, Friend, you had not carried your Design thus far.

Bel. So, I have made my Rival my Confident; I find I am a lucky Fellow, now, may he, out of pure Revenge discover me. *[Aside.]* If I have committed any Fault, *Sir William*, 'twas a Fault of Ignorance; could I divine the Lady was your Acquaintance—so that I am assur'd your Friendship must forgive me.

Sir Will. What Friendship must forgive, Love denies—as I imagin'd, here she comes.

Bel. Well, *Sir William*, whatever Satisfaction you demand

mand I'm ready to return—this Favour let me obtain, as you are a Gentleman betray me not, to my fair Unknown—this 'tis the most unfortunate Thing. [Exit.

Rob. Quite undone again. [Exit.

Enter Beliza.

Beliza. I am confounded ! I know not whether there be two or not—the Messenger affirms that *Revel* is in his Custody, but his Orders run so strict, that none must be admitted to see him——ha, Sir *William*.

Sir *Will.* Pray what was the Subject of your Ladyship's Contemplation——Colonel *Revel*.

Beliza. He has found it then at last——why, do you know Colonel *Revel*, Sir *William* ?

Sir *Will.* You do, I find——perfidious Woman——have I discovered thy Falshood—all thy Turnings and Windings of Indifference, had their Source from hence.

Beliza. The readiest Way to stop his Tongue is to let loose mine. [*Aside.*] Do, do, exalt your Voice, and raise your Passion higher—but know ! your jealous Rage shall extort no Submission from me, tho' I cou'd clear my Innocence with Ease—but the Man that dares suspect my Conduct—and start a Quarrel Husband-like, e'er I have confirmed his Title, I scorn to disabuse——so leave him to what Method he thinks best. [Exit.

Sir *Will.* Oh, Guilt ! What an Assurance dost thou give, Oh, Hell, Hell.

*What Fate than this cou'd more injurious prove,
Deceiv'd by Friendship, and destroy'd by Love.* [Exit.

SCENE changes to Sir William's Lodgings.

Enter Bellair and Robin.

Rob. You act your Part very well, Sir, but there was one Thing superfluous in that of *Revel*.

Bel. What was that, pr'ythee ?

Rob. The Box o'th' Ear, Sir ; 'twas very uncomfortable.

Bel. Oh, there's a Cordial for thee. [*Gives him Money.* 'twas only to teach you a good Decorum.

Rob.

Rob. Oh, Sir, your humble Servant, I am ready to be taught, Sir, when ever you please.

Bel. But how are you sure my Father knows I am in Town.

Rob. Sure on't, Sir ! Why I saw him, and told him you came but two Hours ago—and that, you'd wait upon him as soon as you had refresh'd yourself with clean Linen——

Bel. Z'dearth, and why did you so, Sirrah ?

Rob. Because, Sir, that was the first Excuse that came at my Tongue's End—and you know there is no humming and hawing with my old Master, Sir.

Bel. I am in a blessed Condition, — in Love, with I know not who, to be found I know not where——undoubtedly out of Favour with my Father, if I refuse his Choice, as I most certainly shall——

Rob. Nay, good Sir, be'n't over certain——may be she's as handsome as t'other—and you may like her as well.

Bel. And, in all Probability, in Danger of a Duel with my Friend—to rectify all these Matters, require a Machivilian Brain—go you wait at t'other Lodgings.

Rob. Yes, Sir.—Now has he so many Women upon his Hands, he knows not what to do with 'em—the first Time I ever saw him puzzled in these Matters—

[*Exit.*]

Lady Cautious passing over the Stage.

Bel. My Charmer ! the Sight of thee dispels my Melancholly, and revives the Joy within my Breast, which first those Eyes inspired——

Lady. Why, were you melancholly, Sir ? impossible.

Bel. How shou'd I be otherwise in the Absence of my Love.

Lady. Abundance of Love, but not a Grain of Constancy, I fear.

Bel. As constant as the Sun my Fairest——

Lady. What, like him, court all you meet, and quit as soon as tasted——Nature never design'd my Sex to feed your Luxury—but for Health, Content, and Necessaries.

Bel. Right, why then can you deny the Man that endeavours to engross those Necessaries you speak of.

Lady.

Lady. Where they are lawful——but upon second Thoughts, I find I have Scruples.——

Bel. Vapour, Vapours, all——lawful! Why the mechanical Notion I have of the World, is a rich Banquet, fet off with all the choicest Things of the Creation——where Man's the Guest—and would it not be the Height of ill Manners to snatch a Dish, and run away with it, when, perhaps, twenty more had a Mind to the same Meat.

Lady. And would it not be the Extremity of Folly to taste of every Dish—when your Curiosity may bring a Surfeit——

Bel. Then there's Physicians enough in Town to cure me——

Lady. Or kill you.

Bel. With all my Heart——because a House may fall on my Head——must I therefore lie in the Field—but what have we to do with Philosophy?

*For softer Pleasures was your Sex design'd,
Heaven form'd and sent 'em to delight Mankind.
No Rule or Custom did we first obey,
But freely lov'd where Nature led the Way.*

[Embracing her.

Lady. Bless me! you'll smother me——

Bel. Let us not in cold disputing waste the Time, least Fortune, angry at our dull Delay, send another Interruption——

Lady. Well, you was born to ruin me—but do not, pray do not—use your Force—for well I find my Weakness——
[In a yielding Tone.

Bel. A good Hint—sure Fortune will not jilt me again—but hold, I'll secure the Door—[Shuts the Door. now shew me a Man possess'd of half an Hour's Happiness above me. [Takes Hold of her.] [Knocking without.

Lady. Undone for ever——there's some body at the Door, if I'm discover'd——Ruin attends me.

Bel. Another malicious Devil has cross'd me again——why, why, why—which Way shall I get out? Is there no back Stairs, nor Trap-Door—I, I, I, I'll jump out of the Window.

Lady. By no Means——what will come of me——here, here, get into that Closet.

[Knocks again.
Bel.

Bel. Ay, ay, any where—oh, Success, Success, thou hast forsaken me. [Exit.

[She shuts the Door, then opens 'tother.

Lady. Who knocks with that Authority? Brother, is it you! what shall I say? [Aside.

Sir Will. What Business have you here—Confusion, how shall I contain myself? [Aside.

Lady. If he has discover'd me, I'm a dead Woman. [Aside.] Why do you look so angry, Brother—Is it a Crime to be in your Lodgings?

Sir Will. Yes, I forbid you—and what was the Door shut for, ha?

Lady. I shall be found out, there's no avoiding it—because I was afraid the Stranger which you say hates Women shou'd surprize me—I came hither to be private, and to avoid the Impertinency of *Sir Paul*—I tremble every Joint. [Aside.

Sir Will. Ay, she did come to avoid *Sir Paul*, that's plain enough—Oh Nature, Nature, why did't thou make a Woman—I'm sure I heard his Voice—far off he cannot be—that Closet must conceal him—I'm glad to find you was so circumspect, Sister—I am out of Humour—you'll forgive me—how shall I get rid of her? [Aside.]

Lady. Better than I expected— [Aside.]

Sir Will. Pray oblige me with Pen, Ink, and Paper, I have lost the Key of my Scrutore, and can't come at mine—

Lady. With all my Heart, Brother—a fortunate Escape. [Exit.]

Sir Will. Let me consider shall I sacrifice his Blood to my injur'd Honour—no, I owe this Life to him which now I bear—and a solemn League of Friendship join'd our Souls—I lodg'd him here—and shall I break the Laws of Hospitality?—no—first, let me know how far my Honour is concern'd—if my Sister has betray'd her Virtue—and I prove it—my just Resentment then shall fall on both—'tis resolv'd— [Puts out the Candle, goes to the Closet and knocks.] Sir, Sir—[Belair opens the Door, and comes out.]

Bel. Are they gone, my Life, my Love—

Sir

Sir Will. My, Life, my Love! Damnation [*Aside.* they are gone, hush, make no Noise for your Life, I expect my Husband every Minute, therefore if you love me retire instantly—

Bel. Love thee; do I live? But, oh, I fear these curst malicious Planets ne'er will crown my Wishes. [*Exit.*

Sir Will. By that I find he has not enjoy'd her—now know how far she's inclin'd.—

[*Goes into the Closet, and shuts the Door after him.*

Enter Lady Cautious, with Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Lady. Here's Pen and Ink, Brother—ha, in the dark, Brother—Brother—ha! gone—lucky Opportunity—let me 'scape now, and I'll never run the Danger more—[*Goes to the Closet.*] you may come out, the Coast is clear.

Enter Sir William.

Sir Will. Then I'm happy—now let's lose no Time—but improve the precious Moments—conduct me to some more private Place, there let me breathe my Soul into your Bosom, and pay the Hazards which we have both run—

Lady. This is no Time except you wish my Ruin—my Brother is alarm'd and may return this Minute, and sacrifice me to his jealous Fears—have you no Regard for my Safety—yet will you loiter to undo me.

Sir Will. Destruction seize thee. [*Aside.*] I will go, but first tell me when, and where I shall be blest again.

Lady. Prefs me not to further Folly—I own the tender Sentiments of my Heart—and I fear I love you—

Sir Will. Excellent Confession— [*Aside.*

Lady. But my Fears grow strong, and represent Vice in hideous Forms—twice this Day Surprise preserv'd my Virtue.

Sir Will. Twice! Oh, Traiterers. [*Aside.*

Lady. And now by all the Virtuous Stars, I'll never see you more. [*Flings from him.*] [*Exit.*

Sir Will. I'm glad to hear that—but did not she know me, so took her Opportunity to start from my Vengeance? It may be so, and this be all a Lye—it must

must be so—and now I cou'd rip that Bosom where her Heart, her hot lustful Heart resides——yes, if thou be'st guilty—these Hands shall strait let out thy tainted Blood, to wash the Stains thou hast thrown upon our Family.

Enter Sir Paul with a Candle.

Sir Paul. Mercy on me, what a Noife is here in this House—Adsbud, it were a Blessing to be deaf—what did I say—Heaven forgive me—if I shou'd be struck deaf now, what a lamentable Thing 'twou'd be—humph—ha—in my Conscience, my Ears sing, I have a strange Humming in my Head—pray, Heaven, I grow not deaf in earnest—Well, my Wife has so many Relations—that lodge here, and visit her together—I shall certainly be undone—it costs me, at least, Five Pounds a Week in Coffee—Tea—Chocolate—and Ratafee—Mercy upon me—if I shou'd come to want now in my old Age—I may thank Marriage for it—if I shou'd come to be maintain'd by the Parish now—Oh, sad—Oh, sad—or shou'd live to be blind—and led with a Dog and a Bell—what shall I do, if I come to that, and who knows but I may—Let me see, let me see, I'll try how I can walk in the Dark. *[Puts out the Candle.]*

Enter Belair.

Bel. The Devil take these Disappointments, I say—I have peep'd into every Room I cou'd find open, but no Sight of her—well, if my Incognita—falls to my Lot at last, 'twill be some Amends——

Sir Paul. What a wretched Condition is it to be depriv'd of Sight—the very Apprehension puts me in a Sweat all over—ah, ah, within there, Lights, Lights.

Bel. I can't imagine into what Part of the House I'm got. *[Runs against Sir Paul.]*

Sir Paul. What's that? Thieves, Thieves.

Bel. Pox take this old Cuff, how came I to stumble on him?

Sir Paul. *Basilicon*, why *Basilicon*, I say, Murder, Murder.

Enter

Enter Servants, with Lights, and Basilicon.

Bel. Sir, I'm glad to see you with all my Heart——

Sir Paul. That's a Lye, I believe——but what's your Business here now, Sir? Answer me that——do you come to bring me another Information of Rogues, ha! I know you again——either you come, Sirrah, to make me a Cuckold—or to rob my House——but I'll have you laid by the Heels——I will fo——

Bel. Very fine, Faith——my next Step will be to Tyburn.

Sir Paul. Bind his Hands, there——

Bel. Keep off Scoundrels——without you'l have your Guts full of Oylet-holes.

Sir Paul. Oh, *Basilicon*, fee, fee, am I not wounded? Keep clofe to me.

Enter Sir William.

Baf. Not in the least, Sir.

Sir Will. How now, what's the Matter here——

Bel. Oh, *Sir William*, you come opportunely, to save me from these Rascals.

Sir Will. *Sir Paul*, why these Disorders? Of what are you Apprehensive——this Gentleman is a Friend of mine.

Sir Paul. But how came he here, Sir, in the Dark——

Bel. I mistook this for *Sir William's* Apartment——

Sir Will. Oh, Hippocrisy——but e'er you and I have done, you'll own 'twas upon another Score, [*Aside.*] it must be so, *Sir Paul*, I lent my Lodgings to the Gentleman for two or three Days——curse of my shallow Reason—I did not tell you of it, Sir, not thinking it material enough to trouble you about.

Sir Paul. Say you so, Sir——then Cuckoldom is nothing material, you shall all out of my House——you shall fo, every Mother's Child of you——

Sir Will. What you please, *Sir Paul*——hark ye, *Belair*, there's something to adjust between you and I, which require more Privacy——follow me.

Bel. So my affair goes swimmingly.

[*Exit.*

[*Exit.*

" VOL. I.

Sir

Sir *Paul*. What the Devil had I to do with a young Wife?

*They who in Age will drag the Marriage Chain,
Like me they'll find the Hopes of Comfort vain;
But if Relations usher in the Wife,
There needs no greater Curse to Human Life.* [Exit.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.



ACT V.

SCENE, Sir William's Lodgings.

Enter Sir William and Belair.

Sir *Will*. **T**H U S far, Sir, I have had a strict Regard to the League we made in *Spain*—serv'd you in the minuteft, as well as greateft Things, even beyond the Character of a Gentleman, in helping you to impose upon a Lady, making good Manners subservient to my Friendship.

Bel. Pr'ythee, Sir *William*, let me know the Sum at once, without this regular Account.

Sir *Will*. 'Twill be cast up immediately—at your Request, resign'd my own Lodgings, to oblige you, kept your Secret, even to the Woman I lov'd—tho' you abus'd her—

Bel. Nay, there's a false Tally, Sir *William*—I never abus'd a Lady in my Life——

Sir *Will*. Have you not abus'd *Beliza*?

Bel. Which Way? I never ask'd a Favour that cou'd put her to the Blush—or promis'd Marriage, and declin'd my Word.

Sir *Will*. Have you not pass'd by a wrong Name to her?

Bel. But the Person is the same, when once a Woman likes the Man—she seldom finds Fault with the Name.

Sir

Sir Will. Look'e, *Belair*, you may affect what Air you please—but supplanting my Love, and dishonouring my Family, are Things not to be repair'd with a Smile——

Bel. The dishonouring of your Family! What mean you, Sir? Such Accusations are not like a Friend.

Sir Will. Nor such Actions, therefore draw—[*Draws.*

Bel. I'll never draw my Sword—till I know the Cause you allege; I endeavour'd to supplant you; I deny it—I wou'd not supplant my Friend, tho' I dy'd for the Woman—but this was only Gallantry—and I ignorant of your Pretences; and before I knew you lov'd *Beliza*, I had fix'd upon her Friend—that Point is clear'd with any reasonable Man—but the other Article it is that stings me—How have I dishonour'd your Family?—for there my Honour, Faith and Friendship are concern'd——

Sir Will. Are they gone, my Life—my Love——

Bel. Ha! my own Words!

Sir Will. And spoke to my Sister, Sir——

Bel. The Devil they were.

Sir Will. What! are you astonish'd, Sir? Draw instantly—or by the base Affront you offer'd me——

Bel. Nay, nay, hold, hold, *Sir William*, for Faith I will not fight thee—one Word——were it possible that I cou'd know thy Sister by Instinct? Or, deny a fair Lady in Distress.

Sir Will. Trifle no longer with my just Resentment——

Bel. Hear me out, and if I plead not within the Rules of Reason, Justice, and Probability, pass Sentence on me freely—she's young and handsome—her Husband old and impotent—he full of Whimsies; she full of Love; he wrinkled and decay'd—she warm and wishing; I young and vigorous—she married against her Will—I not married at all—we met by Accident—she lamented her Misfortune—I pitty'd her—and what Return she might have made—no Man—not yourself, cou'd have refus'd, had the Case been yours—Oh, but then she proves the Sister of my Friend—but my Friend never told me that—consequently he is the Aggressor—Now, *Sir William*, will you put yourself upon your Guard, or put up your Sword, ha, ha, ha.

Sir

Sir *Will.* My Friend, again—I confess thy Arguments are unanswerable—those we do not trust, can ne'er betray us.

Enter Robin hastily.

Rob. Oh, Sir, your Father, Sir *Thomas*, has found your Lodgings, and hears you have been in Town this Fort-night—and swears if I don't find you out immediately, he'll slice me into Hash-meat; he says, he shall forfeit a Thousand Pounds if you come not presently—

Bel. What shall I conclude on—is he at my Lodgings?

Rob. No, Sir, he's upon the Hunt like any Blood-hound; I run down twenty Bye-ways, least he shou'd dog me—for you know, Sir, I am your most careful Servant.

Sir *Will.* That thou art indeed—you must resolve to see him.

Bel. And if I see him, there will be no avoiding this hated Match—

Rob. Without, Sir, you shou'd take another Name, and persuade him you are not his Son—I have the same honest, lying Face, Sir, still, I'll swear you are none of my Master. [Knocks without.]

Bel. No, Sirrah, that won't do with him—ha, see who knocks.

Rob. If it be my old Master—what shall I say, Sir, must I lye, or speak Truth?

Bel. Which you will, the Condition's desperate.

Re-enter Robin with a Letter.

Rob. Safe, Sir, safe, a Letter from your Incognita, Sir. [Gives him the Letter.]

Bel. Thou dear Cordial to my love-sick Mind [Kisses it.]
[Reads.] *I have us'd all my Rhetoric without Effect; my Father resolves this Night to give me to thy Rival—therefore if thou hast any Stratagem to relieve me, be quick in the Execution—We are now coming to Sir Paul Cautious's, who, it seems, is an old Friend of my Father's, you being in the same House, renders you capable of seeing—your Incognita—now, Sir William, I'll throw off Disguise, confess*
who

who I am, and ask her of her Father—if he refuse, my Rival must measure Blades with me; you'll be my Second, if it come to a Push, Sir *William*.

Sir Will. My Sword is still at my Friend's Service.

Bel. Have at him, then—I'll to my Lodgings, Drefs, and return in an Instant——Now all ye Stars, that favour faithful Lovers, prevent my meeting with my Father.

Rob. And his Cane meeting my Shoulders.

[*Exit.*
[*Exit.*

Enter Sir Paul, pulling in Lady Cautious.

Sir Paul. You, troop, troop——there, Sir, take your Sister, and get out of my House—do so—you shan't bring Gallants under my Nose, and lend your Lodgings to Rascals that wou'd cut my Throat——Mercy upon me, 'tis a Miracle the House don't tumble on our Heads—I admire I'm alive——

Lady. Thou art alive, indeed, and that's all——

Sir Paul. All, Housewife, why, why, why, you han't poison'd me, or wounded me, have you?

[*Looking and feeling about him.*

Enter Basilicon.

Why, where are you, Rascal? Look, am I hurt—do I Bleed anywhere?

Basil. Not a Drop, Sir.

Sir Paul. Can you know by my Eyes or Hands, or any Thing, if all be right within me?

Basil. Very easily, Sir—you are in perfect Health—

Sir Paul. You are sure on't?

Basil. I am sure on't, Sir!

Sir Paul. Why then, Mistress, what do you mean, ha!

Lady. That thou art an old doating,—despicable Wretch.

Sir Will. Hold, Sister——better Language to your Husband wou'd become you—and for you, Sir, since your ill Manners proceeds from groundless Jealousies, taxing a Gentleman with Crimes of which I know him innocent—making that a Pretence to traduce the Virtue of your Wife—I advise you to recall your Temper, and use her like my Sister—or I shall use you like my Enemy.

Sir Paul. And run me thro' the Guts, I suppose—was ever Man thus plagu'd before!

Lady. [*Weeping.*] This is the Life I lead—my Virtue still suspected—my Innocence accused, and the Quiet of
P my

my Life destroy'd—Did I truly merit his Abuses—Patience and Submission wou'd become me—but I defy, even the Tongue of Malice, to asperse my Fame or Conduct—and do you think, Brother, I'll endure this—tamely to submit and cringe to what I hate?

Sir *Will.* One Word, Madam—[*Pulls her aside.*] Boast not of your Conduct, nor your Virtue—vile audacious Woman—the Clofet, Mistress, think on the Clofet.

Lady. Does he know that? now, I'm lost for ever.

Sir *Will.* Now, vent your clamorous Virtue——while those in whose Hands you lodge it, Echo back, you have none.

Lady. What sure Disgrace attends unlawful Love; had I really fall'n, I now shou'd die with shame.

Sir *Paul.* What are they whispering about, Now—contriving to make me away, ten to one, *Basilicon.*

Baf. Oh, Sir, I defy 'em to do that whilst I am near you.

Lady. Oh, Brother, forgive me; 'twas the only Slip I ever made——methinks I hate myself, for having, but in Wish, consented, and grow in Love with Virtue.——Since I have not stain'd my Family——the most was Thought, for some good Angel still did interpose to prop my nodding Virtue.

Sir *Will.* Take heed it nods no more.

Lady. I will, for now the Shame and Ruin that must have attended me, are so conspicuous to my Sight, that I will shun even the resemblance of a Crime like this; if you'll but pardon me, I'll vow never to fall again from Duty.

Sir *Will.* On that Condition I do—and, now, Sister, since your Marriage-Knot can never be dissolv'd, till Nature slips it—shew yourself the Pattern of a virtuous Wife, indulge his Age——and that Way preserve your Ease, and by your Meekness and Humility, fix your Reputation.

Lady. I readily obey—Sir *Paul*, my Youth has hitherto engaged me in a foolish Passion, contradictory to your Will, but my Brother's Instructions has so far inform'd me of my Duty, that my Behaviour, for the future, shall give you no Cause for Complaint.

Sir *Will.* I'll engage my Honour for the Performance of her Promise.

Sir

Sir *Paul*. Here's a Turn ; who can find what Plot is going forward—Are you both in Earnest now, or not ?

Sir *Will*. Pray, be less suspicious, and more a Man—the less you suspect, the more you are secur'd, Sir *Paul*.

Lady. A generous Confidence, will always oblige your Wife.

Sir *Paul*. Well, for once I will trust thee——come to my Arms then——hold, hold, let me see——you have no Penknife nor Pistol about you, have you ?

Lady. To what Purpose, my Dear——Nay, did you not say, you'd trust me——

Sir *Paul*. Well, so I will then. [Embrace.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Gentleman, calls himself *Positive*, to wait on you, Mrs. *Beliza*, and another young Lady, with him.

Sir *Paul*. Bring them in immediately, I have not seen him this many a Year——and your Mistress too *Will*, we'll have a Match before you part, a Faith we will, my old Friend——

Enter Mr. Positive, Beliza, Camilla, Patch, and Flora.
Welcome, I'm glad to see thee with all my Heart, Ladies, you are welcome——

Pos. Sir *Paul*, your Hand——I cou'd not come to Town without seeing you, Faith——this is your Lady, I suppose ; by your Leave, Madam. [*Salutes her.*] This is my Daughter, Sir *Paul*, I am come up to marry her.

Sir *Paul*. Why then, I wish her much Joy.

Lady. I shou'd be proud of being better known to you.

Cam. And I of your Acquaintance.

Lady. Dear *Beliza*, how do you expect I shou'd forgive your long Absence ? Not see me in two Days.

Beliz. I confes my Fault.

Sir *Will*. The readiest Way to be pardon'd, is not to persist in the Wrong, indeed, Madam.

Beliz. But who shall judge between Right and Wrong ?

Sir *Will*. Our Reason, Madam.

Beliz. That very often deceives us, especially if we put too much Trust in the Person.

Sir *Will*. It requires Judgment therefore, to make a proper Choice, for every Accident depends on that ; but why this Indifference, Madam ?

Beliz. Why, that Question?

Sir Will. Because Love requires more Freedom.

Beliz. But Jealousy forbid it, *Sir William.*

Sir Will. Only the Effect of too much Love; I ask your Pardon for all past Offences.

Beliz. Rather of too much Folly.

Enter Belair.

Ha, *Revel*, at Liberty again—and here, what can this mean?

Bel. Ladies and Gentlemen, your Servant—

[*Sir William takes him aside.*

Lady. Ha! the handsome Stranger—lie still my Heart, and think not of him.

[*Aside.*

Cam. Now am I distracted, to know whether this be her Lover, or mine,

[*Aside.*

Sir Will. Sir, here's a Gentleman begs Leave to unfold a Secret to you——

[*To Mr. Positive.*

Pos. To me——out with it then.

Sir Paul. Has he a Secret for him too.——This Spark is full of Secrets.

[*Aside.*

Bel. Sir, I presume you are the Father of this Lady.

Cam. This is *Constant*, that's certain.

[*Aside.*

Beliza. So, now the Game's up—as I suspected, all one Man.

[*Aside.*

Pos. And, what then, Sir?

Bel. Then, my Request is, to be admitted for your Son-in-Law.

Pos. For my Son-in-Law——

Bel. Yes, Sir, provided I make it appear my Fortune and Family are equal to yours——

Pos. Sir, in one Word—if you cou'd prove your Descent from the Blood-royal, and as many Acres of Land as the *Po* has engrófs'd, 'twou'd not avail you that, do you see [*Snaps his Fingers.*] my Word's my Word, she's dispos'd of already, and so give yourself no farther Trouble.

Cam. Heart-breaking Sentence.

[*Aside.*

Bel. Is this your final Resolution, Sir?

Pos. Why, Sir, what Reason have you to believe, I shou'd alter it?

Bel. Because, Sir, I have some Reasons to believe, your Daughter loves me—and I hope you'll not force her Inclinations——

Pos.

Pof. You have ſome Reaſons to believe ſhe loves you—what Reaſons, Sir, what Reaſons? You have not lain with her, have you? for that's the ſureſt Reaſon a Man can build upon.

Bel. You ſurpriſe me, with your Queſtion, Sir,—and make me bluſh, to hear you give Utterance to a Thought like that——Your Daughter's Virtue needs no Guard againſt ſuch foul Advances.

Pof. I hope not——

Cam. I ne'er ſhall give you Cauſe to doubt my Virtue, Sir, and 'tis unkindly urg'd—I own, I love this Gentleman.

Pof. What, this is he, that you have pick'd up ſince you came to Town, is it?

Cam. This is he, that ſav'd my Life, Sir—and if I have him not, I ne'er can love another; yet your Commands ſhall fix me as you pleaſe.

Sir Paul. Well ſaid.

Pof. As to your Love, and Liking, that's out of my Power, but your Portion and Perſon are not——ſo whether you conſent or not, 'tis the ſame Thing—look ye, my Word's my Word, ſo never trouble yourſelf about that.

Bel. Is it ſo, I'll not leave the Sight of her—till I ſee my Rival—and then the beſt Arm carry her.

Beliza. And, this is your worthy Friend, you have ſo often mention'd, Sir *William*?

Sir Will. The ſame, another Time I'll inform you of every Thing, and hope to obtain your Pardon for him.

Beliza. Nay, I'm inclining to be good-natur'd; I like his Humour mightily——

Cam. But, Sir, have you no Regard to the Hazards which he run to ſave my Life; had not his generous Care preserv'd me, you had now been Childleſs in your Age.

Pof. Humph! Why, to ſay Truth, I wou'd be grateful, but I want the Means—he ſays, his Eſtate is large, ſo that he's above a Preſent—and I know not what to offer him——Sir, I thank you for the Service which you did my Daughter, and had I not given my Word, I might have choſe you, as ſoon as another, but now

there's no Help for't—if you'll be one of her Bride-men, you shall have a Favour to keep for her Sake.

Sir *Paul*. That's something.

Lady. Rude unpolished Monster. [*Aside*.

Bel. Insult me not, Sir,——the Favour I wou'd wear you have refus'd.

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's your Father will come in, in Spite of my Teeth——or he swears he'll have a File of Musquet-teers, and blow the House up. [*Aside to Bel*.

Sir *Will*. What News brings *Robin*?

Bel. That my Father is at the Door, I must go and try to appease him.

[*Goes towards the Door, and meets Sir Thomas*.

Sir *Tho*. Give me Entrance, or, I'll knock you down, you Dogs——

Enter Sir Thomas.

Where is this graceless Rogue.

Bel. [*Kneeling*.] Your Blessing, Sir, and with it your Pardon, for having thus long conceal'd myself, but when you shall know my Reasons——

Sir *Tho*. Reasons, Sirrah, what Reasons have you to shun your Father——and a handsome Woman; come along, come along, [*Pulling him*.] the Parson and the Bride has waited this two Hours, while I have been hunting you all over the Town, Sirrah.

Bel. And now you have found me, Sir, I cannot comply with what you propose.

Sir *Tho*. How, how's this?

Bel. There stands the Lady that destroys my Duty——

Sir *Tho*. Ha! What do I see?

Bel. Now, Sir, shew a true Paternal Love, and force me not to wed against my Will; for tho' the Lady you have chose, shou'd have all the Charms that bounteous Nature gave the whole Sex——there I am fix'd——and must, and will, refuse her.

Pof. Ha! Is not that Sir *Thomas Belair*?

Sir *Tho*. Sayst thou so——why, then, take her, my Boy; [*Throws him into Camilla's Arms*.] for this is she, thy Father did design for thee.

Bel. Oh, Transport, oh, unexpected Happiness!

Cam. Oh, Excess of Pleasure! [*They embrace*.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Mr. *Positive*, your Servant ; there's my Son.

Pof. So I see, Sir, and am glad of it with all my Heart.

Bel. Now, Sir, your Consent I hope is free.

Sir *Paul.* Why, this is the prettiest Turn I ever saw.

Rob. I, I, I, am so overjoy'd, I shall jump out of my Skin——

Pof. Camil.—there take him.

[Calls her to him, and throws her to Belair.

Bel. My Love, my Life——my Soul's best Comfort——

Beliza. I am pleas'd to see the Event so lucky.

Sir *Will.* So am I, Love is the strongest Guard to restrain Liberty.

Cam. Look up my *Constant*, and blefs our friendly Stars that thus have turn'd our Disobedience into Duty.

Bel. Oh, I was lost in Rapture, the powerful Torrent rowl'd too fast, and sinks me down with Pleasure ; now no more that Name, but know thy Husband wears that of *Belair*——and now, Madam, I must ask your Pardon too—and you, my Friend, I give you a thousand Thanks, and wish you as happy in *Beliza's* Love——

Beliz. I'm glad to see you out of Prison, Sir ; but how ?

Bel. Those Stratagems are vanish'd now, and I rely on your good Nature to forgive me.

Sir *Paul.* Nay, Niece, I seldom ask Favours, therefore must not be deny'd ; you, and my Wife's Brother, must make the second Couple.

Lady. I must second Sir *Paul*, in that Request.

Cam. Compleat my Happiness, and bear me Company.

Bel. Augment my Joys, by crowning of my Friends.

Sir *Will.* Let not all intreat in vain, Madam.

Beliz. Well, Sir *William*, I'll run the dangerous Venture of a Jealous Husband, for once ; but let me caution you, beforehand——the more you suspect my Conduct, the less I shall consult your Humour ? the more you watch me, the more I shall study to deceive you——Leave then, your Spanish Airs——and put the true English Husband on, that is the only Way to have a virtuous Wife.

Sir *Will.* Your Advice is so reasonable, that you shall be Mistrefs both of yourself, and me.

Sir *Paul.* Well said, Brother, thy Example shall be my Guide, for the future ; come, we'll be merry, I'm resolv'd ; who is within there ?

Enter Servant.

Go to the Play-House, and desire some of the Singers and Dancers to come hither ; I am not often in this Humour, but will be merry while it lasts.

Sir *Will.* Go in my Name——they'll not refuse me.

Bel. No, thou art a good Benefactor to 'em.

Enter Ned.

Ned. Ladies and Gentlemen, I wish you Joy, I overheard the Conclusion of your Happiness——and to crown your Mirth, here's a comical Figure upon Entrance.

Enter Wou'dbe, in his Waistcoat.

Sir *Will.* Ha, ha, ha, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, without his Clothes——what dost thou design this for a Masquerade, at my Wedding.

Wou'd. Married, and to *Beliza*, then the good Opinion *Ned* said she had of me, is come to nothing, I find [*Aside.* Oh, Sir *William*, I am undone for ever, robb'd of my new Coat, that I but just put upon my Back, by the most whimsical Stratagem you ever hear'd.

Beliza. Ha, ha, ha, Mr. *Wou'dbe* out-plotted.

Sir *Will.* How was it, pr'ythee ?

Wou'd. Why, Sir, you must know I had just made up such a Suit of Cloaths as that you have on——and was coming hither, but meeting your Brother *Ned*, he wou'd needs press me to the Tavern, to give him Beveridge, so in we went, the Fellow that waited on us, told me I had a Cut cross the Shoulder of my new Coat ; I look'd, and found I had——he said there liv'd a Fine-drawer at the next Door——he wou'd draw it up in a Minute ; Wherefore I gave it him, but my Eyes ne'er encounter'd him since.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Bel. Is your Subscription come to this, ha, ha, ha ; why did not you examine the House ?

Wou'd. I did, and they say he came in with me, and told them he was my Servant.

Ned.

Ned. And that he never suffer'd a Drawer to wait on him, and therefore borrow'd an Apron of them to attend us.

Wou'd. To cheat me of my Coat——nothing vexes me so much, as that I have not been seen in it, had I but made the Tour of St. *James's*, and both Play-houses, my Passion for it would have ebb'd to an Indifference—and then——

Beliza. That was an unparallel'd Grievance, indeed.

Bel. Mr. *Wou'dbe*, might I advise you as a Friend, leave off this foolish Whim of Mimicking; Sir *William* he's a Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune, and can afford Change of Cloaths for every Day; but you, whose slender Allowance from a Father's Hand, admits of no Profusenefs—to imitate him is Madnefs.

Rob. What a grave Piece of Advice is there——well, Marriage has chang'd my Master already, I find.

Beliza. I heard you was about writing a Play, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, I'd advise you to make your top Character a Sharper—you see they can't out-wit a Gentleman; he has shew'd you Plot for Plot.

Wou'd. With what Courage can I proceed with the Play, when this Rascal is run away with the Subscription — Well, I'll into the Country, and never see this damn'd Town again. [Exit.]

Enter Servant.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Serv. The Singers and Dancers are come, Sir.

[Here is Songs and Dances.]

Sir *Will.* Bring 'em in, come, Gentlemen, take your Seats, but you forget, *Belair*—*Robin* is unrewarded yet.

Bel. Why, he shall chuse between the two Maids.

Rob. Ah, *Patch*!

Patch. Me do you chuse?

Rob. Thou tempts me, and if I shou'd look any longer, perhaps the Devil might be more cunning than I.

Patch. You don't like me then?

Rob. Look ye, Marriage is a lasting Thing——if it were for six Months only, I might venture upon thee——but for all the Days of my Life——Mercy upon me——thy Features are too high
Prid'd

Priz'd Furniture for House keeping, especially where they must let Lodgings——therefore, *Flora*, have at thee——

Flora. Why will you quit her for me?

Rob. To shew the Extremity of my Love, I will.

Patch. Fool, didst thou think I wou'd have had thee? Dost thou know that I have had my Nativity cast, and am told that I shall marry a Knight, at least, if not a Lord.

Rob. Oh, good Night to your Ladyship, then.

Ned. Well, *Patch*, stay till my Brother dies, and I'll marry thee, to make good thy Calculation, ha, ha.

Patch. Though you shou'd make me a Lady, you'd not better my Fortune much by being your Wife, our Humours wou'd quickly consume our Estate;—— I love fine Cloaths,—— fine Coach,—— fine Equipage, and fine House;—— You Drinking, Wenching, Gaming, and so forth—— that when I wanted a New Suit, in the Morning, you have flung off your Money over Night.——

Sir Will. She has hit you home, Brother, for your jesting.

Ned. Well, since we know one another's Infirmities so well, we'll keep as we are——

Bel. Now, my fair *Camilla*, I am happy —— these Arms shall fix my rambling Heart.

*Ungovern'd Youth, of Taste not over-nice,
Roves thro' the various Fields of Pois'nous Vice.
Cheated with Health, they ride thro' Pleasure Post,
To purchase Liberty, what e'er it cost.
True English like, that Idol they adore,
And fear the Marriage-Knot, as much as Gallick Power.
But if once Reason checks the looser Reins,
And bring sound Judgment into Play again,
Then all must own——
The truest Joy that waits on human Life,
Is a constant Temper——and a virtuous Wife.*



THE
EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. PENKETHMAN.

*THE Plodding Tribe are so resolv'd of late,
To model and refine our little State.
I fear to Great Ones we have this relation,
They'll ruin us at last by Reformation!
What heavy Race so far without the City,
Cou'd think of plaguing us for being Witty?
But were we broke (disbanded I wou'd speak,
For nothing but a Shopkeeper shou'd break!)
Men of our Quality's wou'd rise by falling,
And grow more eminent in any Calling.
Our various Virtues wou'd fit all Conditions;
They that want Piety might turn Physicians.
A Door-keeper whose Cheats we can't prevent,
Wou'd surely thrive in any State-Employment.
He that his Hopes from Impudence does draw,
Might turn his happy Genius to the Law.
The Under Fry a little Thing will serve,
For by the Laws of England, younger Brothers starve.
No Change of Government the Women drop, [Putting on
For—Eighteen Pence in Velvet sets them up. a Mask.
As for myself; may Marriage be my Fate,
Chain'd to a Cross, I may repent, tho' late;
Grow fit to turn Informer to the Town,
And thrive by the same Means I was undone.*





THE
STOLEN HEIRESS:
OR THE
Salamanca Doctor Outplotted.
A
COMEDY.



PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. PRINCE.

OUR Author fearing his Success to Day,
Sends me to bribe your Spleen against his Play,
And if a Ghost in Nelly's Time cou'd sooth ye,
He hopes in these that Flesh and Blood may move ye,
Nay, what is more, to win your Hearts, a Maid!
If ever such a Thing the Play-house had.
For Cold and Shade the waxen Blossom's born,
Not to endure the Regions of the Sun,
Let every Beau then his Applause begin,
And think the Rarity was born for him:
Your true-bred Knights for fancy'd Dames advance,
And think it Gallantry to break a Launce,
And shall a real Damsel e'er be found
To plead her Cause in vain on English Ground,
Unless that dreadful Prophecy's begun,
In which Seven Women are to share—one Man!
But thanks my Stars that Danger I disown,
For in the Pit, I see 'tis—one—to one.
And while the Fair can all their Rights enjoy,
We'll keep our Title up to being Coy,
So let your Praise be noisy as your Wine,
And grant your Favours, if you'd purchase mine.



A SONG design'd to be sung by Mr. DOGGET.

THE Man you Ladies ought to fear,
Behold and see his Picture here.
With Arms a-crofs, and down-cast Eyes
Thus languishes, and thus he dies,
Then gives his Hat a careless Pull,
Thus he sighs, and thus looks dull,
Thus he ogles, thus he sneers,
Thus he winks, and thus he learns.
This, this is he alone can move,
And this the Man the Ladies love.

EPI-

THE
EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. DOGGET.

YOU have seen what Scholar is in Cap and Gown,
Before his Breeding's polish'd by this Town :
'Tis not enough, that he can Hebrew speak,
Greek, Latin, Chaldeac, and Arabick ;
He may perform his Task in Church and School,
Néer drop a Word, that is not Grammar-Rule.
Run through the Arts ; can each Degree commence,
Yet be a Freshman still, to Men of Sense.
Tho' the learn'd Youth, can all the Sages quote,
Has Homer, Hesiod, and the rest by Wrote ;
Yet what's all this to Picquet, Dress or Play ?
Or to the Circle, on a Visiting-Day ?
A finish'd Beau ; for such fine things I have seen,
That heretofore, has of some College been :
But that Despising, nothing now retains,
For Learning is a Thing requires Brains ;
And that's a Perquisite the Gentleman disdains. }
The Great Dull Ass, from breaking Head of Priscian ;
Hither he comes, and writes approv'd Physician.
The Noise of Chariot brings the Patients in ;
Grant them Patience, that Physick for their Sin.
Well then——
Since Learning's uselefs, I'll the Task defy ;
Practice to Ogle, Flatter, Swear and Lye ;
For that's the Way the Ladies Hearts to gain,
Burn all my Books ; my Studies are but vain :
To gain their Looks, each Shape and Dress I'll try ;
Smile when they Smile ; and when they Frown, I Die.

Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Governor of Palermo,</i>	<i>Mr. Bowman.</i>
<i>Count Pirro, Nephew to the Governor,</i>	<i>Mr. Griffith.</i>
<i>Gravello, a Sicilian Lord, Father to</i> <i>Lucasia,</i>	<i>Mr. Freeman.</i>
<i>Larich, his Brother,</i>	
<i>Lord Euphenes, an old Sicilian General,</i>	<i>Mr. Fieldhouse,</i>
<i>Palante, Son to Euphenes, but unknown</i> <i>in Love with Lucasia,</i>	<i>Mr. Powel.</i>
<i>Clerimont, his Friend,</i>	
<i>Eugenio, Son to Gravello in Disguise</i> <i>under the Name of Irus,</i>	<i>Mr. Booth.</i>
<i>Alphonso, formerly an Officer under</i> <i>Euphenes,</i>	
<i>Francisco, in Love with Lavinia,</i>	<i>Mr. Pack.</i>
<i>Sancho, a Pedant, bred at Salamanca,</i> <i>design'd by Larich, a Husband for</i> <i>Lavinia,</i>	<i>Mr. Dogget.</i>
<i>Tristram, his Man,</i>	
<i>Rosco, Servant to Count Gravello,</i>	<i>Mr. Lee.</i>
	<i>Mr. Bright.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Lucasia, Daughter to Gravello, in</i> <i>Love with Palante,</i>	<i>Mrs. Barry.</i>
<i>Lavinia, Daughter to Larich, in Love</i> <i>with Francisco,</i>	
<i>Laura, Woman to Lucasia,</i>	<i>Mrs. Lawfon.</i>

The S C E N E in PALERMO.



The STOLEN HEIRESS:
OR, THE
SALAMANCA DOCTOR Out-plotted.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Count Gravello and Rosco.

Gravello.



OSCO!

Rosco. My Lord.

Grav. Haft thou divulg'd the News that my Son died at *Rome*?

Rosco. Yes, my Lord, with every Circumstance, the Time, the Place, and Manner of his Death; that 'tis believed, and told for Truth with as much Confidence, as if they had been Spectators of his End.

Grav. That's well, that's very well, now *Rosco* follows my Part, I must exprefs a most unusual Grief, not like a well-left Heir for his dead Father, or a lusty Widow for an old decrepit Husband; no, I must counterfeit in a far deeper Strain; weep like a Parent for an only Son: Is not this a hard Task? Ha, *Rosco*?

Rosco. Ah, no, my Lord, not for your Skill; in your Youth your Lordship saw Plays, conversed with Players, knew the fam'd *Alberto*.

Grav. 'Tis true, by Heav'n, I have seen that Knave paint Grief in such a lively Colour, that for false and acted Passion he has drawn true Tears, the Ladies kept Time with his Sighs, and wept to his sad Accents as if he had truly been the Man he seem'd, then I'll try my Part, thou hast still been privy to my Bosom Secrets; know'st Wealth and Ambition are the Darlings of my Soul; nor will I leave a Stratagem unessay'd to raise my Family.

My

My Son is well and safe, but by Command from me he returns not this three Months. My Daughter, my *Lucasia*, is my only Care, and to advance her Fortune have I fram'd this Project ; how dost like it, *Rosco*, ha !

Rosco. Rarely, my Lord, my Lady will be now suppos'd the Heir to all your vast Revenues, and pester'd with more Suitors than the *Grecian* Queen, in the long Absence of her Lord. You'll have the Dons, Lords and Dukes swarm about your House like Bees.

Grav. My Aim is fix'd at the Rich and Great, he that has Wealth enough, yet longs for more, Count *Pirro*, the Governor's Heir and Nephew, that rich Lord that knows no End of his large Fortunes, yet still gapes on, for Gold is a sure Bait to gain him, no other Loadstone can attract his Iron Heart, 'tis proof against the Force of Beauty, else I should not need this Stratagem, for Nature has not prov'd a Niggard to my Daughter.

Rosco. To him, I'm sure, she's play'd the Step-Dame, I much fear *Lucasia* will not relish such a Match.

Grav. Ha ! not relish it ! has she any other Taste but mine, or shall she dare to wish ought that may contradict my Purpose—But hold, perhaps you know how she's inclin'd, you may be confederate with her, and manage her Intrigues with that Beggar *Palante*, who is only by Lord *Euphene's* Bounty, my mortal Enemies, kept from starving.

Rosco. Who I, my good Lord ? Heav'n knows, I have learnt by your Lordship's Example, always to hate the Poor, and like the Courtier, never to do ought without a Bribe.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, Count *Pirro*, to wait upon your Lordship.

Grav. Conduct him in. [*Exit. Serv.*] Now *Rosco*, to my Couch ; if my Plot takes, I'm a happy Man.

Enter Count Pirro.

Pirro. Is your Lord asleep ?

Rof. I think not, my Lord, but thus he lies, Heav'n knows when this Grief will end—My Lord, my Lord, the Count of *Pirro*.

Grav. I pray your Lordship pardon me, at this Time I'm not fit to entertain Persons of your Worth.

Pir.

Pir. Alas ! my Lord, I know your Grief.

Rof. Ay, 'twas that brought his good Lordship hither.

Pir. You have lost a worthy, and a hopeful Son, but Heav'n that always gives, will sometimes take, and there's no Balsam left to cure these Wounds but Patience; there's no disputing with it, yet if there were, in what could you accuse those Pow'rs, that else have been so liberal to you, and left you to bless your Age a beautiful Daughter.

Rof. Now it begins to work. [*Aside.*]

Pirro. Your Blood is not extinct, nor are you Childless, Sir, from that fair Branch may come much Fruit to glad Posterity ; think on this, my Lord.

Grav. I know I should not repine, my Lord, but Nature will prevail, I cannot help reflecting on my Loss ; alas, my Lord, you know not what it is to lose a Son ; 'tis true, I have still a Child, Heav'n has now confin'd my Care to one, to see her well bestow'd shall be the Business of my Life—Oh ! my *Eugenio*.

Rof. Egad, he does it rarely. [*Aside.*]

Pirro. How shall I manage, that he may not suspect my Love to his Daughter proceeds from his Son's Death, [*Aside.*] I was just coming to make a Proposal to your Lordship as the News reach'd my Ear, I much fear the Time's improper now to talk of Business.

Grav. Pray Heaven it be the Business I wish ; were my Grief more great, if possible, yet would I suspend it to hear my Lord of *Pirro*.

Rof. Cunningly insinuated. [*Aside.*]

Pirro. Your Lordship is too obliging.

Grav. Not at all, pray proceed, my Lord.

Pirro. It was, my Lord, to have ask'd the fair *Lucasia* for my Wife.

Rof. So he has swallow'd the Bait. [*Aside.*]

Grav. As I could wish. [*Aside.*]

Pirro. 'Twas not out of any Consideration of her present Fortune, my Lord, I hope you'll not believe, since I designed it e'er I knew *Eugenio* dead. I wish he may believe me. [*Aside.*]

Grav. If 'twas, my Lord of *Pirro* does deserve it all, nor would I wish my Child a better Match. But 'tis too soon to treat of Marriage after such a Loss.

Rofco.

Rosco. Dear Sir, consent to this good Lord, so will your Care be over, and hopeful Grandsons make up poor *Eugenio's* Loss.

Grav. What would you have me think of Joy and Death at once, and mingle the Grave and Marriages together.

Pirro. If you'll consent, my Lord, a private Marriage may be had, and so dispense with the usual Solemnities of Joy. If you refuse me, I shall think you slight my Claim.

Grav. That Argument alone prevails : No, I will never give the Count of *Pirro* Cause to doubt of my Esteem.

Rosco. Consider, my Lord, she's an Heiress, that may set bold desperate Youths on rash Attempts ; and tho' they know *Sicilian* Laws gives Death to him that steals an Heiress, yet I'll not warrant her Safety till to-morrow Night.

Pirro. He's in the right, my Lord.

Grav. Away, and call her, tho' she's disorder'd with her Grievs. Now thou hast rais'd another Fear, and my poor Heart trembles for *Lucasia*, as it for *Eugenio* bleeds.

[*Ex. Rosco.*]

Pirro. Within my Arms she shall be safe and happy, the Governor, my noble Uncle, and my Friend, her great Protector.

Enter Rosco with Lucasia.

Grav. Come near *Lucasia*, like the Ambassadors from this World's great Rulers, I bring thee Grief and Joy, pause not upon a Brother's Loss, tho' 'twas a dear one ; but fix thy Thoughts here, upon this Lord ; thus I bequeath thee to the illustrious Count of *Pirro*.

Pirro. Thus I with Extasy receive her.

[*Kneels and kisses her Hand.*]

Luc. You'll give me Leave, my Lord, to wake from this Confusion :

Is't possible ! do I behold my Father ?

Can he resolve, at once, to part with both

His Children, my Brother, the best of Men,

No more will bless his Roof, no more will grace

This Palace with his Presence——

Must I be cast out too, far more unblest

Than he who's lodg'd within the peaceful Grave.

Oh, send me to him, e'er you condemn me

To

To perpetual Bondage, to a Life of Woe ;
To a Marriage unthought of, unforeseen.

Pirro. Madam——

Grav. Mind her not, my Lord, 'tis Grief, 'tis mere
Distraction, she shan't dispute my Will. Please to walk
in, my Lord, we'll peruse the Writings of your Estate,
and hear what Settlement you'll make her, and to-
morrow the Priest shall join you, to alleviate her Grievs,
and Mine.

Pirro. But to see her weep thus, damps all my rising
Joy.

Grav. They are but Virgin Tears, pray come with
me, Daughter, you know my Will, I expect you be obe-
dient ; you know 'tis your Duty.

Luc. I know 'tis Sir.——

But you, I hope, will give my Tortur'd Heart
Your Leave to break, and that may shew my Duty.

Pirro. Fair *Lucasia*.

Luc. Oh, Distraction ! [Flings from him.]

Grav. Pray come, my Lord, let her have her Way,
the Fits of Women's Grief last not long, at least when I
command she shall obey. [Exeunt, all but *Lucasia*.]

Luc. A dismal Sentence, it strikes me upon my Soul,
And raises Terrors far more grim than Death ;
Forgive me, Brother, if t' thy Memory
I pay not one Tear more, all now are due
To Love, and my *Palante*.

Enter Laura.

Lau. You name the Man that waits by me conceal'd,
For one blest Minute to comfort his *Lucasia*.

Luc. All Minutes now are curs'd, no chearful day,
Will ever bring the lost *Lucasia* Peace.

Lau. Come forth, Sir, I believe you'll prove the best
Physician.

Enter Palante.

Luc. Oh *Palante*, art thou come prepar'd to weep,
Else, for me, thou art no fit Companion,
For I have News will rack thy very Soul.

Pal. Yes, I have heard of brave *Eugenio's* Death ;
He was thy Brother, and my early Friend :
Thus doubly ty'd, thou need'st not doubt I mourn
Him truly——

Luc.

Luc. Oh poor *Palante* !
So wretched *Alcione* did at Distance grieve,
When she beheld the floating Corps,
And knew not 'twas her Husband.

Pal. What means my Love ?

Luc. Dost thou not love me, my *Palante* ?

Pal. Oh ! after so many Years of faithful Service,
Why am I ask'd that Question ?

Luc. It were better that thou didst not, for when
Thou hear'st the Story 'twill turn thee into Marble ;
'Twill shock thy manly Heart, and make each Nerve
Lose its accustomed Faculty, chill all
Thy Blood, and make thine Eyes run o'er like mine,
For we must part for ever.

Pal. Can that Voice pronounce a Sound so dreadful ?
Art thou then alter'd with thy Fortune ? Must
I lose thee ?

Luc. O thou unkind one to suspect my Love,
My promis'd Faith, or think me in the least
Consenting to my rigid Father's Will,
Who, but now has given me to the Count of *Pirro*.

Pal. Ha ! to the Count of *Pirro*, that Lump of De-
formity :

My Sword has been my Fortune hitherto,
And ne'er was wont to fail its Master, and
Whilst this Arm can hold it, I'll maintain my Right.

Luc. Which Way rash Man, is he not surrounded
By numerous Friends, and waiting Slaves ?
Does not inevitable Death attend
Thy desperate Purpose ?

Pal. Then let that same Sword, the old Acquaintance
Of my Arm, pierce its lost Master's Breast, and
End my Sorrows.

Luc. Forbid it Heaven, is there no other Way ?

Pal. But one, and that I dare not name.

Luc. Oh ! how has thy *Lucasia*, since first our
Mutual Vows were plighted, given Cause for Doubt.
Why dost thou fear to ask, since all is thine, within
The Bounds of Honour.

Pal. When I attempt ought against *Lucasia*,
Contrary to the nicest Rules of Virtue,
May Heaven, and she, forsake me.

Luc.

Luc. Oh, I know it, and when I refuse what
May advance our Loves, may I be curst
With that hated Count of *Pirro*. Speak, my *Palante*.

Pal. Can I—Ye all-seeing Powers, move so bold a Suit,
Oh ! let me humbly ask it on my Knees,
To quit her cruel Father's House,
And all the Grandeur of a pompous Court.
To bear a Part in my hard Fortunes ;
Oh ! 'tis too much to think, to wish, to hope.

Luc. Yes, dear *Palante*, more than this I'd do for thee.
What's Pomp and Greatness when compared with Love ?
Oh ! that thou wert some humble Shepherd on
Our *Sicilian* Plain, I thy chearful Mate,
Wou'd watch with Pleasure till the Ev'ning Tide,
And wait thy blest Return, with as much Joy
As Queens expect Victorious Monarchs, and
Think myself more blest than they. But, oh *Palante* !
Thou know'st our Country's Laws gives Death without
Reprieve to him that weds an Heiress against her Parents
Tho' with her own Consent. Will,

Pal. Who would not die to purchase thee ? For I
Must die without thee.

Luc. No, live *Palante*, we'll together tread
The Maze of Life, and stand the Shock of Fate.
The Power's Decree, or both our Happiness,
Or both our Miseries, where shall we meet ?
For I will leave this loathsome House, before their
Watch grows stricter.

Pal. Will thou then forsake the World for thy *Palante* ?
Everlasting Blessings fall around thee,
And crown thy Days and Nights with Peace and Joy.
Oh ! my fond Heart, I cannot half express
The Raptures thou hast rais'd, thou Treasure of
My Soul, let me embrace thee, and while thus
I hold thee in my Arms, I'm richer than
The *Eastern* Monarch, nor wou'd I quit thee
To be as great as he—

Oh ! let but what my Arms infolds be mine ;
Take all the rest the World contains, my Life.

Luc. My *Palante*—

Pal. I have an only Friend, faithful and just
As men of old before Deceit became

A Trade, he shall assist us in our Flight ;
 He shall prepare a Priest, if thou wilt meet
 Me in the *Eastern* Grove ; when we are wed
 We'll fly to *Spain*, till Time and Friends procure
 My Pardon.

Luc. In some Disguise I'll meet thee there,
 Just at the Hour of Noon,
 For then my Father sleeps, and I will take
 The Opportunity——

And, oh ! I fear no Danger but for thee.

Pal. For me there's none, whilst thou'rt safe, and with
 Me thy Loss alone can make *Palante* die.

Enter Laura.

Laura. Madam, your Father——

Luc. Away *Palante*, may all the Pow'rs preserve thee.

Pal. And thou the best of Woman-kind.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Luc. O Love, thou that hast join'd a faithful Pair,
 Guard my *Palante*, make him all thy Care.
Fate's utmost Rigor we resolve to try,
Live both together, or together die.

Enter Count Gravello, Larich, and Lavinia.

Grav. Brother, you are welcome to the House of Sorrow ; but I have learnt so much Philosophy, to cease to mourn when the Cause is past Redress. Once more, forgetting Grief, you are welcome, you, and my fair Niece.

Lar. Thank you Brother—the Girl's a foolish Girl—Marriageable, but foolish—You understand me.

Lavin. I thank you, Sir.

Larich. Why, are you not a Fool, Huffy—look'e Brother, I have provided the Mynx a rich Husband, a Scholar too, Body of me bred all his youth at *Salamanca*, learn'd enough to commence Doctor—I love a learn'd Man, especially when Riches too concur ; he's the Son and Heir of my old Friend *Don Sancho*, of *Syracuse*—and the Baggage cries *I hate him*, and yet has never seen him ; but she is in Love, forsooth, with a young beggarly Dog, not worth a Groat ; but I'll prevent her, I'll warrant her.

Grav. Just, just my Case, we are Brothers in every Thing, my Daughter too thinks her Judgment wisest, and flies a Fortune for a Princess, but her Reign's at
 an

an End, to-morrow I'm rid of her ; I warrant you, Brother, we'll hamper the young Sluts.

Lavin. You may be both mistaken, old Gentlemen, if my Cousin is of my Mind.

Larich. What's that you mutter, Mrs. *Littlewit* ?

Lavin. I say, I long to see my Cousin *Lucasia*, Sir, I hope that's no Crime.

Grav. No, no, *Rosco*, wait of her in to my Daughter, and dost hear *Lavinia* ? Pr'ythee, let Obedience be thy Study, and teach it her.

Lavin. I'll warrant you, Sir, I'll teach her to be Obedient, if she'll but follow my Advice, [*Aside.*] but 'tis something hard, though Uncle, to marry a Man at first Sight one's heard but an indifferent Character of.

Larich. How, Huffy, are you a Judge of Characters ? Is he not a Scholar ? Answer me that.

Lavin. A meer Scholar is a meer——You know the old Proverb, Father.

Larich. Do you hear the perverse Baggage ; get you out of my Sight, Huffy.

Lavin. I am obedient, Sir—I dare swear I shall find better Company than two old arbitrary Dons.

[*Exit with Rosco.*]

Larich. Did you ever see such a Slut ? body o'me these wild Wenches are enough to make old Men mad.

Grav. My Daughter is of another Strain, solid as Man but obstinate as Woman ; but no Matter, when she is married my Care is over, let Count *Pirro* look to't.

Larich. Count *Pirro* ! body o'me a mighty Fortune for my Cousin ; why, he's rich enough to buy a Principality ; my Son's rich too, and a great Scholar, which I admire above all Things.

Enter Rosco.

Rosco. Oh ! Sir, such News, such a Sight, Sir !

Larich. What's the Matter ?

Rosco. Don *Sancho* come to Town in his *Salamanca* Habit, his Drefs, and grave Phiz has alarm'd the Mob, that there's such a crowd about the Inn Door, I'll maintain't his Landlord gives him free Quarter for a Twelve-month, if he'll let him expose him to Advantage, ha, ha, ha, he makes as odd a Figure, Sir, as the famous *Don Quixot*, when he went in Search of his *Dulcinea*.

Larich. Brother, pray correct your Servant, I like not his
Q ridi-

ridiculous Jests upon the Habit of the Learned, my Son-in-Law that is to be, minds nothing but his Books.

Rosco. Sir, I ask your Pardon, my niggard Stars have not allow'd Line enough to my Judgment, to fathom the Profundity of your Son's Shallow Capacity— [*Bowing comically.*

Grav. Peace, Sirrah— Come, Brother, now your Son's arriv'd, I hope we shall have a double Match to-morrow— We'll not consult the Women, but force them to their Hap-pinefs.

Experienc'd Age knows what for Youth is fit ;

With Wise Men, Wealth out-weighs both Parts and Wit.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I. *Lucasia's Chamber.*

Enter Lucasia and Lavinia.

Lavin. UPON my Life, Cousin, I think my Condition worse than yours, and yet you see I am not so much dejected.

Luc. Oh ! What Condition is't can equal mine ?
Much less exceed it ; to be oblig'd to
Break my Vow, to part from my *Palante* ;
Forc'd to the Arms of a misshapen Monster,
Whom Nature made to vex the whole Creation.
Nor is his crooked Body more deform'd
Than is his Soul, Ambition is his God ;
He seeks no Heav'n but Interest ; nor knows he
How to value ought but Gold.
Oh ! my dearest Brother, had'st thou but liv'd
I had been truly happy, but now am
Doubly miserable, in losing thee and my *Palante*.

Lavin. For Heaven's Sake don't afflict yourself at this Rate, but study rather to avoid the Ill, if you would counter-plot my Uncle ; dry up your Eyes, and let the Woman work, I warrant you may contrive some Way to get rid of this Lump of Worms-meat ; I don't fear giving my Father the drop, for all his Care, yet tho' he made me ride post to Town, to meet the Fool he has pick'd out for me ; it shall cost me a Fall, if I don't marry the Man I have a Mind to ; I shall see who's the best Politician, my Dad, or I.

Luc. Thy Courage gives fresh Life and Liberty,
To poor *Lucasia's* tired restless Soul,
Such Pow'r have chearful Friends t'ease our Sorrows.

Oh !

Oh ! my *Lavinia*, may thy Counsel prove
 Prophetic, I'm going now, in this Disguise, to meet my
 Dear *Palante* ; may no malignant Star
 Interpose to cross our mutual Wishes.
 May thy Designs successful prove,
 To fix thee ever in *Francisco's* Arms.

Lavin. And make *Palante* yours.

S C E N E the Street.

Sancho and Francisco meeting.

Fran. Don *Sancho* your Servant ; who thought of seeing
 you at *Palermo*, I thought you had been at the Univerfity
 of *Salamanca* ?

Sancho. I came lately from thence.

Fran. Pr'ythee, what brought you hither ?

Sanc. Why, that that brings some Men to the Gallows, a
 Wench.

Fran. What, I warrant, you have got your Bed-maker
 with Child, and so are expell'd the College.

Sancho. That's a Mistake.

Fran. What, thou art not come hither to take Phyfic, ha !

Sancho. No, not the Phyfic you mean ; but am going to
 enter into a Courfe, that is, the Courfe of Matrimony.

Fran. Matrimony, with who, pr'ythee ?

Sanc. Why, with Don *Larich's* Daughter : Do you know
 her ?

Fran. Ha ! Is this my Rival ? This was a lucky Discove-
 ry, [*Aside.*] I know her ; ay, very well, Sir. I can assure
 you she's very handsome, and as witty as she's fair : Thou
 wont visit her in that Drefs, fure ?

Sancho. To chuse, Sir, 'tis an Emblem of Learning ; nay,
 I design my Man shall carry a Load of Books along with
 me too, that she may see what he is Master of, that is to be
 Master of her.

Fran. Indeed, my Friend, you'll never succeed upon
 those Terms.

Tristr. Sir, my Master has such an Itch to this foolish
 Learning, that he bestows more Money yearly upon Books,
 than would build an Hospital for all the Courtesans in *Italy*.

Sancho. No more, or you'll displease me, *Tristram*,

Tristr. I can't help that, Sir,—Sir, will you believe me, I
 have spent two Days in forting Poets from Historians, and as
 many Nights in placing the Divines on their own Chairs,
 I mean their Shelves ; then separating Philosophers, from

those People that kill with a License, cost me a whole Day's Labour ; and tho' my Master says Learning is immortal, I find the Sheets it is contain'd in favours much of Mortality.

Sancho. I hope my Books are in good Case, *Triftram* ?

Triftr. Yes, yes, Sir, in as good Case as the Moths have left 'em

Sancho. Od'fo, I had forgot, to get me *Suarez Metaphysics*, *Tolet de Anima*, and *Granados Commentaries*, on *Primum Secundæ Thomæ Aquinatis*.

Triftr. How the Devil does he do to remember all these Author's hard Names, I dare swear he understands not a Syllable of their Writings—Sir, would not the famous History of *Amidis de Gaul* do as well ?

Fran. Ay, better, better far, Man, hark'ee *Sancho*, you are not at *Salamanca* now, amongst your square Caps, but in *Palermo*, come up to see your Mistress the fair *Lavinia*, the Glory of the City ; go and court her like a Gentleman, without your Tropes and Figures, or all the Physics, Metaphysics, and Metaphors, will streight be made pitiful Martyrs.

Sancho. Martyrs, Sir, why, I thought—

Fran. Thyself an errant Idiot, thy Brain's more dull than a *Dutch* Burghers. Is this a Drefs fit for a Gentleman to court his Mistress in ? Away, away, the Lady you speak of, I can assure you is too much a Gallant to be taken with a Band and a square Cap—If you would succeed, you must throw off that Pedant, and assume the Gentleman, learn the Toss of the Head, and know the Principles of each Man by the Cock of his Hat.

Sancho. How's that, pray ?

Fran. Oh ! I'll teach you : If you be but willing to improve, I'll warrant you carry the Lady.

Sancho. But I am to be married to her as soon as I see her, so my Father told me, and that her Father admired a Scholar above all Things.

Fran. I'll improve that Hint—Ay, as I told you, a Scholar that is read in Men, not in Books.

Sancho. In Men, what's that ? in Men ! *Triftram*, what does he mean ? what Man is to be read ? In Men ! I don't understand you ; but you'll teach me, you say.

Fran. Ay, ay, I'll give you a Lesson upon that Subject.

Sancho. Very well ; but what shall I do for Cloaths to drefs like a Gentleman ?

Fran. If you please to step into my Lodgings here, I'll equip

equip you with a Suit of mine till you can have one made, and there I'll teach you a little of the Town breeding, and I warrant you you'll succeed.

Sancho. Come on ; faith I long to become thy Scholar.

Fran. And I to make you an Afs. [Exit.

Enter Eugenio and his Man.

Eug. What can this mean ; where e'er I come the News is current of my Death, yet not two Days since, I wrote and received Letters from my Father, and here the Rumour goes, I have been dead this fortnight ! I am resolv'd to know the Grounds, if possible. *Pedro*, go get me some Disguise, and for your Life discover not who I am, I'll stay here at this Inn 'till you return, and in the mean Time think what Method to pursue my Project in. [Exit.

SCENE changes to the Grove. *Lucasia sola.*

Lucasia. Methinks this silent solitary Grove should strike a Terror to such Hearts as mine ; But Love has made me bold, the Time has been, In such a Place as this, I should have fear'd Each shaking Bough, and started at the Wind, And trembled at the Rushing of the Leaves ; My Fancy would have fram'd a thousand Shapes ; But now it seems a Palace, Delightful as the Poets feign The *Elizian* Fields ; Here do I expect To meet my Love, my faithful, dear *Palante*. Why does he stay thus long ? when last we Parted, each Hour he said wou'd seem a Year, Till we were met again, and yet I'm here Before him ; I'll rest a while, for come I Know he will. [Goes and sits down.

Enter Palante and Clerimont.

Pal. This *Clerimont*, this is the happy Place, Where I shall meet the Sum of all my Joys, And be possesst of such a vast Treasure As wou'd enrich a Monarch to receive ; And thou, my Friend, must give her to my Arms.

Luc. 'Tis my *Palante's* Voice. [Comes forward.

Pal. My Life, my Soul, what here before me ? still Thou prevent'st me in the Race of Love, and Makest all my Endeavours poor in Competition With thy large Favours——

But I forget, Dearest ; bid my Friend here welcome,

This is he whom I dare trust, next my own
Heart, with Secrets.

Luc. I must admire him that loves *Palante* ;
Friendship's a noble Name, 'tis Love refin'd ;
'Tis something more than Love, 'tis what I wou'd
Shew to my *Palante*.

Cler. It is indeed a Beauty of the Mind, a Sacred Name,
In which so brightly shines that Heavenly Love,
That makes th' immortal Beings taste each others Joy ;
'Tis the very Cement of Souls. Friendship's
A Sacred Name, and he who truly knows
The Meaning of the Word, is worthy of Estimation.
No Pains he'll spare, no Difficulties start,
But hazard all for th' Int'rest of his Friend.

Pal. Ay ! Now methinks I'm Emperor of the World,
With my inestimable Wealth about me :
To such a Mistress, such a Friend, what can be
Added more to make me happy ?——
Oh ! thou darksome Grove, that wont to be call'd
The Seat of Melancholy, and Shelter
For the discontented Souls ! sure thou'rt wrong'd !
Thou seem'st to me a Place of Solace and Content ?
A Paradise ! that gives me more than Courts
Cou'd ever do : Blest be then thy fair Shades,
Let Birds of Musick always chant it here ;
No croaking Raven, or ill-boding Owl,
Make here their baleful Habitation :
But may'st thou be a Grove for Loves fair Queen
To sport in, for under thy blest Shade two faithful
Lovers meet——Why is my *Lucasia* sad ?

Luc. I know not, but I long to quit this Place,
My Thoughts seem to divine of Treachery,
But whence I know not ; no Creature's conscious
To our meeting here but *Laura* ; I have always
Found her honest, and yet I would she did not know it.

Pal. 'Tis only Fear assaults thy tender Mind ;
But come, my Friend, let's to the Cell adjoining
To this Grove, and there the Priest
Shall make us one for ever.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Larich and Lavinia.

Lar. Come, set your Face in order, for I expect young
Sancho here immediately, he arriv'd in Town last Night, and
Sent me Word but now, he'd be here in an instant.

Lav.

Lar. But, Sir.

Lar. Sir me no Sirs, for I'm resolv'd you shall be married to Night.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Gentleman to wait on you calls himself Don *Sancho*.

Lar. Odfo, shew him up ; now, you Baggage, you shall see the Pink of Learning, one that can travel thro' the whole World in an Afternoon, and sup in *Palermo* at Night, ha ! you shall ; you'll be as wise as the *Sibyls* in a Month's Time, with such a Husband, and will bring forth a Race of Politicians that shall set the World together by the Ears, then patch it up again in the supping of a poach'd Egg.

Enter Sancho and Trifram.

Lar. Save you, Sir.

Sanc. You don't think me damn'd, Sir, that you bestow that Salutation upon me ?

Lar. By no Means, Sir, 'tis only my Way of expressing a hearty Welcome.

Sanc. Sir, your humble Servant : Is this your fair Daughter, Sir ?

Lar. Yes, Sir.

Sanc. She's very handsome, Faith.

Lar. She's as Heaven made her.

Sanc. Then she shou'd be naked ; the Taylor shou'd have no Hand in her—I suppose you know my business, shall we be married instantly ?

Lar. Won't to-morrow serve, Sir ? I wou'd first hear a little of your Proceedings in the University ; came you from *Salamanca* now, Sir ?

Sanc. From *Salamanca* ! What do you see in my Face that shou'd make you judge me such a Coxcomb ?

Lar. Your Father writ me word, that his Son that was to marry my Daughter, was a Scholar, wholly given up to Books.

Sanc. My Father was an errant Ass for his Pains, I ne'er read a Book in my Life but what I was beat to, and those I forgot as soon as I left School : A Scholar ! he lies in his Throat that told you so.

Lar. In my Conscience, Sir, you may believe him ; I dare swear he never saw a Book except the Chronicle chain'd in his Father's Hall.

Lar. Hold your Tongue, Huffy ; how now ?

Sanc. Sir, I understand a Horfe, a Hawk, or Hound, as well as any Man living ; nay, I understand Men too ; I know now that you are an old covetous Hunks, by the sett of your Hat now ; but no Matter for that, your Daughter is the better Fortune.

Lav. The Fool has hit right upon my Father, we shall have rare Sport presently.

Sanc. I have studied Men, Sir—I know each Man's inward Principle by his out-side Habit.

Lav. Doos your profound Knowledge reach to Women too, Sir ?

Lar. You will be prating——

Sanc. Look you, Sir, observe the Management of my Hat now——This is your bullying Gamester.

[*Three Corners short Pinch.*]

Lar. What the Devil have we here ! z'dearth this can never be Don Sancho's Son ?

Lav. This is indeed the Pink of Learning, Sir—I shall be as wise as the *Sybils* with such a Husband ; ha, ha, ha.

Sanc. Your Beaus wear their Hats [*Offering to put it on.*] no, hold, thus, Sir ; [*Clapping it under his Arm.*] your conceited Wit, thus, [*Putting it on over the left Eye*] and your travell'd Wit thus [*Over the right Eye without a Pinch.*] your Country 'Squire, thus, [*Putting it behind his Wig.*]

Lar. I wonder how an Afs wears it, I'm sure thou art one ; I am amaz'd ! this must be some Trick certainly. [*Aside.*]

Lav. What think you now, Sir, shall we get a Race of Politicians ? In my Conscience this falls out as well as I could wish. Oh that I could but once see *Francisco*. [*Aside.*]

Lar. Huzzy, hold your Tongue, or——or——

[*Holds up his Cane.*]

This may be some of your Contrivance, for ought I know. This is a very great Blockhead ; Ounds, I—I—I—have a good Mind to add one Fashion more to your Hat, and knock it down to your Crown.

Sanc. Evermore, Sir, when you see a Man wear his Hat thus, [*Pulling it down on both Sides.*] he's a Projector, a Projector, Sir, or a Member of the Society of the Reformation of Manners, [*In another Tone.*] What think you of this, old Gentleman ? ha ! is not this a greater Knowledge than ever Man attain'd to by Books ? ha !

Lar. I admire that my old Friend, knowing my Aversion for these foolish Fopperies, shou'd breed up his Son to 'em, then

then write me Word he had made him a Scholar, purpofely becaufe I was a Lover of Learning ; pray, Sir was you e'yer in *Palermo* before ?

Sanc. No, Sir ; but I like it very well now I am in't.

Lar. I muft be fatisfied that you are Seignor *Sancho's* Son, e'er I fhall like you for mine. [*Aside.*]

Sanc. What think you of a Glafs of Champaign, Sir ? If you'll go to the Tavern, I'll give you a Bottle of the beft the Houfe affords ; what fay you, old Dad ? ha ! and there we will confult about our Marriage.

Lar. If you'll go to the Tavern that joins to the Piazza, I'll wait on you in a quarter of an Hour.

Sanc. Sir, I fhall wait your Pleasure.

Lar. I took the Hint, to get rid of him, what fhall I do to find the Truth of this ? [*Exeunt.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, a Scholar enquires for you.

Lar. A Scholar ! admit him immediately.

Enter Francisco in Sancho's Habit.

Fran. So, I watch'd *Sancho* out, now for my Cue. [*Aside.*]
If you be the venerable Man to whom this goodly Manfion is impropriated ; I come to negociate about authentic Bu-
fines.

Lar. This rather fhould be Don *Sancho's* Son—his Words and Habit fpeak him moft learned—I am the Perfon, pray let me be bold to crave your Name.

Fran. My Appellation, or *pro Nomen*, as the Latins term it, is call'd *Jeremie* ; but my *Cognomen*, in our Mother Tongue, is call'd *Sancho*.

Lar. Ha ! upon my Life 'tis *Francisco* ; oh, for an Opportunity to fpeak to him : I hope to Heaven, my Father won't find out the Cheat. [*Aside.*]

Lar. Ay, this is he, this is he ; what Don *Sancho's* Son ?

Fran. The *Nominals*, the *Thomifts*, and all the Sects of old and modern School-men, do oblige me to pay to that Gentleman filial Duty.

Lar. I am glad to hear it with all my Heart, I know the other muft be an Impofter, but I'm refolv'd to apprehend and punifh him : Sir, you are welcome ; I guefs your Bu-
fines, my Daughter is yours.

Fran. My Buifnefs is about Propagation, as the civil Lawyers do learnedly paraphrafe, is of Concomitance, or Cohabitation, or what you please to term it.

Lar. How am I blest that this wonderful Scholar shall be match'd into my Family—Daughter, what say you now, here's a Husband for you now, here's a Husband for you.

Lav. Pray Heaven you hold but in the Mind 'till you have made him such. [*Aside.*]

Lar. Does he not speak like an Oracle? 'egad I'll maintain't, he shall put down ten Universities and Inns of Court in twenty Syllables—Pray, Sir, speak learnedly to my Girl, for, tho' I say it, she has a good Capacity.

Fran. Most rubicund, stilliferous, splendant Lady, the ocular Faculties by which the beams of Love are darted into every Soul, or human Essence, have convey'd into my Breast the Lustre of your Beauty; and I can admire no other Object; therefore pardon me, Sir, if I only express myself in Terms Scholastic, and in Metaphors, my Phrase to her.

[*Turning to Larich.*]

Lar. Learned, learned, young Man, how happy am I in thee?

Lav. Now do I long to see my Father's Back turn'd, that he might change his learned non-sense, and talk more modern, to talk more wise; you may spare your Rhetoric, Sir, unless you come down to my Understanding; but I know just enough of your Meaning, to tell you it does not suit with my Inclination.

Lar. What don't suit with your Inclination, ha, forsooth?

Lav. Marriage, Sir.

Lar. 'Tis false, hussy, you have an Inclination, and you shall have an Inclination; not an Inclination, quoth the Baggage: Sir, I say she's yours, come into the next Room, and I'll have the Settlement drawn immediately, and you shall be married to Night. Not an Inclination! [*Exit.*]



ACT III. SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Eugenio.

Eug. **T**HUS in Disguise I shall discover all,
And find the Cause of my reported Death,
Which does so much amaze me.

A Month ago my Father sent me Word, that I shou'd hasten my Journey to *Palermo*; and I met the Post upon the Road, that gave me a Letter, wherein he strictly charges me not to comethis three Months: No sooner had I enter'd the Town,
but

but I met the Rumour of my Death, which still surpris'd me more ; but this Letter shall help me to the Knowledge of the Truth. [*Shews a Letter, goes to the Door and knocks.*

Enter Rosco.

Rosco. Who'd you speak with Friend ?

Eug. With the Lord *Gravello*, if you please, Sir.

Ros. Marry gap, and can't I serve your Turn ? Nothing but my Lord, good lack ! I guess he knows you not ; pray what's your Business ? What's your Name ? From whence come you ? What do ye want ? I believe you are of no such Extraction, that you shou'd be introduc'd to my Lord ; let me be judge, whether your Affair requires his Lordship's Ear, else, Friend, I shall bring you but a scurvy Answer ; either he's busy, or a-sleep, or gone abroad, any of these are sufficient for your Quality, I suppose.

Eug. Thus great Men always are abus'd, because there's no Access, but through such Knaves as thee ? then I'll return my Message back unto his Son, and bid him employ a finer Fellow, if he expects that he should see his Father.

[*Going.*

Ros. Ha ! his Son ! stay, Sir, and forgive me ; here comes my Lord.

Enter Count Gravello, Rosco goes and whispers him.

Grav. Wqu'd you ought with me, Friend ?

Eug. If you be the Lord *Gravello*.

Grav. The same.

Eug. I came from *Rome*, my Lord ; laden, I hope, with happy Tidings, and after the sad Report I have met with, I dare say, welcome ; your Son *Eugenio* lives, and with his Duty, recommends this Letter to your Lordship's Perusal.

Grav. How ! does my Boy live ? Oh ! I'm overjoy'd, for I thought him dead. *Rosco*, reward him for his Tidings, reward him largely, *Rosco*.

Ros. There's a Pistole for you, eat like an Emperor, d'ye hear, till that be out.

Grav. He writes me Word that you are a Gentleman fallen to Decay, and begs that I would take you into my Service : I have no Place vacant at present, but the first that falls worth your Acceptance, shall be yours ; in the mean Time command my House. [*I must not let him suspect I knew Eugenio was alive*] the happy News that thou hast brought me, has rais'd me from the Vale of Death ; but tell me, Friend, hast thou reveal'd this to any in *Palermo*, but myself ?

Eug. To none. For tho' I met the tragic Story in every Street through which I pass'd, still I conceal'd the Truth, intending your Lordship's Ear should first receive it.

Grav. Thou hast done exceeding well ; *Rosco*, give him a double Reward, a double Welcome ; I have some private Reasons to myself, that it should still be kept a Secret, which if thou'rt faithful, thou in Time shalt know.

Eug. Fear not, my Lord, I am no Blab ; I ever thought a slipperly Tongue Mankind's Shame. What can this mean ?
[*Aside.*

Ros. This is a notable Fellow.

Grav. *Rosco*, bid him welcome ; tell him my House is his, bid him be free.

Ros. As long as you have Occasion for him——Sir, I am your most obedient, most devoted, and thrice humble Serviteur ; command the Pantry, Cellar, Maids, Chambers——for in these I rule, and these are at your Service, Sir.

[*Bowing low.*

Eug. I thank you my quondam Friend ; but a quiet Residence in your Lord's House, the Time I stay, satisfies my Desires.

Ros. A worthy Man, upon my Faith. Oh ! my Lord, here comes the Bridegroom, I know by this Fellow's being out of Breath.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord Count *Pirro* so fine, so brisk, so ugly.

Grav. How, how, Sirrah, ugly ?

Serv. So handsome, I mean, Sir ; Pox on't, how came my Head to run so of Ugliness ?

Ros. Seeing the Count, I warrant thee *Jack*.

Grav. Be gone, Varlet, and attend his coming. [*Exeunt.*

Eug. Ha ! Count *Pirro*, the Bridegroom—and, my Life a Secret ; I begin to find the Cause. [*Aside.*

Enter Count Pirro.

Pir. I came my Lord, to claim your Promise, and receive into my Arms the beautiful *Lucasia*.

Grav. And I'll acquit myself instantly. Within there—call *Lucasia*.

Enter Laura.

Laura. My Lord.

Grav. My——call your Lady ; what does your Flirtship do here ? I want your Mistress——why don't the Wench stir ?

Laura

Laura. My Lord, I don't know.——

Grav. What don't you know? nay, no grinding between your Teeth, speak out.

Laura. Why then, my Lord, I don't know where she is.

Grav. 'Tis false, 'tis impossible; when went she out? and whither? Speak ye confederate Mischief; how long ago, I say? Confess, or I'll have ye rack'd.

Laura. She would not take me with her to prevent Suspicion; and now all must out, for my Limbs will never bear stretching, that's certain. *[Aside.]*

Grav. What are you inventing a Lye——don't stand muttering your Devil's Pater-noster there, but speak quickly—or— *[Draws his Sword.]*

Laura. Oh hold, it was, my Lord, my Lord, a, a, a——

Grav. What was it? speak.

Laura. It was a great while ago, my Lord.

Grav. Ha, speak to the Purpose, or thou dy'st.

Laura. No, no, no, my Lord, it was——it was just now; what shall I say to save my unhappy Mistress? *[Aside.]*

Pirro. You terrify the Creature so, that we shall never learn the Truth, my Lord; don't tremble so, Sweetheart, but tell when went your Lady out, and whither?

Grav. Away my Lord, my Sword shall fetch the Secret forth; Huzzy, speak, or by this Hand, this Minute is thy last. *[Holds his Sword to her Breast.]*

Laura. Oh, hold Sir, and I will tell you all; I do confess.

Grav. What?

Laura. It must out; that my Lady's fled to meet *Palante* in the Eastern Grove, and I believe, by this, they are married.

Grav. Fly and escape my Fury, thou more than Devil.

[Straps her with his Sword, she shrieks and runs off.]
Now, my Lord of *Pirro*, you that so kindly came this Day to comfort me, how shall I look you in the Face? or what Reparation can I make you, if my Daughter's lost? Within there! raise the House, take Officers immediately, I charge you; fly to the Eastern Grove, and seize my Daughter and all that you find with her: We'll have Revenge, my Lord, at least.

Pirro. There's yet a Pleasure left in that, and I'm resolv'd my Arm shall give him Death; let's to the Grove, my Lord.

Rosco. Do you consider, my Lord, the Danger of your rash Attempt, the Law will do you right; 'tis present Death
in

in *Sicily*, to steal an Heirefs without her Friends consent; first secure him, and his Lives yours.

Eug. 'Tis as I suppose ; oh Treachery ! [*Aside.*

Grav. Rosco, thou art an Oracle, that Way the Revenge is more secure and certain. I'll after 'em, and see the Traitor brought to condign Punishment. [*Exit with Rosco.*

Pirro. I'll to the Governor, and prepare him for the Judgment, my Interest there will surely sign his Death.

[*Going.*

Eug. Am I alive ? do I breathe ? can I have a human Soul, and suffer this injustice to proceed ? Poor *Palante*, must thou die, because Fortune has not blest thee with her Favours ; No, something I will do to save thee ; and yet, if possible not discover who I am. My Lord——

[*Pulls Count Pirro by the Sleeve as he goes out.*

Pirro. What art thou

Eug. A poor Poet, my Lord, little beholden to Fortune.

Pirro. None of thy Profession are, take up some more thriving Occupation ; turn Pimp, Solicitor, Gamester, any Thing will do better than Rhiming ; there's something for thee, I'm in Hastenow.

Eug. My Lord, I thank you for your Charity, and your good Advice ; but I have some for you too.

Pirro. For me ! what is't ?

Eug. I understand, my Lord, that you are to marry my Lord *Gravello's* Daughter.

Pirro. Yes, an Heirefs——

Eug. No Heirefs, my Lord, her Brother is alive.

Pirro. The Fellow's mad.

Eug. What I say is certain Truth ; and to my Knowledge, his Father gives out the Report of his Death only as a Bait for you.

Pirro. Ha ! where is he ?

Eug. In this Town conceal'd till your Marriage be over ; know I hate this Family, and that makes me discover it.

Pirro. Does he hate the Family ? then perhaps he has only forg'd this Lye to hinder *Lucasia* from marrying into mine ; I'll try him farther. [*Aside.*

Art thou sure he is alive ?

Eug. As sure as that I live myself ; my Lord, I saw him not two Hours ago ; I wish he was not, for your Lordship's sake : I am his Domestic, and come now to learn Intelligence ;

gence ; I loath my Servitude, detest the proud Family, and shou'd rejoice to see 'em ruin'd.

Pirro. From whence proceeds thy Hate? the World reports *Eugenio* a Man of Honour, Honesty and Courage.

Eug. That Part of the World that thinks him such, sees thro' the wrong End of the Prospective ; his Honour's but Pretence, his Honesty Hypocrisy, and his Courage Lewdness ; he ravish'd a Sister of mine at *Rome*, for which I never can forgive him

Pirro. This Fellow, I find is ripe for Mischief ; and if I durst trust him, wou'd, for a large Reward, remove *Eugenio*, and make *Lucasia* indeed an Heirefs ; and 'twere but just, since Count *Gravello* did design to wrong me of his Estate, why shou'd not I rob him of his Son ? where could be the Danger of this Act ; I can't fore-see any, for he has already given it out he's dead, and therefore dares not search into the Matter ; but is it safe to trust this Stranger, he may betray my Purpose, or not do it ; yet 'tis reasonable to think the contrary, for he hates him for his Sister's Rape, and therefore would be glad to meet Occasion to revenge it, especially when usher'd in by a great Sum : I'm resolv'd to break it to him. [*Aside.*] What is your Name, Friend ?

Eug. *Irus*, my Lord.

Pirro. Your Name as well as Habit speak you poor.

Eug. I'm poor enough, my Lord.

Pirro. Very poor ?

Eug. Very poor, my Lord.

Pirro. Would you not gladly mend your Fortunes.

Eug. I wish your Lordship would shew me the Way.

Pirro. What think you now of taking Revenge for your Sister's Rape, ha ?

Eug. Alas ! my Lord, that I wou'd have done long ago, but Want prevented my Escape.

Pirro. Say'st thou so? my Friend : well, poison this *Eugenio*, and thou shalt not want ; for thy Reward, a thousand Crowns are thine.

Eug. Think it done, my Lord, nor will I receive my Hire till I have brought you a certain Proof *Eugenio* is no more ; all I ask is but your Hand to the Agreement, my Lord, that I may be sure of my Reward.

Pirro. I'll give it thee—We must be safe, for his Father will be asham'd to prosecute, after his reported Death. I must confess I lov'd *Lucasia* as an Heirefs, but was the ten
times

times as fair, I would not marry her without the Dowry, therefore make fure my Fortune by thy Master's Death.

Eug. He dies this Night.

SCENE changes to the Grove.

Enter Palante, *Lucasia*, and *Clerimont*.

Pal. 'Tis done, 'tis done, the Sacred Knot is ty'd,
And bright *Lucasia* is for ever mine.

I ne'er till now did taste the Sweets of Life ;
Or the transporting Extasy of Joy.

Burst not ye feeble Ministers of Nature,
With the vast Excess of swelling Pleasure.

Oh ! my Friend, what shall I say to thee ?

Cler. This is no Time for Talk or Transports,
Make Use of my Fortune, and fly till the Pursuit is over.

Pal. Oh ! *Clerimont*, I'm bankrupt every Way,
Both to thee, and to my fair *Lucasia*.
Still thou art sad, my Love.

Luc. My Sadness does proceed from Fear for thee,
Take your Friend's Counsel, let us fly this Place.
Hark ! What Noise is that ? ha me, we're lost.

Enter Gravello, *Eugenio*, *Rosco*, and *Officers*.

Grav. Fall on Officers, there they are.

Cler. Thieves.

Pal. Villains !

Grav. Thou art thyself the Thief and Villain too ;
Give me my Daughter thou Ranter.

Pal. First take my Life.

Grav. Fall on, I say ; down with 'em if they resist.

Luc. Oh ! we are undone, wicked, wicked *Laura*.

Pal. Come on, Slaves. [*They fight, but are disarm'd by*

Cler. We shall not surrender tamely. [*the Multitude.*

Grav. So, keep 'em fast, we'll have 'em faster shortly.

For you, Minion, I shall secure you from a second 'Scape.

Luc. Yet do but hear me, Father.

Grav. Call me not Father, thou disobedient Wretch,
Thou Vagabond, thou art no Child of mine ;
My Daughter was bred up to Virtue.

Luc. For you my Mother wou'd have done as much :
If Need had so required ;
Think not that my Mind e'er stray'd from Virtue ;
Oh ! listen to the Voice of my Prayer, and Crown
It with rich Mercy.

Grav.

Grav. Off, Strumpet, Officers away with the Criminals,
They both shall die.

Pal. Now I must speak, oh spare my Friend, for he
Is innocent.

Cler. If thou must die, *Palante*, I have no
Other Wish, but to suffer with thee.

Grav. That Wish assure thyself thou shalt obtain.

Luc. Oh, stay blood-thirsty Men, stay and hear me
But a Word, and that shall be my final Resolution.
If thou, my cruel Father wilt not hear,
But dost proceed to spill the Blood of him
In whom my Life subsists, remember, Sir,
I am your Daughter, once you did love me ;
Oh ! tell me then, what Fault can be so great
To make a Father murderer of his Child ?
For so you are in taking his dear Life ;
Do not think that I will stay behind him.
No, whilst there's Asps, and Knives, and burning Coals ;
No *Roman* Dame's Example shall outgo
My Love.

Pal. Oh ! my *Lucasia*, thou hast touch'd my Soul !
Barely but to imagine thou must die,
Will make me restless in my silent Grave.
Is not my Death sufficient, barbarous Man ?
But must *Lucasia's* Woe be added too ?
Dry up those Tears, my Wife, my lovely Bride,
Or thou wilt make me truly miserable,
Preserve thy Life, that I may after Death,
In thee my better Part survive.
For thee and for my Friend my only Prayers shall be,
If you both live, *Palante* dies with Pleasure.

Grav. Away with 'em, and let the Law decide it.

Luc. I too alike am guilty ;
O let me share the Punishment with them,
Thou shalt not go alone, take me with thee ;
Here are my willing Hands, quick bind 'em fast, [*Runs and*
Else here I'll hold 'till my last Breath expires. [*clasps Palante.*

Grav. Ungracious Viper, let go the Traitor.

Luc. What to die ? Oh, never !

Pal. Had I a hundred Lives, the Venture had
Been small for such a Prize.
A Face not half so fair as thine has arm'd
Whole Nations in the Field for Battle ripe :

And

And brought a thousand Sail to *Tenedos*,
 To sack lamented *Troy*, and shou'd I fear
 To hazard one poor Life for thee, my Fair?
 A Life that had been lost without thy Love,
 For thou'rt both Life and Soul to thy *Palante*.

Luc. I'll clasp him like the last Remains of Life. [*Holds*
 And struggle still with never dying Love. [*him.*

Grav. Then thus I dash thee from him, thou Stranger
 [*Pushes her, and falls down.*

To my Blood, there lie and grovel on the Earth, and thank the
 Powers I do not kill thee; away to Justice with the Traitors.

Pal. If there be a Torment beyond this Sight,

Then lead me to it, that I may taste all

The Variety of Misery, and

Grow completely wretched.

Oh, inhuman Cruelty!

Slaves give me Way, that swift as Lightning,

I may dash him dead that wrong'd *Lucafia*.

You spiteful Powers, show'r all your Curses down,

Augment the Weight, and sink me all at once.

Grav. Away with the Traitor.

Pal. Oh, let me first embrace my Love, my Wife.

Grav. By Hell, he shall not.

Pal. *So when a Ship by adverse Winds is tost,
 And all the Hopes to gain the Port is lost,
 The trembling Mariners to Heaven cry,
 And all in vain, for no Relief is nigh.
 Around fierce Terrors strike the aking Sight;
 So I when shut from that all-charming Light,
 Like them must plunge in everlasting Night.*

[*Exit. forc'd off.*

Grav. I'll to the Governor, and urge my injur'd Suit.
Rosco and *Irus*, guard that wretched Woman; take Care
 that she neither sends nor receives a Message. [*Exit.*

Rosco. Yes, my Lord.

Eug. My very Heart bleeds to see two such faithful Lo-
 vers parted; methinks my Lord's too cruel in this Action.

Ros. Ay, ay, Friend; but we are to obey, not to dispute
 his Will.

Eug. I can scarce forbear revealing myself, but I will
 reserve it for a fitter Hour; her Grief's so great, I fear it
 has deprived her of her Senses; look up, Madam.

Luc. Where's my *Palante*, gone to death? Oh Heav'n!
 Then

Then shall I be mad, indeed? what are you,
Officers of Justice! I'm ready, Sir.

Eug. No, Madam, I am one my Lord your Father left
to attend you.

Luc. Attend me! alas, I need no Attendance.

Eug. Do not reject my Service.

Luc. All Service comes too late to miserable me;
My Fortune's desperate grown.

Eug. Believe me, Madam, I have a feeling Woe;
A greater your own Brother could not have:
Think not I'm fuborn'd to do you wrong,
By all the Pow'rs I'm your trusty Friend,
Command me any Thing, and try my Faith.

Rof. This is a rare spoken Fellow; I can't put in a Word.

Luc. Oh! 'tis most prodigious;
Could I lose Pity in a Father's Breast,
And find it in a Stranger's? I shall not
Live to thank you, Sir, but my best Prayers go
With you.

Eug. 'Tis not for Thanks, nor for Reward I look,
But the Sacred Love I bear to Virtue,
Makes me offer this.

Luc. Surely this poor Man is nobly bred, how'er
His Habit speaks him. [Aside.]
All Physic comes too late to my sick Mind,
Since there's no Hopes of my *Palante's* Life.

Eug. Unless the Governor will please to pardon him,
'twas good that he were mov'd.

Rof. Be not so forward, Friend, I say; in my Conscience
this Fellow will betray *Eugenio* lives.

Eug. Peace, Fool.

Rof. You are something free, methinks.

Luc. Who shall dare to make that Supplication?
My Father and the Count of *Pirro* rules;
Yet I wou'd venture if I knew which Way.

Eug. So meritorious is the Act, that I wou'd stand the
Test in giving you the Liberty to sue.

Rof. How, Sir?

Eug. Peace, Muckworm, or my Sword shall stop thy
Breath for ever.

Rof. A desperate Fellow this, I dare not contradict
him.

Luc.

Luc. A thousand Blessings on you for your Care,
Yes, I will go, grant it ye Powers above ;
If you had e'er regard to injur'd Love :
Teach me such Words as may his Pity move ;
Let it pierce deep into his stony Heart,
In all my Sufferings make him feel a Part.
Oh make him feel the Pangs of sharp Despair,
That he may know what wretched Lovers bear :
My Sighs and Tears shall with Intreaties join,
That he would save Palante's Life, or Sentence mine :
But if relentless to my Prayers he be,
And he must fall, then welcome Destiny.
Fate does our Lives so close together twine,
Who cuts the Thread of his unravels mine. [Exeunt.

SCENE the Governor's House.

Enter the Governor and Count Pirro.

Gov. Welcome, my dearest Nephew, you are grown a Stranger to the Court of late, tho' you know my aged Sight receives no Joy without you ; but I can forgive you since Love is the Cause : I hear you have the Lord *Gravello's* Consent to marry the fair *Lucasia*.

Pirro. I had, my Lord, but am unjustly robb'd of that fair Prize you mention ; my promis'd Bride is stolen by *Palante*, Lord *Euphenes's* Foster-Son, a Man far unworthy of *Lucasia's* Love ; her Father with Officers are gone to apprehend 'em—and bring 'em here before you to receive their Doom : Oh, Uncle, if ever you had a Kindness for me ; if the being ally'd to you by Blood, or aught I have done, or can hereafter do, let me intreat you to give the Law its utmost Course : Young *Clerimont* too assisted in the Rape.

Gov. Fear not, Nephew, the Law shall have its Course, and they shall surely die.

Enter Euphenes and Count Gravello at several Doors.

Euph. My Lord, the Governor, I am come begging to you, for *Palante* my Foster-Son, whom, Childless, I adopted for my own ; for him I plead.

Gov. What is his Offence ?

Euph. No heinous Crime, my Lord, no treasonable Plot against your Person or the State, for ther these aged Cheeks wou'd blush to ask Pardon. No c-ing Murder stains his Hands, his Fault is only Love : Unfortunately he has married the Daughter and Heirefs to that proud Lord that follows, and seeks the last Extremity.

Grav.

Grav. I seek no more than what the Law will give ; I am abus'd, my Lord, my Daughter is stoll'n, the only Comfort of my Age : Justice, my Lord, 'tis Justice that I ask.

Pirro. To his just Suit I bend my Knees—be not bias'd by aught but Justice.

Euph. Thou speakest like an Enemy, call it Revenge—not Justice—My Lord.—

Gov. I'll hear no more, be silent ; if the Law will save him, he shall live, if not, he dies ; yes, my Lord, you shall have Justice—
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E changes to Gravello's House.

Enter Larich, Francisco, and Lavinia.

Lar. Body o'me ! here's mad Work abroad, my Niece is stolen : I'm resolv'd to make sure of you ; the Priest shall join you instantly.

Fran. Hasten, Sir, to consummate our Joy :
I'll call the Muses from their sacred Hill,
To emulate your Daughter's Beauty ;
And I'll, myself, in lofty Numbers sing my own
Epithalamium.

Lar. First I'll punish that Impostor——Here, bring in the Prisoner.

Lav. Oh ! I fear we are undone, *Francisco.*

Fran. Pray, Father, delay not my exorbitant Desires.

Lar. But for a Moment, learn'd Son,
And thy exorbitant Desires shall be satisfied.

Enter Sancho and Tristram, forc'd in by Servants.

San. Hey-day ! What's the Matter now : Is the old Gentleman grown generous ? Must we take a Bottle in his own House, ha ?

Lar. Sirrah, you are a very impudent Impostor.

San. Hey, what's here, Frank in my Cloaths ? what is there a Play to be acted ? ha ? what Part must I play ? I have acted a Part at the College e'er now, Pox on't, that College will run in my Head, pr'ythee what am I to play, *Francisco.*

Fran. The Fool, Sir.

San. That's something blunt tho' *Frank.*

Lar. Ha ! what do I hear ? *Francisco* ? sure that's the Fellow my Daughter is in Love with, I must enquire into this.

Fran. My Reverend Patree, I hope you'll not credit this illiterate Idiot, you knew me by my Scholastic Breeding.

San. Why what does he mean now ? Breeding ! why, why,

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why, why, you wer'nt half so long at *Salamanca* as I, *Frank*, if you go to that *Triftram*, where are my Books, *Triftram*? we'll soon see who's most learn'd.

Γέρων πύθηκος οὐχ ἀλλοιύται πάγυς.

You must not think to catch old birds with Chaff.

Δὲς διὰ πασῶν ἐστὶ ὥρῳ ἀλλήλα.

He knows not a Hawk from a Handsaw.

Fran. The Man's distracted, Sir, away with him to Prison.

San. To Prison! nay, then the Truth shall out, that Habit's mine, and these Cloaths are his, he told me that this Lady wou'd hate a Scholar, and taught me how to act the Bully, fackins he did now, ask *Triftram* else.

Lar. Here's strange juggling, I believe neither of you is Signior *Sancho's* Son.

Trif. Bless me, Sir, do you doubt my Master? why he's as like my old Master as if he was spit out of his Mouth.

Lav. Methinks now by the Description, Father, this Scholar must needs be Don *Sancho*, and this awkward Beau but a Pretender.

Lar. Peace, I'll have none of your Judgment.

San. A Pretender, oddsbud, I find she is in Love with a Scholar, what a Sot was I to be persuaded to change my Habit, I shall be fobb'd of my Mistrefs, by and by, why *Frank*, why thou wilt not fob me wilt thou.

Lar. Right, that Project will take,—come who produces me a Letter from my Friend, I know the Hand, and that shall decide the Business.

Trif. Here, here, Sir, here's Letters. [*Pulls out a Leather Pouch with Letters, and gives it to Larich.*]

San. That's my Father's Hand, I can assure you, Sir, but the Stile is *Solomon's*, they are freight with Wisdom, but my Father pays the Postage.

Lav. Now we're undone, we are certainly betray'd.

Fran. Have Courage, I will still be near thee, and prevent this Marriage or lose my Life.

Lav. My Woman shall give you Notice of their Proceedings.

Lar. I am convinc'd, and worthy Sir, I ask your Pardon, what an Escape have I had.

San. Prythee *Frank* don't frown so, faith I forgive thee with all my Heart.

Fran. Away you Dolt—

San.

San. Fackings *Triftram*, he's woundy out of Humour, I have fob'd him now Faith, he, he, he.

Lar. Sir, I desire your scholastic Breeding wou'd quit my temporal Habitation [to *Francisco*,] least I commit you to a cloſer Place, and thank this Gentleman for your Liberty, 'tis becauſe he has ſome ſmall Acquaintance with you, that I don't proceed in a rougher Manner.

Fran. I am defenceleſs now, but I ſhall find a Time. [*Exit.*]

Lar. To be hang'd I hope, come Mrs. I ſuppoſe you had a Hand in this wiſe Plot, I'll prevent your Stratagems, I'll nooſe and fetter you in the Chains of Wedlock, then if you plot, let *Sancho* look to't.

*For when they are wed the Father's Care is done,
Trifl. And the poor doting Husband's juſt begun.*

ACT IV. SCENE *the Governor's Houſe. The Governor in a Chair reading.*

Gov. I Have been ſearching over all our *Sicilian* Laws, and know they cannot find one Clauſe to ſave *Palante*.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A Lady without, my Lord will not be denied your Prefence.

Gov. Admit her.

Enter Lucafia.

Luc. Pardon me, Sir, for preſſing thus rudely On your Privacy, I know 'tis boldneſs. But I hope the Hour's propitious to me, Finding you alone, and free from Buſineſs, I promiſe myſelf I ſhall be heard with Patience.

Gov. Were the Buſineſs of the World at ſtake, ſuch Beauty would claim a Hearing, ſpeak Madam.

Luc. Thus low I beg for poor *Palante's* Life.

Gov. Ha !

Luc. Oh, Sir.

If ever Pity touch'd your gen'rous Breſt,
If ever Virgin's Tears had Power to move,
Or if you ever lov'd and felt the Pangs
That other Lovers do, pity, great Sir,
Pity and pardon two unhappy Lovers.

Gov. Your Life is not in Queſtion, Madam,

Luc.

Luc. If *Palante* dies, I cannot live, for we
Have but one Heart, and can have but one Fate.

Gov. What I can do, I will to save him, but Law must
have its Courfe, rise Madam.

Luc. Never till——

The gracious Word of Pardon raises me,
There's Pity in your Eye, oh ! shew it, Sir !
And say that he shall live, 'tis but a Word,
But oh, as welcome as the Breath of Life,
Why will you part two Hearts that Heav'n has join'd ?
He is my Husband, Sir, and I his wedded Wife.

Gov. That can plead no Excuse, for 'tis your Crime, but
if I shou'd incline to pity you, what wou'd you return ? what
wou'd you do to purchase the Life of him you hold so dear ?

Luc. You cannot think the Thing I would not do.
Speak, Sir, and lay it but in my Power,
And even beyond my Power I will attempt.

Gov. You wou'd be thankful then shou'd I pardon him ?

Luc. If I were ever thankful unto Heav'n
For all that I call mine, my Health and Being,
Cou'd I then be unthankful unto you,
For a Gift I value more than those ?
Without which all other Blessings will be tasteless.

Gov. Those that are thankful study to requite, wou'd you
do so !

Luc. As far as I am capable I will,
Tho' I can ne'er make ample Satisfaction,
All my Services to you are Duty,
But to those Pow'rs above that can requite
That from their Wasteless Treasure daily heap
Rewards more out of Grace than merit on
Us Mortals ;
To those I'll pray that they wou'd give you, Sir,
More Blessings than I have Skill to ask.

Gov. There rises one Way and but one to save him.

Luc. Oh ! name it, Sir, that——

Swift as the Arrow from the Archer's Hand
My trembling Feet may fly to save him,
Oh ! you have rais'd me from the Gulph of Grief
To that blest comfortable Region, Hope,
My Senses all dance in the Cirque of Joy.
My ravish'd Heart leaps up to hear your Words,
And seems as 'twou'd come forth to thank you.

Say,

Say, how, how shall I save him?

Gov. Marry my Nephew *Pirro* and *Palante* lives.

Luc. Oh! unexpected Turn of rigid Fate,
Cruel, Sir, far more cruel than my Father.
Why did you raise me to a Height of Joy?
To sink me in a Moment down again,
In what a sad Dilemma stands my Choice,
Either to wed the Man my Soul most loaths,
Or see him die for whom alone I live.
To break my sacred Vows to Heav'n and him,
To save a Life which he would scorn to take
On Terms like those, name any Thing but that,
You are more just than to enforce my Will,
Why should I marry one I cannot love,
And sure I am I cannot love Count *Pirro*,
Love him! no, I shou'd detest and loath him.
The Cause that made him mine, wou'd hourly add
Fresh Matter for my Hate.

Gov. You have your Choice, I swear by Heaven never to
pardon him, but upon these Conditions.

Luc. Oh! I am miserable.

Gov. 'Tis your own Fault, come consider Madam, *Palante*
will thank you for his Life, and if you let him die, you
are the Tyrant.

Luc. I shou'd be such if I shou'd save him thus.
Since you have swore not to save him upon
Other Terms, I'll shew a duteous Cruelty
And rather follow him in Death than so
To buy his Life, no, I despise the Price.
Why do I breathe my Woes, or beg for Mercy here;
Or hope to find plain Honesty in Courts?
No, their Ears are always stopp'd against Justice,
Avarice and Pride supplies the Place of Pity.

*So may just Heav'n when you for Mercy sue,
As you have pitied me so pardon you.* [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE Count Gravello's House.

Enter Larich, Lavinia, Sancho and Triftram.

San. Is the Priest ready *Triftram*?

Trif. Yes, yes, Sir, a Priest and a Lawyer are always in
Readiness, their Tongues are the chief Instrument belong-
ing to their Trade, with which they commonly do more
Mischief than all the Surgeons in the Kingdom can heal, he

R

waits

waits in the next Room, Sir, if you can get the Lady in the Mind.

Lar. You are witty Sirrah, but no more of your Jests, do ye hear, least I make you experience, there's something else can do Mischief besides their Tongues, come Mistrefs what you are in the Dumps now, are you? dry up your Eyes and go about it chearfully, or I'll turn you out of Doors, I assure you.

Lav. Good, Sir, consider.

Lar. Consider! no I won't consider, nor shall you consider upon ought but what I'd have you.

Lav. Sir, do you persuade him. [*To Sancho.*] think how unhappy I shall make you.

San. Make me happy first, and then I'll do any Thing you'd have me.

Tripl. The wisest Bargain I ever heard my Master make.

Lav. What wou'd you do, Sir, with me that cannot love you? Alas I was engaged long before I saw you, you may be happier far elsewhere, go court some Nymph whose Heart's intirely free, such only can be worthy of your Love.

San. For my Part I don't know what to say.

Lar. 'Zdeath she'll persuade him by and by to quit his Pretences to her—come, come, come Mistrefs no more of your Cant. [*Pulls her by the Arm.*] It shall avail you nothing I'll promise you.

Lav. Good, Sir, hold a little, Don *Sancho* seems disposed to hear Reason.

San. Why ay truly, for my Part methinks 'tis a Pity to vex the Lady so.

Lav. Besides, Sir, 'tis for his sake I do it, to make him easy, and to prevent his eternal Shame and Torture.

San. Poor Fool, how hard it is, ay, ay, I know 'tis for my Sake, pray, Sir, hear her—pray do for my Sake as she says.

Lar. Pooh Fool.

San. Shall she say more for my Sake, than you'll hear Father that is to be.

Lar. Well Huzzy, consider what you say, for if it be'nt to the Purpose, as I'm sure it won't—look to't?

Lav. Before your hasty Rashness betrays me to eternal Woe, revoke your harsh Commands.

Lar. Ay, I knew that would follow, and this is all you have to say, Mistrefs, ha? come, come Woe, I'll woe you.

Lav. Something I have to speak, but know not in what Words to dress my Thoughts fit for me to speak, or you to hear,

hear, oh spare the poor Remains of my already too much violated Modesty,—Heav'n can I do this, but there is no other Way. *[Aside.*

Lar. How? how? how's that? Modesty! why what a Duce is the Matter with your Modesty, ha?

Lav. Oh! Sir, force me not to wrong a Man whose Father I have so often heard you say, you lov'd, think what sure Disgrace will follow, how will it reflect upon your Name and Family, when I shall be found no Virgin.

Lar. Ha! no Virgin? take Heed Minion that you stain not the Honour of my House, for if you do, I swear by the best Blood in *Sicily*, my Sword shall do me Justice.

Lav. Now help me Courage, and forgive me Heaven my Resolutions, Death or my *Francisco*. *[Aside.*

I throw myself beneath your Feet, thus prostrate beg for Mercy, that I have deserved Death my guilty Blushes own, the mighty Secret hangs upon my Tongue, but Shame refuses Utterance to my Words.

Lar. I'm all of a cold Sweat, Heav'ns! how I dread the End of her Discourse.

San. Pray Father let her rise, or I shall weep too.

Trist. Nay, I'll say that for my Master, he's as tractable as a Monkey, and generally does what he sees other People do. *[Aside.*

Lav. Oh! let it still remain unknown, and rather banish me, confine me to some horrid Desert, there to live on Roots and withered Grass, and with the falling Dew, still quench my Thirst, and lastly to some savage Monster be a Prey, e'er I divulge my Shame.

San. I can hold no longer. *[Cries aloud.*

Lar. On, for I'll hear it all, tho' thou shalt live no longer than thou hast told thy Tale.

Lav. Sure ne'er before was Maid thus wretched, Oh *Francisco*! I give thee here the greatest Proof of Love that ever Woman gave—if it must out, then with it take my Life, but Oh! spare the innocent Babe.

Lar. Ha! the Babe?

Lav. Oh! I am with Child.

Lar. Then die both, and both be damn'd. *[Offers to stab her, but is prevented by Sancho and Tristram.*

Sanc. Oh, Lord, Sir, for Heavens Sake, Sir, are you mad, help *Tristram*.

Lar. 'Zdeath a Whore! Oh thou Scandal of my Blood.

San. Egad I'm resolv'd to own the Child, and bully this old Fellow a little now—a Whore, Sir! who dares call my Wife a Whore? the Child is mine, Sir, let me see who has any Thing to say to't.

Lar. Away, don't trifle with me, I shall not give you Credit.

San. What care I whether you do or no, I say again the Child is mine, Madam, dry your Eyes, I like you ne'er the worse, and the World will like me the better for't, it will bring me into Reputation.

Lav. Oh Heavens! what will come on me now, Oh! fly me, Sir, as you wou'd shun Contagion, cou'd you receive into your Arms a Wretch polluted by another.

San. Pish, shaw, pish, shaw, 'tis the least Thing in a thousand, thou saidst thou didst it for my Sake just now, and sure I shou'd return the Kindness, Ingratitude is worse than the Sin of Witchcraft.

Lar. Oh! the audacious Strumpet, give me Way, that I may punish the Offence as it deserves. [*Francisco within.*]

Fran. Slaves give me Way, he dies that bars my Entrance.

Lav. Ha! 'tis my *Francisco's* Voice—Oh! blest Minute.

Lar. Ha! what Noise is that? [*Help, Murder cry'd within.*]

San. How Murder within and Murder without too, this is a barbarous House, I wish I was safe out on't. *Triftram* stand by thy Master.

Triftr. Oh, Sir, I had rather run with you, for I hate Murder in cool Blood.

Enter Francisco with his Sword drawn.

Lar. Help within there, murder, you won't murder me Sirrah, ha? [*Enter three or four Servants.*] run for the Corregidore, I shall be murder'd in my own House.

Fran. No, Sir, this Sword can never hurt the Father of *Lavinia*, nor will my Arm guide it to any Act unjust, nor is it drawn for aught but to defend my Wife.

Lar. Impudent Rascal, can't thou look me in the Face, and know how thou hast injur'd me, thou hast dishonour'd my Daughter.

San. Sir, I say no man has dishonour'd her but myself, and I wonder you shou'd tax this honest Gentleman with it.

Fran. Ha, Villain! re-call what you have said, or by Heaven 'tis thy last, 'tis safer playing with a Lion, than with *Lavinia's* Fame. [*Holding his Sword at his Teeth.*]

San. *Lavinia's* Fame, what Fame, what makes you so cho-

choleric, I thought I shou'd do the Lady a Kindness in it.

Trist. Many a Man wou'd have been glad to have got rid of it so.

Lav. Humour my Father in what he says, for 'twas my last Stratagem to defer my Marriage. [*Aside to Francisco.*]

Lar. *Lavinia's* Fame! No Monster, thou hast robb'd, robb'd her of her Fame.

Fran. The Wrong my Love has done your fair Daughter, 'tis now too late to wish undone again, but if you please it may be clos'd up yet without Dishonour, I will marry her.

Lar. Marry her? she'll have a mighty Bargain of that, marry a Beggar, what Jointure canst thou make her?

Fran. I am poor, I must confess, in regard of your large Wealth, but I swear by all Things that can bind, 'twas not your Wealth was the Foundation of true-built Love, it was her single uncompounded self, her self without Addition that I lov'd, which shall ever in my Heart out-weigh all other Womens Fortunes with themselves, and were I great, great as I cou'd wish myself for her Advancement, no such Bar as Fortune's Inequality shou'd stand betwixt our Loves.

Lar. Say you so, Sir, why then take her—there hang, drown'd or starve together, I care not which, but never come within my Doors more. [*Throws her to him.*]

[*Exit Larich.*]

San. Hey day, what have I lost my Mistress then, why what must I say to my Father, *Tristram*, who'll run stark mad without Hopes of a Grandson?

Tristr. Oh, Sir, if this Gentleman had not put in his Claim, here had been one ready to his Hands.

San. Ah Pox on't, 'tis damn'd unlucky, but come let's to the Tavern and drink away Sorrow. [*Exeunt.*]

Fran. Come my fair *Lavinia*, and find a Father in thy Husband's Arms, oh thou charming Excellence, thou something better sure than ever Woman was, the matchless Proof that thou hast given of thy Love shall be recorded to Posterity——

Lav. It is a matchless one indeed, and I struggled long e'er I cou'd bring myself to own a Deed so distant from my Heart, but it has serv'd my Purpose, and I glory in it now, but my Father's last Words methinks chills my Blood, how shall you like the Yoke without lining think you ha!

Fran. Don't wrong my Love *Lavinia*, or think that I can want any Thing when possess'd of thee.

*Love shall make up what Fortune does deny,
And Love alone shall all our Wants supply.* [*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE changes to the Street, Count Pirro and Lord Gravello.

Grav. Now my Lord she's your's again, *Palante* dies.

Pirro. So noble were the Carriage of the Youths that I could almost pity their hard Sentence.

Grav. I admire *Palante's* Constancy, he seem'd regardless when the Jury pronounc'd his Sentence, as if he feared not Death, but when his Friends came on, I observed the Tears to fall.

Pirro. He begg'd very hard to save his Friend.——

Grav. And his Friend as eagerly to die with him, truly I think *Clerimont's* Crime did not deserve Death, but our *Sicilian* Laws doom all to Death that have but the least Hand in stealing of an Heirefs, but see the Lord *Euphenes*, he sticking hard to save his Foster Son, let's avoid him, for I know he'll rail. [Exit.]

Enter Lord Euphenes.

Euph. Unhappy poor *Palante*, the Law has cast thee in Spite of all that I could do to save thee, I'd give my whole Estate to rescue thee from Death : In thee methought my lost *Lyfander* liv'd, and in losing thee I'm childless now indeed. I lov'd thee like my own Son, I rescu'd thee from Pyrates, by which my Child was lost.

Enter Alphonso.

Alphon. Thus once again from twenty Years Exile. (Took by the Storms of Fortune to and fro)
Has gracious Heav'n giv'n me Leave to tread
My native Earth of *Sicily*, and draw
That Air that fed me in my Infancy.

Euph. Ha ! either my Eyes deceive me or 'tis my good old Friend *Alphonso*.

Alph. My Lord *Euphenes* ?

Euph. *Alphonso*, welcome to *Sicily*, I thought thee dead with my unhappy Son, or what was worse, in Slavery, where no Intelligence cou'd find thee, for I have us'd my utmost Diligence.

Alph. In part you have guess'd aright, for I have been twenty tedious Years in gauling Slavery, for when the *Argives* surprized the Fort they hurried me on board, and because I made a brave Resistance, they ne'er wou'd give me Leave to offer at my Ranfom, so violent was their Hate, but now worn out with Age, unfitting for their Labour, they turn'd me Home, an usefess Drone, your Son they
put

put on board another Ship, and by some I heard it rumoured, he being wondrous fair, that they design'd to breed him for the Sultan's Use, but some Years after I heard he was retaken on this Coast.

Euph. Ha !

Alph. I conceal'd his Name, leaſt the many Conqueſts you have gain'd againſt them ſhou'd have wing'd their Revenge, and made 'em kill the lovely Child, I call'd him *Palante*, have you ever heard of ſuch a one ?

Euph. Oh all ye immortal Powers, the very ſame, I took, and is *Palante* then *Lyſander*, and have I found thee once to loſe thee ever ?

Alph. Ha ! what means all this ?

Euph. 'Twas Nature then that worked my Soul, and I by Inſtinct lov'd him. Oh my *Alphonſo*, this Diſcovery comes too late, and inſtead of bringing Comfort to my Age, thou haſt plung'd me down in deep Deſpair.

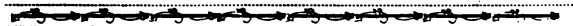
Alph. Alas, my Lord, how have I err'd ? pray explain yourſelf.

Euph. Oh *Alphonſo* ! the Youth thou ſpeak'ſt of I retook from *Argive* Pirates, I bred him, and tho' not ſenſible who he was, I lov'd him tenderly : He is this very Day condemn'd for ſtealing of an Heirefs, now judge if my Grief falls not with Weight upon me.

Alph. Unfortunate Miſchance, is there no Way to ſave him ?

Euph. None I fear, but yet I'll try all Means, if my long Service to my Country, my Winter Camps, and Summer Heats, and all my ſtormy Fate at Sea can plead, I will expand my Deeds as *Rome's* Conſuls did of old, make bare my Breſt, and ſhew my ſcar'd Boſom to move and raiſe their Pity.

*I that ne'er mention'd aught my Arm has done,
Will now urge all to ſave my darling Son.* [Exeunt.]



ACT V. SCENE a Priſon.

Palante and Clerimont come forward.

Pal. O H ! *Clerimont*, I ſwear by my malignant Stars,
Death brings no Terrors with it but for thee ;
The Thoughts of thine, and that I have involv'd
In my ſad Fate, my beſt and only Friend,

Sits heavy on my Soul, and gives me double Death :
 My Father's Tears, whom now too late I know,
 Pierce not my Breast with half this killing Grief,
 This gnaws me worse than my *Lucasia's* Lofs ;
 And, like a *Vulture*, preys upon my Heart.
 I was rewarded, call'd *Lucasia* mine :
 For such a Treasure who wou'd refuse to die ?
 But thou'rt condemn'd for only aiding me,
 I am the Cause of thy sad Fate, my Friend ;
 Hurry'd by me to an untimely Grave :
 Thou fall'st for him thou ever hast oblig'd.

Cler. No more *Palante*——

Why dost thou call me by the Name of Friend ?
 Yet think I cou'd descend from Friendship's Rules :
 For so I must shou'd I repine at Death,
 Or fear to suffer with so brave a Man.
 To die is nothing to a Man resolv'd :
 Why shou'd we wish to hold this mortal Frame,
 By Nature subject to such various Ills,
 Which first or last brings certain Death to all ?
 Were there no Hand, indeed, but human Laws
 To cut the Thread of our Mortality,
 Then we had Cause for Grief ; but when we reflect
 We only leap the Abyfs a little fooner,
 Where all Mankind must follow by degrees,
 The Apprehension moves not me.

Pal. Oh ! Noble Constancy——

After Ages shall record the Story,
 And rank thee with the bravest *Roman* Youths ;
 And melancholy Virgins when they read,
 In moving Accents celebrate thy Name.

Cler. What baleful Planet rul'd when thou wert born,
 That mark'd for thee this Path of Sorrow out ?
 Oh ! ye malicious Stars, when ye had flood
 So long the rude Buffets of blind Fortune,
 And now just as the pleasing Scene appear'd,
 I' th' Moment when th' art found of noble Birth,
 And wed to thy long wish'd for Bride *Lucasia*,
 Then to snatch thee hence, is twice to kill thee.
 Oh ! it is the Mock'ry of spiteful Fates,
 When we with Labour reach the aim'd at Wish,
 Straight this unstable Fairy World removes.
 We die, or are dash'd back again to what we were.

Enter

Enter Eugenio and Lucasia.

Luc. Faithful *Irus* how shall I reward thee ?
Ha ! see where stands *Palante* and his Friend !
Oh ! lead me *Irus*, quickly, lead me back,
Else I shall grow a Statue at this Sight :
Not all the frightful Noise of Chains we've past,
And meagre Looks of Wretches in Despair,
Are half so terrible as this.

Pal. My *Lucasia* !
Art thou come to take thy last Adieu, and
Bless my Eyes before they close for ever ?

Luc. Oh ! *Palante* !

Pal. What ! no more ? Give thy labouring Sorrows vent,
That like Convulsions heaves thy snowy Breasts,
And struggles for a Passage to thy Tongue.

Luc. O ! I had dy'd e'er seen this fatal Hour ;
But this good Man pursu'd with Care my Steps,
And stop'd my Hand, which else had giv'n the Blow,
When first I heard the sad and dreadful News,
That thou, *Palante*, wer't condemn'd to die.

Eug. Still all I ask is, that you wou'd have Patience ;
I'll to Court where Lord *Euphenes* is,
Now begging for his Son, in Hope to bring you Happiness.
[Exit Eug.]

Luc. Fly *Irus*, fly, and bring us instant Word.
Oh ! my aking Brain is near Distraction ;
For much I fear there is no Help for me.

Pal. Yet I rejoice in this, I'm sound of Noble Birth—
That in succeeding Ages, when this Act,
With all its Circumstances shall be told,
No Blot may rest upon thy Virgin Fame ;
No censuring Tongue reflect upon thy Choice ;
And say thy Husband was a Wretch unknown,
And quite unworthy of *Lucasia's* Arms.

Luc. What Comfort's in this late Discovery found ?
Will the Greatness of thy Race protect thee ?
Virtue and ev'ry Good was thine before ;
Yet the cruel Pow'rs are deaf to all my Prayers :
Nor will thy Merit plead with angry Heav'n,
To ward the Stroke, and save thy precious Life.
Oh Greatness ! thou vain and vap'rish Shew,
That, like a Mist, dazzles the Eyes of Men,
And as the Fogs destroy the Body's Health,

That poisons deep, and gangrenes in the Soul;
But seldom's found t' assist the virtuous Man.
Thou wert——

As dear to these desiring Eyes before,
And honour'd full as much in this poor Heart.
Oh ! I cou'd curse the separating Cause,
And wish *Lucasia* never had been born.

Pal. Be calm, my Love, my everlasting Dear,
Cease to lament, and give thy Spirits ease.
Oh ! hear me Heav'n, and grant my last Request ;
May Health, long Life, and ev'ry Bliss beside,
Conduce to make *Lucasia* happy still.
Let nothing fall to interrupt her Joy,
But make it lasting as you make it great.
Grant this, and I to rigorous Destiny
Submit with Pleasure.

Luc. Long Life ; no, rather with me sudden Death,
To rid me of my Cares, and that Way give me Ease.
Ha ! I'm seiz'd with an unusual Terror, Fear
And Horror swim in Shades of Night around,
How sad and dreadful are these Prison Walls !
Thy Voice seems hollow too, and Face looks pale.
Oh ! my *Palante*, my Heart——
Throbs, as if the Strings of Life were breaking.

[*A Bell tolls within.*]

Hark ! hark ! Oh ! 'twas this that it foretold.
Ope' Earth, hide me in thy unfathom'd Womb,
To drown the Call of Fate——this dismal Bell.

Cler. Madam——

Be patient, add not to his Misery ;
For whilst he sees you thus, his Soul's unfit
For aught but Earth ; th' Approach of Death is near,
A little Time is necessary now,
To calm his Mind to suffer like a Man.

Luc. Oh ! Heav'n help me. [Faints.]

Pal. Oh ! She's dying ; do not thus rend my Soul with
Grief.

Enter an Officer.

Officer. Gentlemen, this Bell gives warning, that within
Half an Hour you must prepare to die.

Pal. 'Tis very well, we shall be ready.
Canst thou conduct this Lady to her Father's House ?

Luc.

The Stolen Heiress.

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Luc. Stand off, and touch me not : No, I will stay with
Do not push me from thee, my dear *Palante* ; [thee.
For I shall die apace, and go before.

Officers. The Officers all wait to conduct ye to the Place
of Execution.

Cler. We come now, Friend, when shall we meet again.

Pal. The blest'd Pow'rs can tell, in Heav'n sure.

Luc. *Oh ! all ye Maids that now are crown'd above ;
Did any feel, like me, the Wrecks of Love ?
By Tempests torn from my dear Husband's Side,
And made a Widow, when I'm scarce a Bride.*

SCENE the Governor's House.

Enter Governor and Count Pirro, and Lord Gravello.

Govern. This is strange *Palante* should be found
The Lord *Euphene's* Son ; but fear not Nephew, the Law
has pass'd, and he shall suffer.

Pirro. I urge still, my Lord, she was my promised Wife ;
Her Father so design'd her, had he then been known
Euphene's Son. I urge that, speak my good Father.

Grav. My Lord, I had ; yet let me own, I rather wish
the unknown *Palante* had suffer'd for my Daughter, than
the Son of one, who tho' my Foe, I must acknowledge great
and brave.

Govern. So wou'd I my Lord, but there's no Fence for
Accidents ; I do expect to be beset with Prayers and Tears,
but all in vain ; see where he comes.

Enter Euphenes and Alphonso.

Euph. Behold ! Lord Governor, my aged Knees, are
bent to thee,
'Tis in thy Power to wrest this heavy Judgment of the Law ;
Suspend it at least, till the King shall hear the Cause,
And save my Son.

Gover. Rise *Euphenes*, your Speech carries a double
Meaning, you pray and threaten with the same Breath,
we are not to be frighted Lord ; the Laws of *Sicily* have
had their Course, your Son falls by them.

Euph. Oh ! mistake me not, I am as humble as your Pride
can wish me ; but give me Leave to speak, tho' 'tis my hard
Fortune to offend ; let me the Anguish of my Soul deliver to
that injurious Lord, the Father of *Lyfander's*, or by the more
known Name, *Palante's* Wife ; hard-hearted Man ! had'st thou

thou no other Way to wreck thy canker'd and long foster'd Hate upon my Head, but this? Thus cruelly, by my Son's Suffering, and for such a Fault as thou shou'dst Love him, rather? Is thy Daughter injur'd by this Marriage? Is his Blood base? Or can his now rising Fortunes know an Ebb? This Law was made to restrain the Vile from wronging noble Persons, by Attempts of such a kind; but where Equality meets in the Match, there is no Crime? or if there is, forgive his Youth, and have Pity on him.

Gover. *Euphenes*, you wrong your Virtue when you'd save a Criminal, the Law condemns; tho' the righteous Judgment falls upon your Son, and your Appeal shall come too late.

Euph. Then you have set a Period to a loyal House and Family that have been Props of the *Sicilian* Crown and with their Blood in Wars, won many an honour'd Field. I can spend no more in Tears, I'll spend the sad Remnant of my childless Age, and only wish to rest i'th' Grave together.

Alph. Hear me thou Governor, not kneeling, but erect as old Age and Slavery has left me: This noble *Sicilian* Youth was lost in defending *Sicily* from the fam'd Fortrefs, which beat back a thousand Times, invading Foes, and sunk 'em in the working Seas, from thence the Child was ta'en, and must he 'scape the Hazards of the rowling Waves, Rocks, Tempests, Pirates, and ignominious Fate, to perish in his native Isle: Oh, barbarous Usage, stop yet at least his Judgment, and let this poor old Man see once again, his dear *Palante*; for that I'll bow my stubborn Knees, and ask the Blessings as I importune Heaven.

Euph. Oh! my Lord, let my unhappy Son appear before ye, e'er the cruel Sentence comes to Execution.

Grav. If you deny them this, it may be ill represented to the King.

Pirro. I fear, my Lord, you are staggering.

Gover. Nephew, be silent, and be safe; they shall have their Will, but to no Purpose, only a Moment's short Delay; for I have sworn, and he shall die—Guard bring here the Prisoner.

Euph. I thank the Governor.

Gov. Oh spare thy Thanks, till thou hast real Cause: the Law, the Statute's plain, and he must die for't, there is no Remedy.

Enter

Enter, brought in by the Guards, Palante, Clerimont, Lucafia and Eugenio.

Euph. Oh ! Son !

Alph. Palante !

Pal. Pardon me, Sirs, I have too much Tendernefs upon my Soul already, too many Clogs that drag it downwards ; oh ! forgive me, if I beg ye wou'd not add more Weight to Death.

Gra. Madam, 'twere more becoming your Quality and Modesty, to be at Home ; thou doft but ill return thy Father's Care.

Luc. I have no Father, nor ever had that I remember, but born and deftin'd for an out-cast Wretch, and curft to ruin a moft noble Husband : Oh he was the Pride of the *Sicilian* Youths, and Glory of the World ; but he is dead, or doom'd to die, and that's alike diftra&ting.

Euph. Heav'n blefs thee, thou Mirrour of thy Sex, that in the Sea of thy transcendant Virtues, drown'd all thy Father's Malice, and in my Thought, redeem'd more than thy Race can lofe.

Gov. Lord *Euphanes*, what End had you in this, in bringing here the Criminals ?

Euph. To move your Mercy was my End ; but Wolves and Tygers know not what Pity means.

Gov. Forbear Reproach, and hear me ; I'll ftand it to the King, and all the World ; here is an Heirefs ftoln, the worft of Robberies ; he is condemn'd by the Law, he fell to the Judgment of the Law ; I furrender him. Guards, carry on the Pris'ners.

Luca. Oh ! cruel Sentence ! hear me, Sir.

Gov. Away with 'em.

Eug. Stay yet a little, thou moft imperious Governor ; for I will be heard.

Gov. Thou ! What art thou ?

Eug. My Name is *Irus* ; Lord *Pirro* knows me.

Pirro. Ha !

Eug. Thou trembleft, Lord, hear ; you that have condemn'd thefe noble Friends, and hunt their Lives for a mere Trifle ; fentence to Death a Man for loving and being belov'd ; hear, a black Deed will ftart your Soul with Horror, and make you own the Crime before ye nothing.

Gov. What means the Fellow !

Eug. Nay, 'tis not a Frown can stop me, nor will my Fate be long ; know then, this Lord gave out his Son *Eugenio* dy'd at *Rome*, but he was well, and in this City.

Palan. How say'st thou ?

Luc. Proceed, dear *Irus*.

Eug. First stop Lord *Pirro* ; for my Story will not please him : I say *Eugenio* lived ; which when I discover'd to that trembling Lord, he brib'd me with a thousand Crowns to poison him : Here's the Agreement under his own Hand ; and here's a Letter from *Eugenio* to his Father, which denotes that he was poison'd, and dying.

Gra. Let me see it : Oh ! 'tis his Hand. Wretch that I am, is my dissembled Grief turn'd to true Sorrow ? Were my acted Tears but Prophecies of my ensuing Woe ? And is he dead ? Oh ! pardon me, dear Ghost of my *Eugenio* ! 'twas my Crimes that call'd this hasty Vengeance from above, and shorten'd thus thy Life ; for whilst with Fallacies I fought to fasten Wealth upon our House, I brought a Cannibal to be the Grave of me and mine ; base, bloody, murdering Lord.

Pirro. Vile Cozener, Cheater and Dissembler, now indeed we both are caught.

Euph. Oh ! cruel Man ! now see the Justice of offended Heav'n ; thou who pursu'st the poor *Palante's* Life with so much Violence, thou now must feel the Weight of a Son's Loss.

Gov. This will prove a Tragedy indeed ; away with the Prisoners. Your Trial's next, Lord *Pirro*.

Pirro. I do confes—

Eug. Hold, is there no means left to save them ? Wou'd not you now, Lord *Gravello*, give your Daughter freely to *Palante* ?

Gra. More willingly than I wou'd live another Hour.

Euph. Oh ! You are kind too late ; had you been thus when Need required, you had sav'd yourself and me, and both our hapless Sons.

Gov. Oh Nephew, my Prompter still in Cruelty, Now thou thyself must feel the Rigour of the Law.

Eug. Now ye behold the Good from Bad, which nought but this Extremity had shewn ; yet all be safe, *Eugenio* lives, and fair *Lucastra* is no Heirefs now.

Omnes.

Omnes. How ! lives !

Eug. Yes, lives to call thee Brother, worthy *Palante*, and thou, my dear *Lucasia*, Sister. [*Throws off his Disguise.*]

Luc. Oh, *Irus*, *Eugenio*, *Palante*, where am I ?

Palan. Oh ! *Lucasia*, *Clerimont* ; my Friend, my Love, my Wife.

Eug. Pardon me ye most afflicted Sufferers, That I thus long have kept myself conceal'd ; My End was honest, to let my Father see The Frailty, I will not call it by a harder Name, Of Count *Pirro* ; the Son he coveted so eagerly, To raise the Storms to their most dreadful Height, That Calms, and Peace might be more pleasing.

Gra. I see it was *Eugenio*, and thou *Palante*. Now, my Son, give me thy Hand, here take thy Wife, And for the Wrong that I intended thee, thy Portion shall be double.

Pal. Oh ! I am over-paid, *Lucasia* and my Friend secure. This is the Work of Heav'n, and oh ye gracious Powers I thank ye for it.

Cler. Joy rises from my Heart, and with unutterable Transports stops my Speech ; thus once again let me embrace thee.

Euph. And has a Father nothing from a Son ?

Alph. And old *Alphonso* too expects a Welcome.

Pal. Oh ! take me, Father, Brother, Friend, *Lucasia* ! There's the Sum of all.

Luc. Sure such Hours as these give us a Taste of Immortality.

Gra. My Lord *Euphanes*, I hope all Enmity is now forgot betwixt our Houses.

Euph. Let it be ever so ; I do embrace your Love. But speak *Eugenio*, what hast thou to ask ? Whose timely Care prevented our undoing.

Eug. My Lord, you have a virtuous Niece, for whom I long have sigh'd, I beg your leave to own my Flame.

Euph. She's yours ; I've often heard her praise *Eugenio*. And all Things else within my Power command. My Lord the Governor, you alone seem sad.

Gov. I am not so at your good Fortune, but that my Nephew whom I have found so base, urg'd me to such Cruelty :

